THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Collier's

MARCH 5, 1949

15¢

Is England's Socialized Medicine Working?

What Hollywood Doesn't Know About Women

BIRTH OF A STARLET

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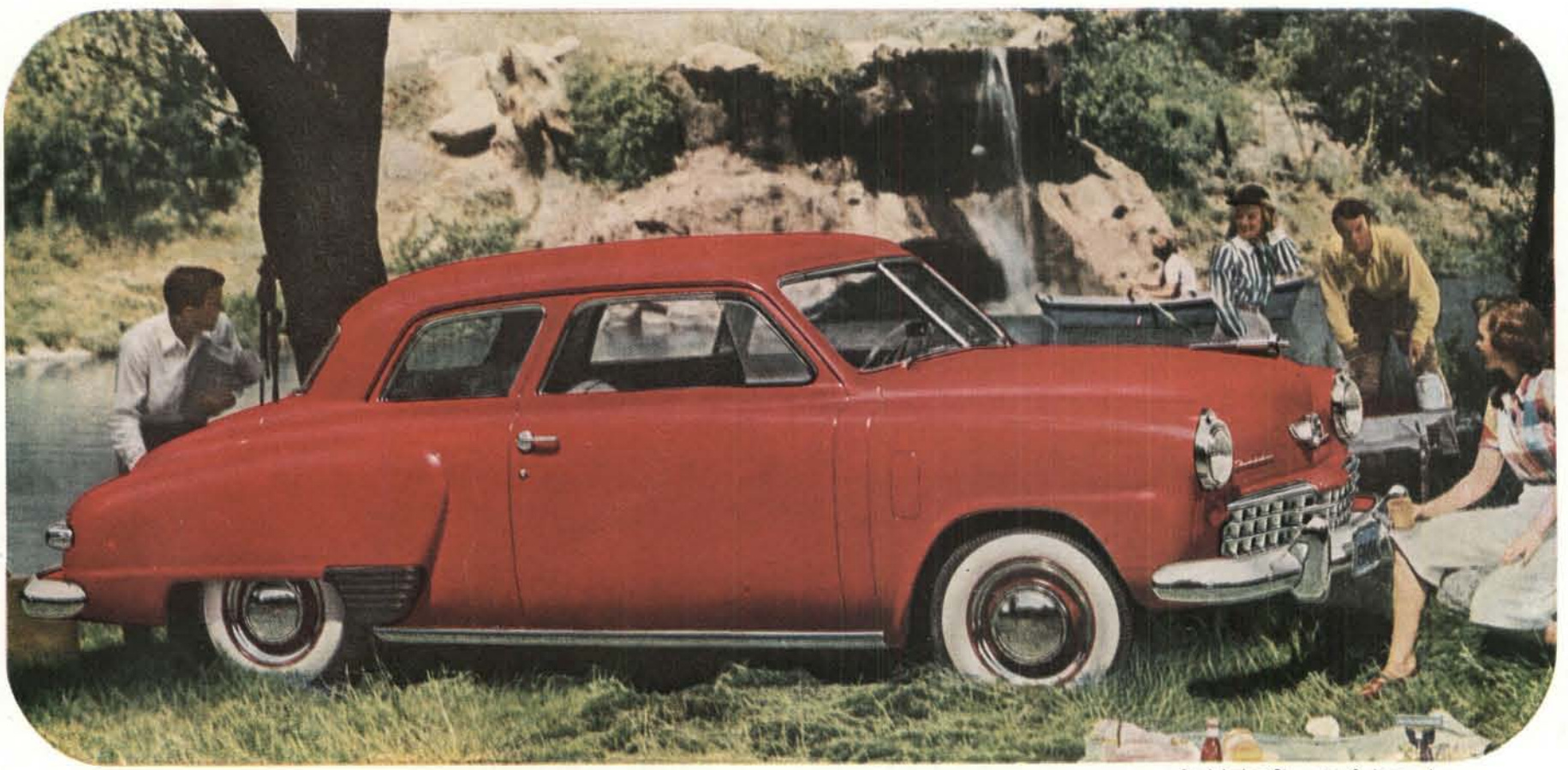

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White sidewall tires, wheel trim rings or discs, available on all models at extra cost.

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The Week's Mail

BLACK & WHITE BALL

The response to Howard Whitman's two articles on The College Fraternity Crisis (Jan. 8th and 15th) was so big and so fervent that The Week's Mail is devoted entirely to the subject this week. The majority of letters received registered disapproval of the position taken on the matter by the article, by about 3 to 1.

DEAR SIR: I am amazed that Collier's would publish such tripe. As a Southerner, a Catholic, who went to a large Northern university, made an old-line social fraternity, later to become one of its national executives, I know whereof I speak. Professional crusaders are not going to tell the college fraternity who it may induct as members nor how to run its internal affairs. I sat in classrooms with Negroes, Chinese and persons of many other races and creeds. I sat with them in the theater, I competed with them in sports. That is democracy at work. But it is my inalienable right to discriminate as to whom I shall take into my home to fraternize with socially. I thus discriminated in my use of the "white ball" to elect new members to my fraternity, my home away from home. What is wrong with that? Remember the adage: "God gave us our relatives; we choose our friends."

R. H. HOGE, Toledo, Ohio

. . . A truckload of rotten vegetables to the editors of Collier's for running the antifraternity article.

JOHN G. MILLER, Seattle, Wash.

. . . If a fraternity wishes to have the membership of a select few, there should be no rule against it. It would be like a law that would force the Vanderbilts

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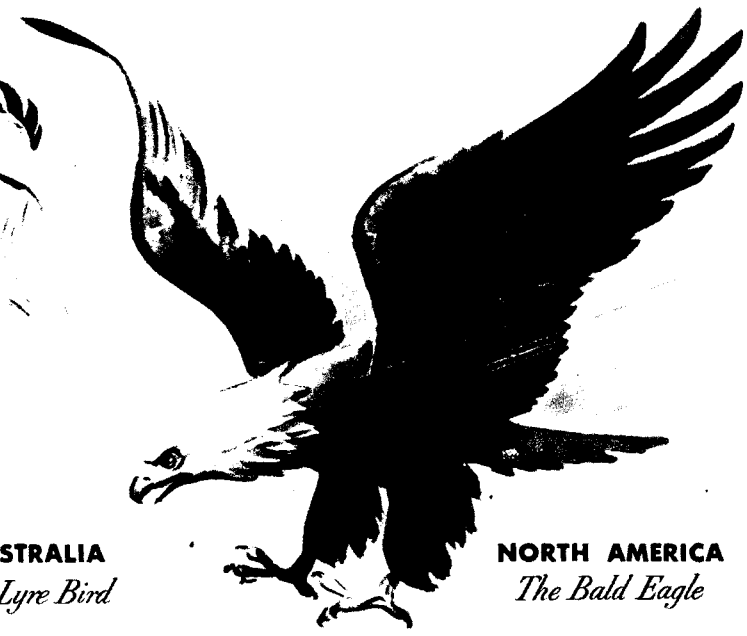

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The Stork

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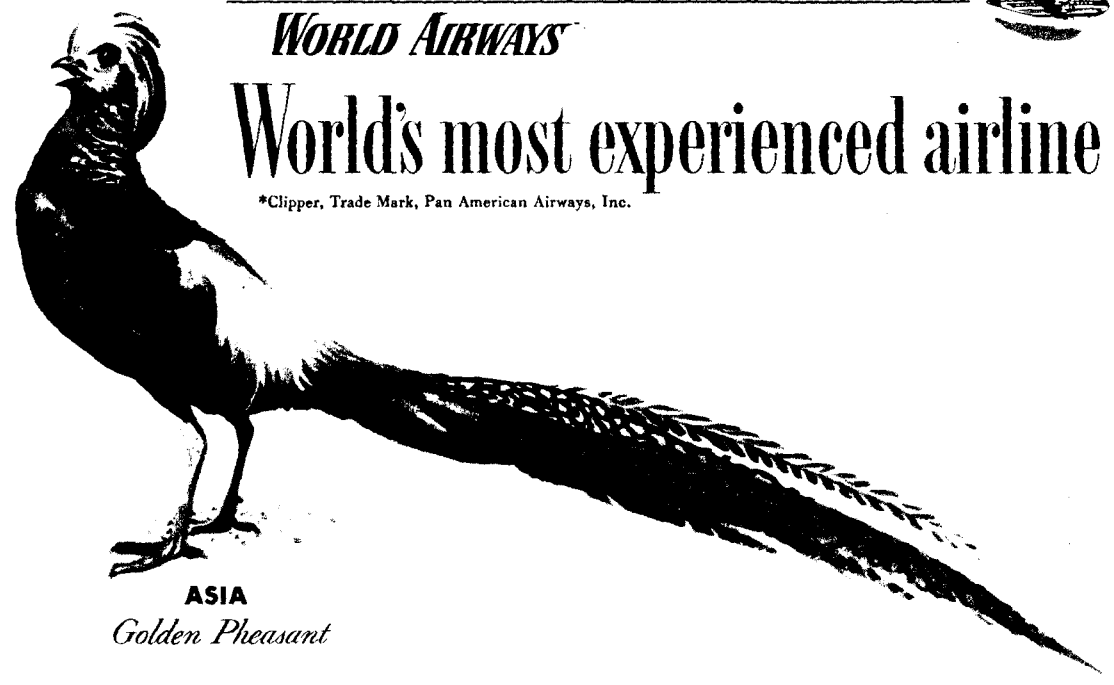
The Ibis



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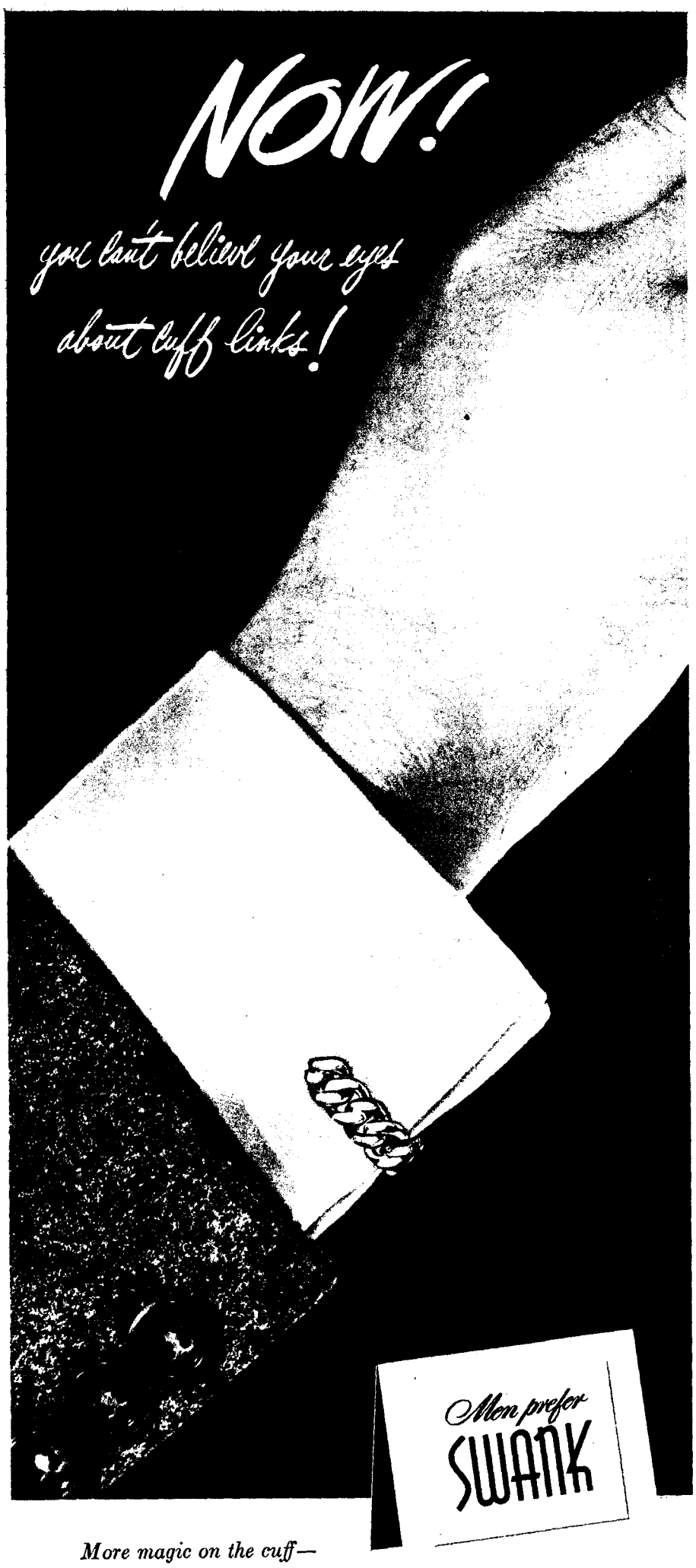

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to let me come to their social gatherings.

Remember—there are three sides to every story—your side—my side—and the right side. Please, for a change, give the South a break (not their necks) and stay off the touchy racial issues. . . .

CALVIN WRIGHT, Opelika, Ala.

. . . I can answer everything Howard Whitman says with one word: *NUTS!*

C. M. BUCK, Indianapolis, Ind.

. . . This is a sensational yellow-journal type of article calculated to agitate ignorance and promote circulation. The "freedom of choice" to choose one's own associates is a constitutional right under our republican form of government. The college fraternity is undoubtedly the most democratic form of social organization in this country or the world. It is the only type of organization where class and money lines are entirely obliterated and where a deserving rich man's son is more nearly liable to be blackballed than an undeserving or incompetent poor man's son. . . .

COMDR. NELSON T. LEVINGS, U.S.N.R., New York, N. Y.

. . . I observe nature once in a while. I notice a lot of different species of wild duck feed on the same ponds together. They seem to fly in separate flocks though and mate accordingly. I have noticed the same things about cattle and horses in a pasture, fowls in the barnyard and fish in the streams. Looks like they are pretty undemocratic and that something ought to be done about it. Suggest that you "do-gooders" start first with these lower forms of life, in order to get a little experience before tackling the human race.

RAY ALVIS, McAllen, Texas

. . . Social congeniality cannot be legislated. . . .

ELIZABETH L. KENT, Brooklyn, N. Y.

. . . Would you please advise me whether or not Mr. Whitman and the editors of Collier's regularly entertain members of the so-called "colored" races in their homes and belong to clubs having Negro members? . . .

F. C. HARRIS, Los Angeles, Cal.

. . . Believe me, I know there are many things wrong with the Greek system, but I do not consider racial prejudice as one of them. Snobbery is one of the most deep-seated human weaknesses, and there isn't the slightest question in my mind that snobbery is one of the cornerstones of the fraternity system.

CARL BERTSCH, Pacific Palisades, Cal.

. . . Forty years ago, when I went to college, being from the wrong side of the track, I wasn't pledged. I didn't have fine clothes, couldn't dance, or wisecrack in the prevailing mode of the day. In spite of these handicaps I went ahead getting my education, dated the girls, and after the manner of life, finished schooling and went into the world to battle life. I have never begrudged the fraternity man his mead of joy from his clique and I have never been envious that I was not elected. . . . If a man feels that he is just as good as the other fellow, that is sufficient. . . . S. BAKER, Houston, Texas

. . . The closely knit, intimate, big-family atmosphere of the fraternity is the college boy's substitute for home and family. What board of judges proposes to tell you with whom you must share your bedroom in the name of democracy?

J. C. MARQUIS, Evansville, Ind.

. . . This writer is debarred, as a noncollegian, from college clubs and fraternities, as a white man from Afro-American lodges, as an Occidental from Chinese tongs, as a Protestant from Knights of Columbus, as a gentile from B'nai B'rith. An income of a bit less than a million bars him from swank New York clubs. Does he whine about "discrimination"? Not at all! He mingles socially with all sorts and conditions of men. Dear Grandma told us boys: "The wicked would never be happy in heaven, they couldn't speak our language." If that isn't true religion or "democracy," make the most of it.

CHARLES F. COLLISSON, Tuckahoe, N. Y.

. . . Force them to accept in their frats boys they do not want and you will force the present frats underground and thereby provide a live field for radical bigots and develop a wider cleavage between races and creeds than the present setup provides.

HARRY B. LEOPOLD, Baltimore, Md.

. . . Your article would indicate that the best way to eliminate discrimination is to eliminate those who discriminate. This result would end up eliminating a large percentage of the American population, and seriously curtail your magazine circulation.

JAMES FLECK, Grosse Pointe, Mich.

. . . It appears Mr. Whitman got the bull somewhere between the horns and the tail. The college fraternity crisis? How about the kindergarten crisis? Or the crisis of the cradle? If we're ever going to lick discrimination we've got to keep the poison out of the reach of little kids. By the time most people have reached college they are saturated with prejudice.

HARRY MAXWELL, JR., Sharon Hill, Pa.

. . . When Vernon Geddy, chairman of Princeton's Inter-Club Committee, told writer Whitman that there is no "racial, religious or social segregation" in the Princeton club system he was just simply talking through his hat. But did Geddy mention that until now no Negroes had ever managed to get into Princeton; that no Jews have ever been admitted to Ivy, Colonial, Cap and Gown and some other top clubs; that a few years ago one boy committed suicide because his brother's club would not also admit him? There is plenty of practical segregation at both Princeton and Harvard —though probably not as much as at the smaller colleges. (The snobbishness of the upper classes has always been exceeded by the snobbishness of the middle classes.)

H. T. M., Portland, Ore.

. . . The College Fraternity Crisis would be very amusing if the possible future results of such "tripe" were not so fearsome. Such arguments are usually fomented by those hordes of recent Asiatic and Mongolian, un-Christian, European-minded "scum" immigrants, who, unable to attain our American Christian culture, try to drag us down to their levels.

C. J. MCCORMACK, Anderson, S. C.

. . . It was interesting to see the lengths to which a man will go to "stick his nose" in other people's affairs.

D. W. HUBER, Trenton, N. J.

. . . I am a Negro and I do not wish to join a white fraternity. . . .

GEORGE WOPHERS, Chicago, Ill.

. . . A simple answer would be that all fraternities require the following considerations for membership: Any Catholic must give up his religion. Any Jew must agree to perform heavy manual work each day. Any Negro must agree that after graduation he will devote himself to the betterment and education of his own race from the lower level.

Silly, but no more so than Whitman's article. H. E. DRUGAN, Columbus, Ohio

. . . Let us have a little "discrimination." Each to his own and with the right to associate with the friends of his choice, a free nation where if a group wishes to be "exclusive" that is their right, and if they prefer not to be they also have the same right.

MARGARET COGHLAN

. . . What can you expect from the fraternity containing students, when the adults on the college boards have set their quota as to

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 36)

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You've nothing to lose but your whiskers!

Here's the deal on the ALL-NEW Schick Electric Shaver: Buy it and try it for 10 full days. If you don't agree that it's the easiest way of shaving since men stopped wearing beards — you get your money back!

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★ KEEP UP ★ With the World

BY FRELING FOSTER

Between 1888 and 1890 in New Orleans, the Maffia, a secret society of Italians, was so powerful that its members were able to terrorize the city and commit 40 murders without serious interference. Then they killed the popular chief of police and 19 of them were quickly arrested and indicted. Because the jury had been intimidated, the nine men tried first were acquitted but, having another indictment against them, were returned to Parish Prison. The verdict so enraged the people that on the following morning, a mob headed by 60 leading citizens broke into the jail and killed 11 of these gangsters. As their families in Italy demanded reparations, Washington settled the matter with Rome for $25,000.

★★★★★★★★★

One of the most unusual weddings of the 20th century took place in 1936 in Surat, India. Wearing pearls and diamonds worth a fortune, the couple were joined in holy matrimony in a great Hindu temple by a high-caste priest, who used the complete marriage ritual, which took several hours. Thousands witnessed the ceremony, thousands lined the streets to watch the procession on its way to and from the temple and hundreds attended the wedding banquet for the happy bride and groom—a pair of monkeys owned by a millionaire.

★★★★★★★★★

Early in 1927 in Mauston, Wisconsin, William N. Coffey, a champion bluffer, was bluffed into a murder confession by a unique ruse. He had served a term in an Iowa prison for stealing funds which he had collected for religious causes, yet the man had managed, upon his return to Wisconsin, to keep his past a secret, resume his "labors for the Lord" and to bluff everyone into believing he was a pious and benevolent soul. Then Coffey met and married Mrs. Hattie Hales and, after a few weeks, killed her for her $5,000 in oil stocks. Four months later, a relative of the victim discovered she was missing and that her husband had sold some of her stocks. When arrested, Coffey admitted forging his wife's name on the certificates, but explained that she had given them to him, and had since run away. One day, within hearing distance of Coffey's cell, the sheriff confided to a deputy that they would soon learn whether the prisoner had murdered his wife by keeping a record of his weight, as guilt caused a man to worry away a pound or two every 24 hours. So Coffey was weighed daily and after losing nine pounds in a week, broke down, confessed and was given a life sentence. He never learned that, to make him increasingly lighter, the sheriff fixed the scales every day.

★★★★★★★★★

Among every 1,000 blind adult Americans, only 30 want and can be trained to use a dog guide and only eight of them can afford to own one. The other 970 persons either do not want a dog or cannot adjust themselves to such a companion.

★★★★★★★★★

For several years, students in the Department of Legal Medicine at Harvard University have been taught how to solve cases of sudden death with miniature replicas of scenes of actual crimes, built on a scale of one inch to the foot, by Mrs. Frances Lee of Littleton, New Hampshire. Guided by police photographs and a complete description of the scene to be made, she faithfully reproduces, besides the exact position and condition of the corpse, all the details. In some models, these have included a mouse in a trap, rust on a furnace pipe, cigarette butts with lip-stick traces, partly emptied liquor bottles and heel scratches in the floor.

DRAWINGS BY JACK BETTS

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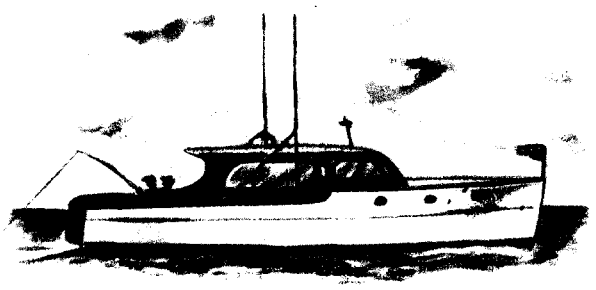


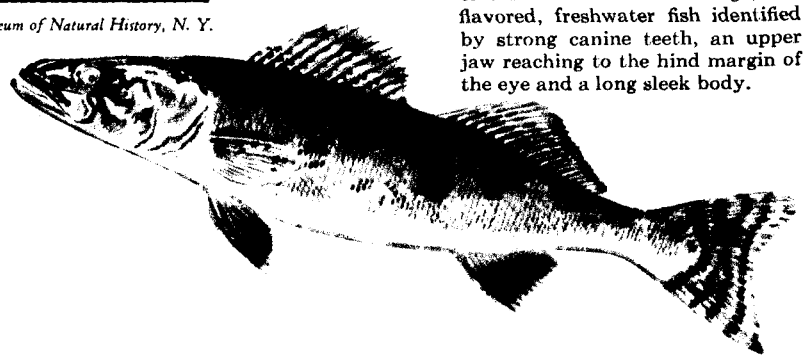
If you fish in balmy climes this winter, we hope you hook one of these ocean fighters:

When you go winter fishing THE "TRADE-MARKS" OF NATURE* identify the fish you catch

**Prepared in cooperation with specialists of American Museum of Natural History, N. Y.*

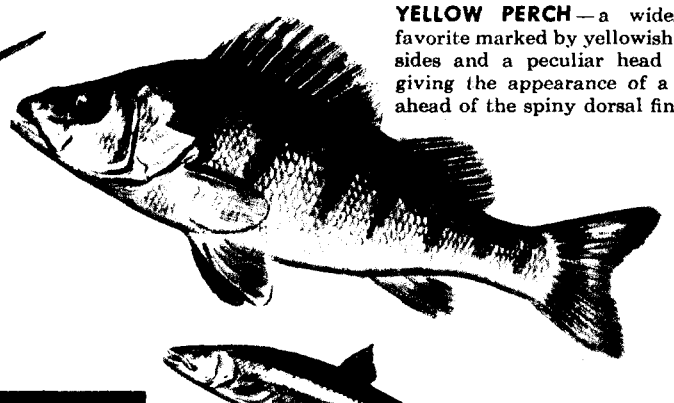
If you fish through the ice, you might catch some of these:

WALL-EYED PIKE — a large, fine flavored, freshwater fish identified by strong canine teeth, an upper jaw reaching to the hind margin of the eye and a long sleek body.

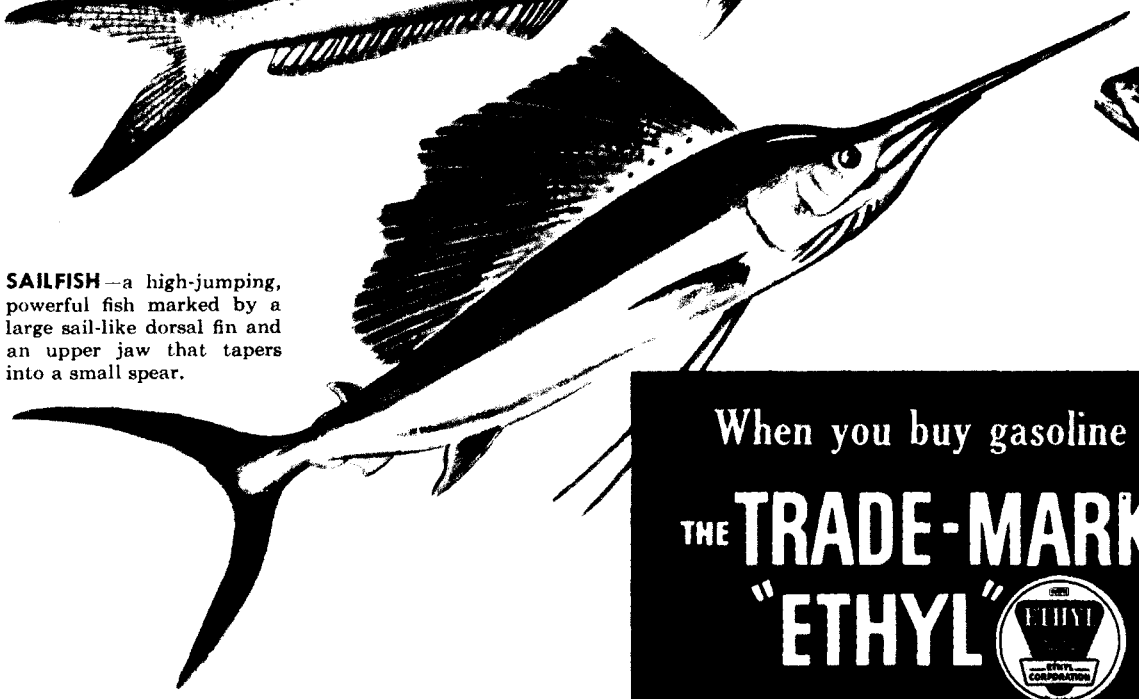


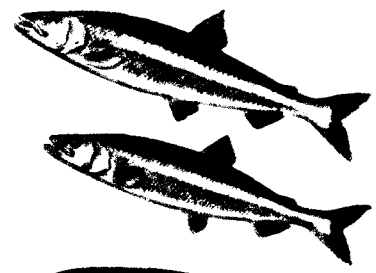
DOLPHIN—a game fish distinguished by a high, blunt forehead and a long dorsal fin without spines.

YELLOW PERCH — a widespread favorite marked by yellowish tinted sides and a peculiar head profile giving the appearance of a hump ahead of the spiny dorsal fin.



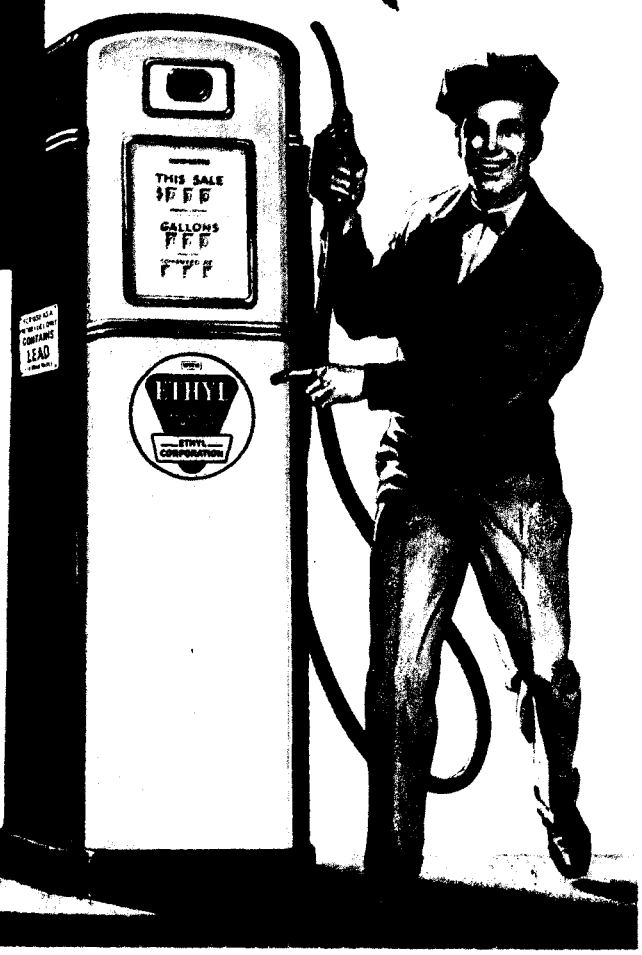
SAILFISH — a high-jumping, powerful fish marked by a large sail-like dorsal fin and an upper jaw that tapers into a small spear.



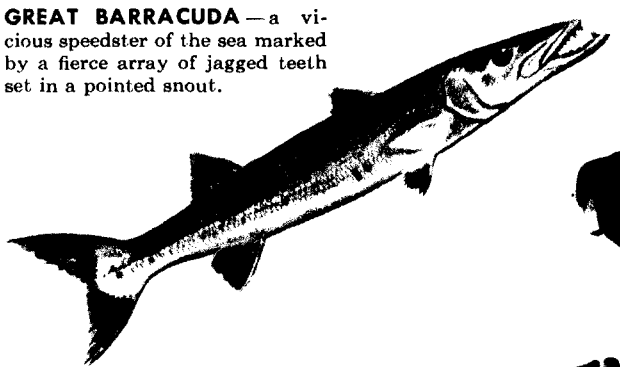


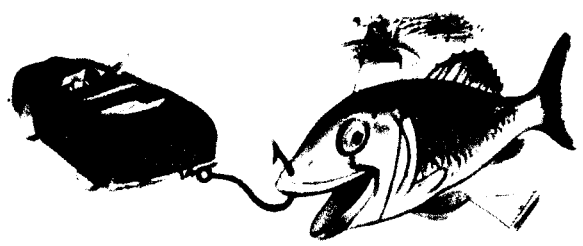
SMELT—a tasty little fellow identified by a small slender body with silvery sides, a short spineless dorsal fin and strong teeth.

When you buy gasoline THE TRADE-MARK "ETHYL" identifies gasoline improved with "Ethyl" antiknock fluid

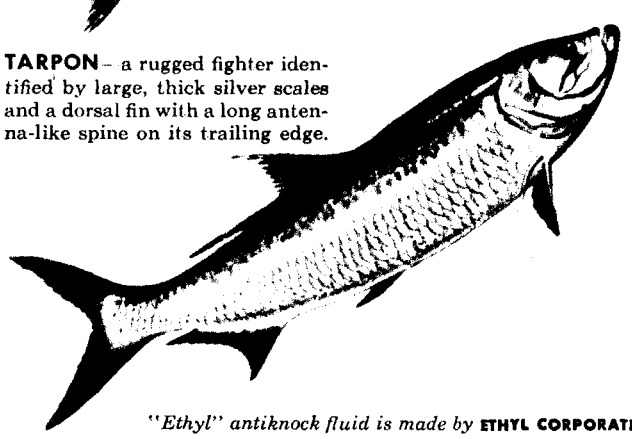


GREAT BARRACUDA — a vicious speedster of the sea marked by a fierce array of jagged teeth set in a pointed snout.





TARPON – a rugged fighter identified by large, thick silver scales and a dorsal fin with a long antenna-like spine on its trailing edge.



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For we will guarantee every picture you take through March 31st of this year —indoor or outdoor—if you take them on Superpan Press Film.

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The Week's Work

This week's cover: *Girl with Spring Bonnet. Looking at you is Brynhild Johnson, one of Mr. Powers' more extraordinary models. A year ago David O. Selznick took one look at her, signed her for potential stardom. Then Collier's editors took a look and sent Ray Solowinski to capture her for the cover and pix on pp. 64 and 65.*

WHEN Lester Velie recently flew to England to see how our cousins were faring under Socialism (Is England's Socialized Medicine Working?, p. 13), he found them in their ninth year of rationing, i.e., austerity. Just before Christmas, had come the unkindest cut of all—halving of the bacon ration from two slices a week to one.

Food Minister John Strachey was

Mrs. Lester Velie (foreground) and Gwyn Barker, with their notebooks, queue up for tripe

bitterly tagged the Wizard of 1 Oz., and women who had never before touched the stuff queued up for hours in the cold for a portion of ration-free tripe to supplement the 20 cents' worth of rationed meat per week. Mrs. Velie and Gwyn Barker, of Collier's London office, interviewed the tripe queuers at Nottingham, and one of them gave Mrs. Velie a recipe for an eggless, milkless English cake.

In the course of the trip Mr. Velie lost an antique silver cuff button, which he replaced with an equally antique safety pin, refusing to replace it with an English one, since prices are high, quality low in England. Thus accoutered, he saw England's great, including Cripps and Morrison.

When an appointment came with the bandboxy Anthony Eden, Mrs. Velie put her foot down. "You can't see the World's Best Dressed Statesman with a safety pin in your cuff!"

"Why not?" Velie shot back. "There were times he wore them!"

Still pinned, Velie went to Eden's fine home—and was greeted by Eden in stocking feet, braces hanging.

During the full hour of the interview, Eden paced the floor in his socks. "My wife will never believe it," the grateful Velie told Eden. "This is the happiest day of my life."

SLOAN NIBLEY (Go East, Young Lady, p. 20) says his case history is not Siegfriedian saga. He's from Portland, Oregon, had the usual jobs in lumber camps and cattle ranches, finally left UCLA to sell beer. He started to write, wandered into the movies as a script writer, and then went to war. "After three years in the Navy (lieutenant)," says Mr. Nibley, "I returned to my old Hollywood haunts, and because times were tough, went to work writing Westerns. Did ten in a row. Then had a play produced here, married film actress Linda Stirling, graduate of horse operas, and right now I'm writing a movie for Dick Powell and impatiently awaiting the arrival of an heir. I like to write short stories because you find out how they end sooner than plays or pictures."

THE other day it looked as if we might lose an editor among the MSS. and literary bric-a-brac that was beginning to clutter up the Collier's offices, so we had a pre-spring house cleaning—the first in many years. Ancient desks, cupboards and corners gave up long-neglected wonders.

For years an odd-shaped piece of wood had been leaning in full view against a wall in the writers' cubicle. Nobody had ever turned it around to see what it was. It proved to be a zither that Walter Davenport had been missing for years. The harmonica that was found was his, too, and for a few moments afterward he sat in his office plucking the zither and blowing the mouth organ.

Three pairs of glasses popped up,

Quentin Reynolds and . . . ?

too, which Mr. Davenport also claimed. However, he disclaimed the pair of loaded dice that another desk gave up.

There were hundreds of photographs of Quent Reynolds, one of which we reproduce but cannot identify; and the blueprints of a Collier's house for 1937—living room, dining room, kitchen, playroom, laundry, garage, three bedrooms and bath—all for $7,500.

Having turned over several tons of this distinguished litter to the trash man, the office resumed collecting brand-new trash. . . . TED SHANE

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He Helps to Get the Message Through

ILLUSTRATION BY NORMAN ROCKWELL

Along the highways of speech, in every part of the country, thousands of Bell telephone linemen help to keep your telephone service good—and make it better.

They are on the job to maintain uninterrupted service over millions of miles of wire and cable—repair trouble when it occurs and try to anticipate it before it occurs.

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
VOL. 123, NO. 10 MARCH 5, 1949

This waiting room in a London doctor's office is typical of thousands like it all over Britain. It's jammed. Those who want free treatment can get it here

Is England's Socialized Medicine Working?

Today, under a Socialist government, a new public-welfare state emerges in England. Its aim: cradle-to-the-grave security for 50,000,000 citizens.

But we Americans have been wondering about England's revolutionary experiment with free medical treatment, available to anyone. Is it actually working? Do the English approve of it? How is it affecting the English doctors?

For a firsthand report on life in England today Lester Velie, a Collier's editor, went overseas. In this, the first of a number of articles, he examines the public-welfare state's chief experiment.

By LESTER VELIE

YOU become part of England's most debated social experiment the moment you set foot on British soil. After you display your passport to immigration officials and answer questions about the money you've brought, you stop before a Health Control officer, a smiling girl with dimpled cheeks. She hands you a yellow card from the Ministry of Health.

"Will you be here long?" asks the girl.

"About a month."

"Be sure to call the doctor if you're off color," says the girl, repeating a phrase on the yellow card. "There'll be no charge."

Free medical care? How nice of our British cousins!

This is your introduction to England's Comprehensive National Health Scheme—and to Britain, in its role as a social-service state. Supported almost wholly by taxes, medical care in England is on the house, free for the asking to duke and ditchdigger alike, to citizen and stranger. And what the citizen can ask for is limited only by what he needs.

Does he need a talk with a psychiatrist, a checkup by a dentist, a going-over by a radiologist for cancer symptoms? The government foots the bill. A shilling's worth of aspirin or $120 worth of testo-

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ROGER COSTER

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Dentists, too, are swamped. Here, applications for free treatment are being taken in a London dentist's office

Everybody—old and young, rich and poor—is eligible for free treatment, under the plan. Above, a doctor examines a child; below, an assistant questions an old woman

sterone? All prescribed medicines are free. So is the removal of an appendix. Or a mouthful of fillings or a set of false teeth. A pair of spectacles or a surgical boot. A wheel chair or an artificial limb. A wig. A hearing aid. If the doctor says that you need them and signs the proper chit, they are yours.

Winston Churchill's Coalition government incubated the socialized-medicine plan during the war, and the present Labor government gave it birth. By January 5th, England's revolutionary program of free doctoring and free medicines for a whole nation had run its first six months. It was a painful teething period.

When the Taxpayer Bears the Cost

The first thing the free-for-the-asking medical plan did was to expose gaping holes in Britain's medical dikes. Freed of doctors' bills, Britons loosed their neglected health needs, real and fancied, in such great flood on hospitals, dentists, opticians and druggists that they were swamped. Free medical care proved so irresistibly popular that Health Minister Aneurin Bevan was soon forced to plead for restraint. "There is evidence of a tendency to abuse the service," he admitted. And a Northcliffe paper jeered, "Is this surprising, now that every stomach-ache is the responsibility of the taxpayer?"

Second, it was promptly clear that the first year's costs would soar beyond the original $620,000,000 estimated by the Labor government and would approach $1,000,000,000.

Britain's doctors, after initial concession-winning skirmishes with the government, put their backs into the plan. True, the doctors had grave misgivings. They could no longer hang out a shingle where they liked. Their confreres, the dentists, couldn't even pull teeth without government approval. But the doctors agreed, through their British Medical Association, that "everybody who wants it should be able to get a complete health service without having to pay doctors' bills."

Because of shortages, this became a goal rather than a reality. The English, who have been forming queues for cigarettes, bacon, tea, clothes and whatever for nine long years, are now lined up in the biggest queue of all—the queue for free medical care.

Take teeth for instance. Notorious for their bad teeth, the English are making up for past neglect with such zeal that most dentists are booked up for two and three months ahead, and patients have to wait for their turn. Some practitioners have hung out signs: No more new patients for twelve months. And one production-minded tooth puller in a London industrial suburb has organized a ten-chair chain-belt system, treating four patients simultaneously himself and, assisted by three other dentists, extracts $160,000 gross from the government yearly.

If dental chairs are scarce, hospital beds are scarcer. Already crowded before the government took most of them over, the hospitals probably provide the best yardstick of England's true medical needs as revealed by the passing of the private-fee system. (Private practice, still permitted, is negligible.)

To enter London's great Westminster Hospital for a tonsillectomy, a school child must wait, on the average, fifteen months. A woman requiring urgent gynecological surgery must wait seven weeks.

So jammed are the free hospitals that many families, even those in modest circumstances, prefer to pay the high cost of child bearing in the surviving nursing homes rather than take their chances in state institutions.

Druggists? Since last July, prescriptions have been pouring in on them at more than twice the rate of pre-Health days.

Doctors? Of England's 21,000 general practitioners, 19,000 promptly joined the plan. In the crowded industrial areas, doctors struggled to serve lists of 4,000 and even 5,000 patients who, no longer inhibited by fees, packed waiting rooms or kept doctors hopping to their homes. In such areas, more doctors were needed.

But well-to-do London sections suddenly became "overdoctored." The government had figured that at least 15 per cent of the people would stay out of the Health Plan and that these would provide private fees to supplement some doctors' earnings. When 95 per cent of the English plumped for free doctoring and even the well-to-do signed up, there weren't enough private fees to support the select-practice, high-fee doctor. His private patients became Health Plan patients for whom the government paid less than $4 yearly, as against the $5-per-visit private fee the doctor used to get.

The small-practice doctor faced a hard choice: to find more patients by moving to "under-doctored" areas or starve. It was clear that a painful reshuffling of medical forces would have to take place.

The doctor is the central character in England's Health Plan drama. Without him the show could not go on. Is he overworked? Underpaid? Can he give as good service as he did in private-practice days? To find out, let's spend a day with an English family doctor.

Dr. James Wilson (that is not his name) of Beeston, a suburb of Nottingham, is such a doctor. A thin, unsparingly industrious and forthright man in his late forties, Dr. Wilson is so highly regarded professionally that 5,600 persons chose him under the plan, and he has the largest practice in town.

"Come to my surgery (office) in the morning," Dr. Wilson said. "Make my rounds with me."

"George House, C—— Road, Beeston," the address read. George House turned out to be a twelve-room, red-brick establishment set in one and one half acres of meticulously tended grounds. There were two cars in the garage. Dr. Wilson's professional success, built during private-practice days, was plain to see.

Scene in a Doctor's Office

Opened at 9:00 A.M., the doctor's waiting room was already bulging with some twenty patients at 9:10. Mothers and babies predominated, but there was a sprinkling of miners from the neighboring collieries and of aged folk. Against one wall was a queue of boys clutching prescription forms in one hand and comic books in another. All in the room, I knew, were rationed to one shilling's worth of meat (20 cents) a week and one egg a month. They had to do without bacon, once every Englishman's staple, and put up with a lean and monotonous diet. All this, Dr. Wilson told me later, had taken its toll.

"They're psychologically fagged out," the doctor said. "They're tired of queuing for their food and bored stiff with their cooking. Their resistance is lowered, particularly that of the women, and they're prone to skin diseases."

The waiting room reflected austerity in other ways. For all the raw December cold outdoors, the room was unheated, and the adults pulled their overcoats—the uniformly drab utility clothing that all England wears—about them as they waited.

The babies struck an unaustere note of relief. Thanks to the free government cod-liver oil and orange juice, they looked flourishing enough to support the recent testimony of a visiting French specialist that "the English babies are the most magnificent in all Europe."

Dr. Wilson poked his head out of his surgery and waved me in.

"What are those boys against the wall waiting for?" I asked.

"They are following my system for coping with the Health Plan rush," the doctor said. "Here, watch this." He opened the door to the waiting room, and a boy shot his hand into the doorway, waving a prescription form.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 66)

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WHAT LONDONERS THINK ABOUT THE HEALTH PLAN

William Townsend, government communications worker: "I know some are against it, but for most of us, it's a good thing. I don't fear being ill now"

Henry Booth, retired: "I haven't decided whether I shall sign up. I am thinking about it. The whole thing has been done in far too much of a hurry"

Brenda Clark, fashion artist: "I don't like it. I don't like the thought of getting treatment free. For the country, as a whole, though, it's all right"

Mrs. Marie Wallace, housewife: "Now I have a feeling of security. But I'd feel it an imposition to receive free treatments unless I was very ill"

Alfred Ireson, marble fixer: "I'm all for it. People, young and old, have nothing to worry about now; but there should be a rebate for all not using it"

Stanley Fletton, clerical worker, and his wife: "It's a fine thing," says Mrs. Fletton. "I've had my throat treated, and I really got good attention"

Ernest Willett, sandwich man: "It's a good thing. I got these glasses free, and they're perfect. The last pair of glasses I bought cost me 50 shillings"

Mrs. Lillie Marshment, housewife: "They've just treated my boy for a blood clot on the brain, free. It would have cost a lot of money in the old days"

Major Gerald Phillips, retired: "I haven't joined yet. It seems to me you're treated just as a number by the doctors—too much like the army"

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The Invisible Pursuit

By I.A.R. WYLIE

Dr. Hauser, the sadistic butcher of Bavaria, got away from the U.S. Army—but he could not escape from God

ZU BEFEHL, Herr Hauptmann!" Franz clicked his heels. His stiff little bow accented the stoop of his thin shoulders. It also hid his face. Chett Wynne was always glad not to see his face. He wasn't specially imaginative but the face hurt him all over his own unhurt, lusty body. It made him mad too.

"We've done a grand job between us, Franz," he said in his slapdash German. "I want her to be pleased. Two years is a hell of a long time."

"Two minutes can be longer," Franz Renner said.

Chett felt ashamed. "Sure—you bet," he said almost humbly.

But he snapped back, like a piece of stretched elastic, to being happy again. He was twenty-five years old and a battle-wise veteran. And he could have turned handsprings. He even looked boyish. In his casual tweeds there wasn't much of the old soldier left about him, except the set of his shoulders. His ruddy hair was still thick and unruly.

Nan wouldn't, at first sight, find much change in him. On second sight, as he knew, she would trace out a network of fine lines about the friendly blue eyes. Nan wouldn't mind. She'd never liked what she called elderly adolescents. She'd wanted him to grow up. She must have grown up quite a bit herself—working, waiting and worrying.

Well, all that was over. Almost.

Franz had scrubbed and polished till the square box of a house shone like a military boot. It was an ugly little house, stuffed with awful plush and gilt furniture. But its onetime owners must have loved it and as a result it had a sort of decent, homelike quality.

The windows stood open letting in the light scented breeze, the squawk of a wagon wheel, the cackle of geese, the clatter of wooden shoes on cobbles—friendly village sounds that Nan would love. Over the steep-pitched roofs of peasant houses she'd see the snow-capped Bavarian mountains with their dark-green coated flanks.

Chett had gone out at daybreak into the fields and gathered armfuls of wild daffodils. The house shone with them. They were Nan's favorites.

"She'll be tickled pink," he said in English.

Franz's face remained expressionless. It had been made expressionless. The one eye of an opaque gray stared back blankly. It had no frame to it. The lashes had been burned away and where the eyebrow had been was a red scar. The other eye Franz had covered with a neat black bandage.

A car horn honked. Chett clattered out onto the cobbled courtyard where Pete Jefferies waited for him in a sedan that he had requisitioned in place of the customary bone-shattering jeep. Pete was the champion requisitioner in an outfit of champions. In civilian clothes too he looked like a shabby German government clerk. Now he touched his worn fedora with a friendly ironical formality.

"Got to step on it, Cap. Wouldn't do for the lady to land without you." Pete could afford a paternal amusement. The youngster beside him might be his official boss but Chett was no mere desk hound. He'd proved himself plenty tough. Now he was humming gaily under his breath:

"Everything I love you are."

Jefferies remembered the words and grinned. His own wife had taken a powder and, since then, he'd picked up several Teutonic fly-by-nights. But he still liked to believe in love.

CHETT paced up and down outside the control tower. He'd asked five times already if the plane had been signaled. The officer in charge had bitten his head off. Now the plane was overdue. Ten minutes. His pulse had begun to race. At the last moment things could happen. "God in heaven, take care of her!" he whispered.

It came into view—quite suddenly—first a mere speck which became a swallow which became an eagle, a roaring monster that circled the field, banking steeply. What was the matter with the pilot? Was he drunk or crazy? No, he was coming down into the wind. A perfect three-point landing. Wonderful fellow!

Down the steps came a tiresome old general, two smug civilians with brief cases. Then she stood hesitant in the narrow exit, looking for him. He thought of a flame—a small steady light that could never really go out. It lighted his whole world. He tried not to run. He was idiotically out of breath. At the bottom of the steps, regardless, he caught her in his arms.

The bad years were over. They had come through. They were safe together.

They had to drive through the town to reach open country and then the village where he had found the square-box house for her. He had forgotten the town. Or rather he was used to it. Now he was seeing it anew with her eyes—the avenue of shuttered houses, the dust and rubble.

Nan was silent. He looked hungrily at the rare and sensitive profile more beautiful than beauty. Each feature expressed what he had found and loved in her—her tenderness and strength.

"We read about these things, Chett. We have to see them."

He lifted her ungloved hand to his lips. "I didn't want you to see them. That's why I persuaded the town mayor to give us a house outside." He remembered Franz. He said rather hesitantly, "I've found a wonderful cook for you."

She had to laugh. "It's so long since I've had a cook I won't know what to do with her. Does one curtsy and back out of the kitchen?"

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 55)

She slept, profoundly, horribly, like someone with pain who has taken the escape of a dangerous narcotic. If she dreamed, she never knew what phantoms hunted her in that almost tangible darkness

ILLUSTRATED BY ALEX ROSS

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The Swedish film star was beautiful, but the moment she arrived in Hollywood her studio superimposed a new face and form

What Hollywood Doesn't Know About Women

By HOWARD WHITMAN

Is your daughter wretched because she doesn't look like Lana Turner? Hollywood's "Ideal Woman" gives thousands of fine American girls of average good looks a tragic illusion of inferiority. This is a challenge to study reality

I HAD Marlene Dietrich all wrong. I guess I had been to too many movies. Her type nauseated me: all legs and eyelashes, a flamboyant floozy in celluloid. Then one day I saw a woman on Third Avenue, New York, walking in the zebra shadows of the el. She was wheeling a baby carriage, gazing into the antique shops and stopping to press the bottom of a melon at a fruit stand. She wore low heels, a plain coat. Her hair was pulled back in a bun. She seemed as proud behind the carriage as any mother on Third Avenue—or any grandmother.

This was Marlene Dietrich in a role the movies had completely missed—a contented grandmother taking her six-month-old grandson, Johnny, out for a stroll. She looked awfully good. Much better than the totally unbelievable female I had seen on the screen only a few nights before.

Hollywood, unfortunately, has its own idea of what a woman *is* or *ought to be*. It runs a thousand miles from real-life values into a never-never land peopled by a generation of impossibilities from Clara Bow to Betty Grable. One Hollywood producer sadly admits, "I guess a Hollywood woman is like a charlotte russe. Pretty on the surface, but when you get beneath the frosting there's nothing there."

If movies were "just entertainment," as so many of the studio folks insist, it wouldn't matter what Hollywood's concept of a woman was. But movies are a great deal more. The nation's sociologists, judges and psychiatrists know that movies are a powerful influence on our way of life.

Hollywood helped us win the war. Hollywood is helping us keep our keel in the ideological storms. In a day when people who themselves couldn't make a stereopticon slide are trying to tell Hollywood how to make movies, it is well to point out that Hollywood has one of the greatest collections of talent, originality, and sheer genius ever amassed in the world.

This gives it a whale of a responsibility. The Hollywood pattern for womanhood stands out forcefully, compellingly for the millions of girls—and

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DAVID SHAW

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grown women, too—who file in and out of the movie houses. Hollywood, perhaps more than it knows, sets up their *standards of value* and their *goals*.

That's the disturbing part of it.

That's why sociologist Frank W. Hoffer, of the University of Virginia, says, "Hollywood's ridiculous standards of value—surface pulchritude and physical perfection—make unhappy wretches out of thousands of wonderful American girls who just don't happen to be beautiful."

That's why Judge Anna Kross, of New York's Home Term Court, declares, "The true values in women, Hollywood hasn't even begun to discover. It would spare us a good deal of delinquency and many, many broken marriages, if it set up some worth-while goals in living."

That's why psychiatrist Fredric Wertham reports, "The frustrations and conflicts of modern American girls are aggravated, to a formidable extent, by the twisted representation of the 'ideal woman' which Hollywood gives them."

A Young Actress' Simple Charm

Let's look in on Hollywood and see for ourselves. Let's meet Marta Toren, the young Swedish actress being groomed for stardom by Universal-International. I met her in the studio commissary, and at first I thought she was one of the secretaries. She was that plain. It wasn't until we lunched together that I realized how infectious she is, how engagingly simple.

It was these qualities which made Hollywood writer Edwin Blum pick her out in the first place. He found her at the Royal Dramatic Academy in Stockholm, a plain blue-eyed daughter of a Swedish army major.

But having fallen in love with a woman for her intrinsic worth, Hollywood proceeded—as it invariably does—to give her "the treatment." It

Mirrors are cold comfort for glamorless girls

wasn't content to offer the public the same unaffected young woman who had appealed to Ed Blum. It immediately tricked up Marta Toren into a *femme fatale*, a charmer, an exquisite package with so many bows and ribbons that the contents were completely obscured.

From the day she set foot in America, Marta ceased to be Marta. She arrived by plane dressed in simple clothes such as any sensible girl would wear for traveling. The Hollywood photographers shot her from every angle as she came down the gangway. They made stills, movies, close-ups, long shots. America was going to meet Sweden's latest bid for stardom, successor to Garbo and Bergman.

None of these photos was released.

Hollywood, seeing Marta as she really was, ordered a whole new "landing." The props were set and she came down the gangway again, arriving in America as Hollywood wanted her to arrive. Instead of her plain clothes, she wore the New Look, sumptuous with flares and *décolletage*, and the make-up artists had worked her over so that even Major Toren, her father, would have probably wondered who she was.

Then and there Marta made up her mind what Hollywood's idea of a woman was. She told it to me at lunch in the commissary.

"A woman—according to Hollywood—is a piece of wood that looks pretty," she said.

In its belabored spawning of the Grables, Hayworths, Turners and Sheridans, Hollywood has used every skill and ruse to create a kind of woman who never is, never was and never could be. She is a model of tinhorn perfection, the product of an infantile belief that the studios can go God one better.

If Myrna Loy's legs are a little plump, play the camera angles so the public doesn't see them. Personally, I never liked Myrna Loy quite so much as the evening when I saw her taking a quiet stroll without benefit of directors. Sure, her legs weren't like the stocking ads. But they belonged to Myrna. She wouldn't have been Myrna without them. Maybe it's these little *imperfections* that make people lovable.

Frankie Van, one of Hollywood's massage experts, tells of his assignments as though he were talking about lumber that had to be sawed to length, planed to thickness. Said Frankie, "We had one gal who tipped the scales at 129. The boss took a look at her and said, 'I don't want to see her for six weeks.' I got to work on her. In six weeks we had four inches subtracted from her buttocks and three inches added to her bosom. She was down to 110."

Frankie casually told of one actress who had both her legs broken and reset because she "looked bowlegged on the screen." He told of dozens who had fat taken off their knees, their thighs thinned, flabs tightened, breasts heightened, hips lightened. What Frankie can't fix, the make-up artist can cover, the "falsie" expert can disguise, or the cameraman can hide. When the poor woman finally gets to the screen she is as artificial as a store tooth.

In one of the new movies Robert Cummings looks at Loretta Young and says, "Your brains don't show a bit." That, of course, represents the finishing touch. If their brains showed, Frankie Van would be fired.

Cultural influences do not hit us over the head like shillelaghs. They worm into our feelings, tip the scales of our values in life, shape our outlooks, define our goals.

At the University of Chicago, Dr. Mandel Sherman, Professor of Educational Psychology, has seen how crushing the Hollywood impact can be. "Teenagers tend to think of these Hollywood actresses in terms of some goal they themselves are supposed to reach," Professor Sherman comments. "If they don't happen to be beautiful—by Hollywood standards—there's not much they can do about it. The result is unhappiness, and in some cases critical frustration. Hollywood has made failures out of thousands of these youngsters."

Professor Sherman tells of one girl of thirteen who was so smitten by the movie ideal that she insisted on having her nose operated on—even though a doctor warned her it would make her less attractive than she already was. In a series of cases studied in the university's laboratories, Professor Sherman found that girls were frustrated more by the "lack of beauty" than any other factor.

"The amount of neurosis and sheer unhappiness that stems from this conflict is staggering," Professor Sherman declares.

One young girl asked him point-blank, "Do you think I am beautiful?"

Professor Sherman replied, "One cannot think of a human being only in terms of appearance. One cannot appraise a gift in terms of its wrapping."

The stars are tough competition for friend wife

What effect does the frill-and-tinsel concept of women have upon family life? How does the Hollywood woman stack up as wife and mother?

At the National Conference on Family Life called by President Truman in Washington last May, the very mention of Hollywood evoked a chorus of woes. People wrestling with the shaky structure of family life in America today know how dangerously the termites of Hollywood influence have gnawed at the girders.

Dr. Clifford R. Adams, director of the Marriage Counseling Service at Pennsylvania State College, lists as one of the prime causes of family instability the "misapprehension of the goals to be achieved in marriage" and he holds partially responsible Hollywood's "fantastic portrayal of family life." In counseling students who want to get married, Dr. Adams must first erase the unrealities of the movies.

False Standards Wreck Marriages

Marriages based upon Hollywood standards—unflagging physical allure, "sex appeal" that shifts with the fashion from ankles to bosoms, and impeccable "glam-oor" even while rinsing Junior's undies—are bound to hit a stone wall. When I asked the Family Service of Milwaukee how to steer clear of these smashups, skilled staff workers replied, "Hollywood standards have encouraged too high expectations and artificiality about life . . . We must reduce a certain 'unreality' concerning what young people expect from marriage."

Hollywood's "bosom era," in which the focal points of feminine value have been the size, shape and elevation of the human breasts, has dealt still another blow to the realities of life.

Disturbed by the modern mother's rejection of breast feeding, psychiatrist Dr. Mary J. Sherfey, of the Payne Whitney Clinic, in New York, declares:

"The breasts have become almost completely eroticized in the minds of both women and men. Their mammary function is practically kept a closely guarded secret! . . . The movies have helped strengthen this shift in emphasis. The falsies and the sweater girls are all symptoms of modern woman's shift away from motherhood."

Psychiatrists are concerned, too, over the inferiority feelings engendered by Hollywood's phony perfection. Even in the matter of breasts, many women might not feel so inadequate if they knew to what lengths the bosom brigade goes to shore up, suspend or aggrandize the natural endowments of the players. In one of Hollywood's falsie laboratories, I alarmed a make-up man by suggesting, "Don't you think it would be more honest to say at the beginning of each picture, 'Breasts worn by Miss So-and-So in this film, courtesy of So-and-So, Incorporated'?"

And so with all the other gimmicks of perfection

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 46)

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I got a pencil and began to write. The Horace I was creating on paper was everything the real Horace wasn't

Go east, young lady

By [illegible]

A man who won't ask a girl to marry him until the cost of living takes a dive may or may not get the girl. It all depends on what happens before the dive

I WAS standing a little downstage with a small phosphorescent green spotlight hitting me from a high angle, and saying, " 'Nought's had, all's spent, where our desire is got without content.' " There was a heavy, tense hush in the crowded theater. The audience was being hypnotized by a new and electrifying Lady Macbeth that night and living each moment of my agony with me. A new star was swinging through the skies—

"Vanessa Piper, what is a catalytic agent?"

I looked around. Every eye in the Chemistry 1A class was on me. No green spot. "It's something or other," I began haltingly. "But—I'm not sure, so I'd rather not say." At which Professor Altman drew another in a long line of circles after my name, and someone else droned out that a catalytic agent affects everything around it without, in turn, being affected.

If I had only known it at the time, there was a catalytic agent sitting right next to me. Edmund Whittier by name. He was a perfect example, but I didn't realize it until several years later when we were long through with college and both in New York. At the time, Edmund, like several of us, lived for the Drama and Theater and took real pride in flunking chemistry or equally unimportant sciences. When I first met him we were both freshmen at State U. and I had been impressed both by his name (rich family) and his looks (swell).

He took all the best-looking girls out at proper intervals and when we were juniors invited me to a movie. Afterward we sat and discussed the future, which quickly resolved into *his* future. Most of the drama students could think only of New York and perhaps the American Academy but Edmund had an aunt who lived in a big house in Pasadena and was considering staying with her and studying at the Community Playhouse. Then he mentioned that this was, interestingly enough, only a stone's throw from Hollywood, and I began to see through his sly contriving.

Having become what I considered a competent

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 59)

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY FREEDMAN

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Why I Quit College Teaching

How do you feel today? Nice and calm and self-satisfied? Then read this and feel your blood begin to boil! It's the story of a professor who was underpaid until he almost starved; of an educational system that has been neglected until it is growing weak; of a new generation that is suffering from the results and will make a nation suffer with it, unless something is done very soon

By ANONYMOUS, Ph. D.

MY HUMILIATION as a college teacher was complete when the bank turned down my request for a five-hundred-dollar loan. "Sorry," an official said, "but on your present salary . . ." He meant that I would be a poor risk; a poorer risk than a truck driver or a skilled mechanic or an electrician. And he was right. Five hundred dollars was about as much as I would make in two months' work as an assistant professor at one of the leading colleges in the United States.

Walking home across the handsomely landscaped campus grounds I bitterly reviewed the facts of my economic life. After six years of preparation for my career, and six years of practicing it—12 years of adult life—I was still unable to support my family.

We had lived, yes; squeezing by on the fringe of genteel poverty. Now Anne, my wife, was going to have a second baby, and we had not quite finished—three years later—paying for the first. Our situation had become intolerable. I was sore and I think I had a right to be. I was also typical.

When I reached home I told Anne that the bank had refused the loan. Her lips tightened.

"I know you've always had your heart set on teaching and research," she said, "but now we have the children to think of. Circumstances are against you professors, that's all."

She was right. Her remark applies to all of us—I should say to all my former colleagues—because I quit the profession. Her remark applies to all the men and women who collectively are teaching almost two-and-a-half million students in approximately 1,700 institutions of higher learning in the U.S.; teaching them the American way of life.

A recent survey at Rutgers University showed that faculty members there spent an average of $708 more in a year than they were paid. They spent it on the necessities of bare living. The survey didn't say where they got the extra $708. By borrowing, I suppose, mortgaging or working on the side. Perhaps from box-top contests. Who knows? The survey also remarked that "distress was evident in all ranks of the faculty."

I know what that dignified phrase "distress was evident" means in terms of living. I know and so do the other professors and instructors who are paid less than skilled mechanics or hat-check girls, but who are expected to keep up a genteel front.

They are men and women who are threadbare, sometimes actually hungry, in debt, harassed, overworked and often engaged in all manner of pinch-penny economies and potboiler efforts to make spare-time dollars. By tradition they must at the same time maintain an appearance of academic dignity, subscribe to learned societies and contribute to worthy causes and building funds.

I think the American people should know what lies behind the phrase, "distress was evident." They should know the story behind the impressive architectural façades of their colleges and universities.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 68)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY GILES

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Aw Boon Haw, whose name means Wise Tiger, sits in the main hall of his home. Here he receives the executives of his firm, which makes Tiger Balm

The Fabulous Aw Boon Haw

By FRANC SHOR

China's famed Tiger Balm King is blessed with the wealth of a mandarin. He gives away his millions with the benevolence of a community chest

THERE is considerable discussion as to who is the richest man in the Far East, but very little argument as to the identity of the fastest man with a buck in those parts. The latter title goes without contest to a benign-looking little sixty-six-year-old Chinese named Aw Boon Haw, better known from the jungles of Malaya to the deserts of Turkestan as the Tiger Balm King.

The affable Mr. Aw, who is possessed, among other things, of three mansions, four wives, nine automobiles, a million-dollar-a-year income and more dependent relatives than he can count, has been engaged for 20 years in a losing battle to get rid of the money which rolls in from the biggest patent-medicine business in the Orient.

His dollars—Singapore dollars, Hong Kong dollars, Chinese dollars—and assorted other currencies have built everything, from his mansions to orphanages and old-age homes and public swimming pools, and have supported such varied enterprises as Chinese newspapers, a football team and a refugee Chinese politician.

His money has also procured for the round-faced, gray-haired Mr. Aw—although no one suggests that the purchase was deliberate—the Order of the British Empire, the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, a handful of Burmese, Siamese and Malayan decorations and so many Chinese awards that the Central government finally ran out of the standard varieties and struck off a couple of special medals in return for particularly handsome donations.

The principal source of this apparently unlimited flood of legal tender is a little red tin about the size of a quarter, containing a pleasant-smelling salve. Its official designation is Oil of Ten Thousand Gold, but its millions of apparently satisfied users took a name from the springing tiger rampant on the tin, and in Chinese, Burmese, Malayan, Siamese and a half dozen dialects of southeastern Asia, it is called Tiger Balm. And as Tiger Balm it is in daily use by a very considerable portion of the world's population as a treatment for cuts, bruises, colds, headache, tuberculosis, air- and sea-sickness, malaria, dysentery, sexual debility, and even as currency.

Mr. Aw (whose full name means Wise Tiger) has never given an official blessing to all these uses. His own advertising, emblazoned over a good deal of Asia in red, yellow, blue and pink, modestly restricts itself to claiming that:

"This wonderful Balm is the sure cure for Cough, Cold, Headache, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago, Sorethroat, Toothache, Asthma, Scorpion and other Insect bites and Stings, Cuts, Bruises and all Chest complaints."

A postscript advises that the balm is also a sure preventive for all infectious diseases.

Orientals, however, are not lacking in imagination. Unsolicited letters or personal comments to the Tiger Balm Company have described successful use of the salve to restore lost sexual vigor, cure leprosy, induce conception in women formerly sterile, bring about abortion, and cure such varied complaints as blindness, sleeping sickness, hay fever, cobra bites, stammering, and in one case an ancestral curse which had caused the victim to blink continuously.

"Before eyes all time open, shut, open, shut," wrote the wife of the happy user. "Have rub six tin Tiger Balm inside eyes. Now no more open, shut, open, shut. Also no see so very well. What you think?"

Certain unfriendly critics have maintained that all the Aw Boon Haw income has not been from the sale of his remarkable medicines. They have attributed it to such less creditable activities as opium smuggling and counterfeiting. The bespectacled Wise Tiger countered by running a little story in his chain of vernacular newspapers, the largest in the Orient, offering the equivalent of half a million dollars to anyone who could substantiate any of

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PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY THE AUTHOR

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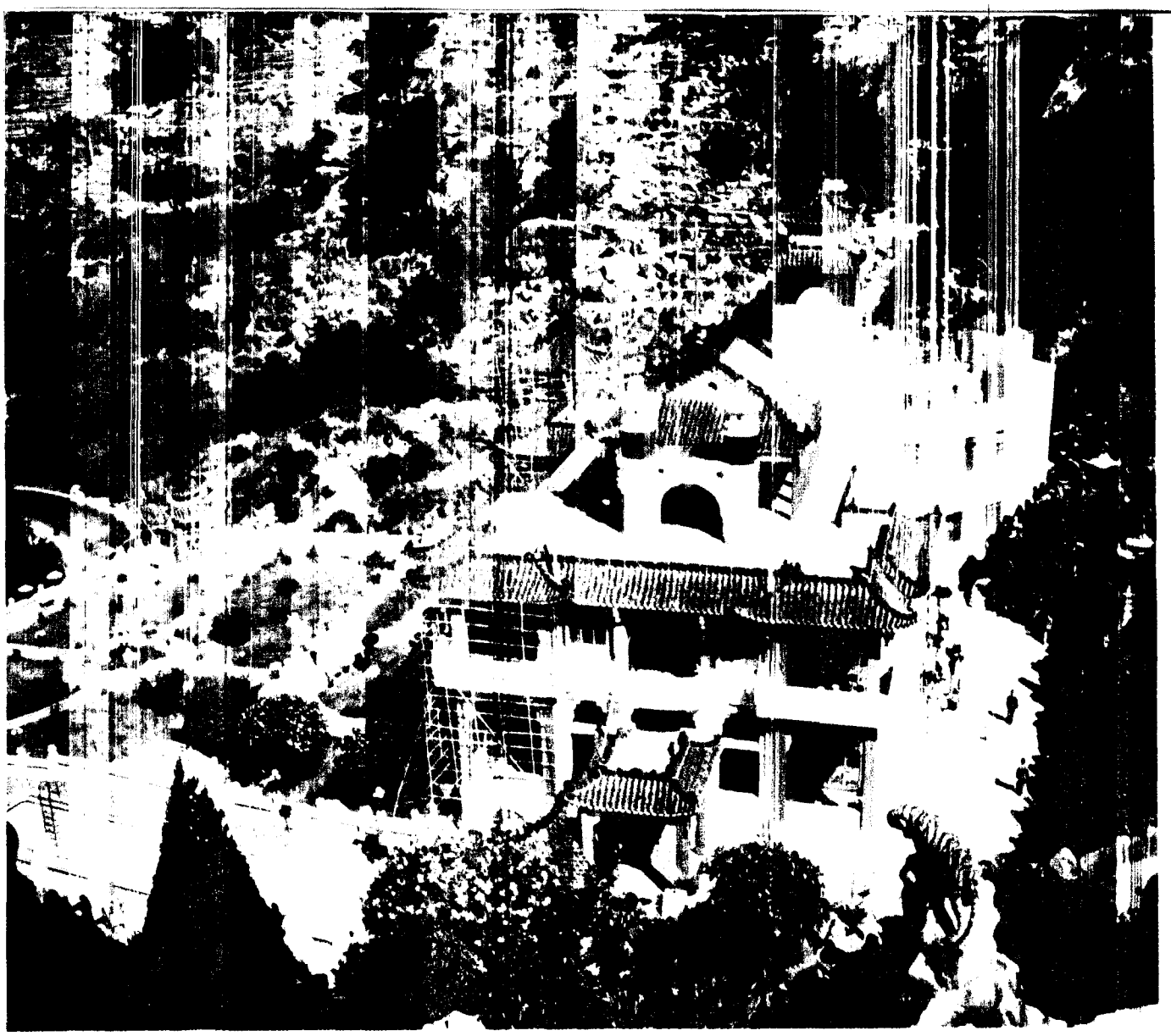
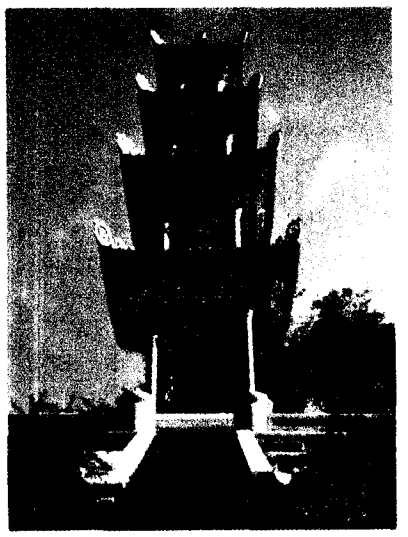
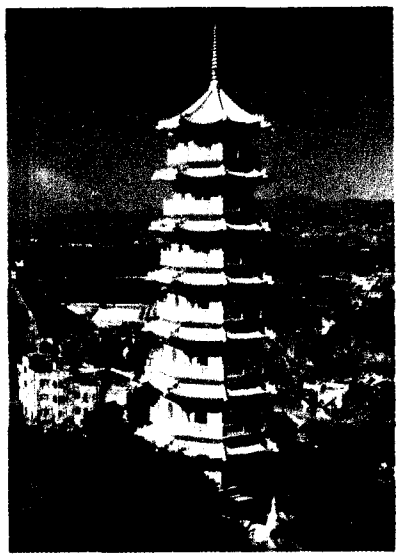


Aw's Hong Kong mansion originally cost $250,000, but $5,000 in improvements each week keep it in a high state of flux. The tableau below, planned by Aw in his desire to add color to and fill barren spots on his grounds, illustrates Confucius' saying that a man is not fit to rule a nation unless he maintains harmony at home. The figure at left has no significance

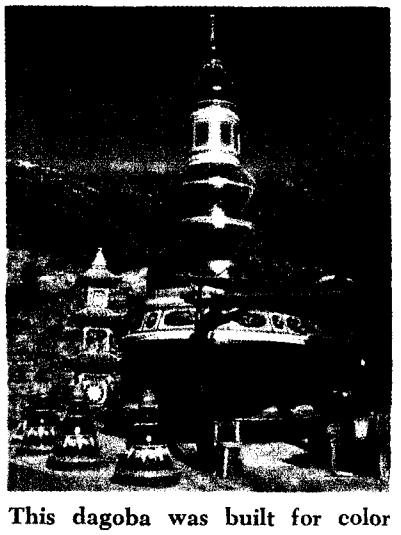


A temple to Aw's brother's memory



His parents' memorial is a pagoda

A purposeless pagoda fills a gap



This dagoba was built for color

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Hangover House

By SAX ROHMER

CONTINUING THE STORY OF A SECRET THAT COULDN'T BE SHARED

The Story: One night in London a young man named STORM KENNEDY, who conducts discreet private investigations, is paid a visit by LORD GLENGALE, who asks him to follow his daughter LADY HILARY. Glengale is afraid Lady Hilary is being blackmailed and, because she is a strong-willed girl, he is afraid of what she will do. That same foggy night Kennedy traces Lady Hilary to a party at a country place in Surrey. As he is standing on the terrace he sees PETER FARAWAY, the host, discover a body on the steps. It is a man; he has been stabbed in the chest. Kennedy examines the body before the police arrive and discovers two things—a woman's footprints and a small lace handkerchief. He obscures the footprints and keeps the handkerchief. When the police arrive they allow no one to leave. All the guests, including an Egyptian named MOHAMMED and an exotic brunette who says her name in MRS. MULLER, are forced to spend the night. The next morning INSPECTOR MCGRAW of Scotland Yard arrives; he is an old enemy of Kennedy's. When the guests give their names Kennedy is startled to hear Lady Hilary give her name as MARY BRUTON. Later, in a talk with LARKHALL PIKE, who owns the country place, Kennedy learns that twice during the night a woman tried to steal through the room in which Pike was sleeping. When Kennedy meets Lady Hilary in the garden he knows that if he is to protect her he must find out the truth. And so he shows her the handkerchief that he found beside the murdered man. She admits that it is hers, but before he can question her further she turns and runs into the house.

PART 3 OF A FIVE-PART SERIAL

MOHAMMED IBN LAHÛN sat facing Chief Inspector McGraw placidly in the museum-study. McGraw was chewing thoughtfully as he read a typewritten page. "You state here"—McGraw glanced again at the typed page—"that at the time when the murder took place you were in the courtyard, looking for Mr. Faraway."

"The statement is true, sir."

"Why were you looking for him?"

"To bid him good night."

"Already said good night to Mrs. Faraway?"

"Nearly an hour before."

"Why did she leave?"

"She was angry."

"What about?"

"Her husband."

"Why?"

"He was seeking to induce the lady called Sidonia to accept his embraces."

McGraw chewed thoughtfully. "Is that so? And Mrs. Faraway objected?"

"Even the long-suffering do not suffer forever; and it is possible to overload a camel," Mohammed said gently.

"I see. Known Mrs. Faraway a long time?"

"Since, with her father, she visited Egypt before war came to spread its poison. We had the honor to entertain them in our house. She was very young."

"As a matter of fact," McGraw said, "there's nothing to prove your whereabouts, apart from your own statements, up to the time that you opened the door of this room and looked in. The room was dark?"

"Quite dark."

"You didn't see Mr. Kennedy until he lighted his torch?"

"I saw him quite well in outline against the open window."

"Never saw the dead man before?"

"Never, sir. But in death, as in life, he was evil. It is well that he died."

"Think so?" McGraw drawled. "Judge of character?"

"I look into the souls of men and into the hearts of women."

"Why not into the souls of women?"

"Few women have souls."

"Going to ask you," said McGraw, "to look at something. Gold and enamel necklace, ancient Egyptian, I believe. Sort of rising-sun design."

"Such a pectoral, sir, is not uncommon."

"Is that so? Recall which lady wore one last night?"

"No lady present wore such an ornament."

McGraw took a key from the desk drawer and held it out to Sergeant Sample. "Go get the necklace."

Sample nodded and went upstairs. Suddenly he called back, "Chief Inspector! The door to the bedroom where the body is isn't locked!"

"What!" McGraw ran upstairs, with long, springy strides, and joined Sample, who stood holding the heavy door ajar. Reflected sunlight made the cell of a room bright in contrast to that below.

McGraw pushed the door wide. "Window open!"

"But I remember closing it, sir. You opened it. I closed it when we came out. Nothing seems to have been disturbed," said Sample.

McGraw crossed to the bed, gently moved the sheet. He replaced it. He turned to the table beside the bed. His teeth came together with an audible snap. "Sergeant Sample."

"Sir?"

"Use your eyes. What they're intended for. Look!"

On this small table had been set out articles found in the dead man's possession. These had been: a wrist watch; silver cigarette case; lighter; the necklace; a leather wallet; a bunch of keys; a gold object resembling a fountain pen.

And the gold object was missing!

Not more than five minutes had elapsed before McGraw and Sample came down again. McGraw carefully carried the necklace spread out on a sheet of white paper.

Mohammed was standing before one of the wall cases.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 70)

"If you've been wondering, Inspector, who switched off the light in this room last night—I did," Lady Hilary said. "Is that what you wanted to ask?"

ILLUSTRATED BY GLEN FLEISCHMANN

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JOHN E. HOOD

Roy Acuff (left), king of the hillbilly songsters, fiddles in an authentic setting, while "Pap" Wilson, a member of his band, strums an accompaniment

Caruso of Mountain Music

This story of Roy Acuff, king of the mountain music makers, is as American as a corn shucking or a barn dance. With disarming frankness, Acuff dismisses his fabulous success by saying, "Everything I am has growed up with me"

By DICKSON HARTWELL

DURING the height of the fighting for Okinawa the distinguished Nashville Banner reported a minor Jap *banzai* charge on a Marine position. The suicide attackers had rushed forward shouting, "To hell with President Roosevelt! To hell with Babe Ruth! To hell with Roy Acuff!"

The Japanese thus confirmed for millions of rabidly partisan Americans their unshakable conviction that, whatever the merits of Ruth and Roosevelt, any list of the top three U.S. personages should certainly include Roy Acuff.

As the Caruso of the hillbillies, Acuff has a larger and more loyal following than the great Enrico ever had. In 18 years his recordings of country folk ballads have sold more than 25,000,000 copies. European G.I.s voted him more popular than Frank Sinatra. President Truman, Vice-President Barkley and the mayor of The Dalles, Oregon, are among the devoted listeners to his radio show. And though he wasn't elected Tennessee's governor last November, more people listened to his campaign speeches than to those of any other candidate in the state's history.

There may be millions of Americans who have never heard of Acuff, but in the logging towns of western Oregon, men tired from a hard day's work have jammed a seatless dance hall and stood, at $1.20 a stand, for two hours while Acuff and his Smoky Mountain Boys played and sang.

In Washington's Constitution Hall a capacity audience paid $6.60 top to hear a hillbilly program starring Acuff. When he jammed 17,000 rabid fans onto Venice pier in California, authorities feared it would collapse.

He packs them in wherever he goes, but in the center of the hillbilly world, Nashville, Tennessee, Roy Acuff is really a king. Nashville is the mecca of the mountain music makers. They arrive in droves from the back country with their fiddles, guitars, accordions, harmonicas and nasal twangs, just as aspirant concert singers go to New York prepared to struggle for years to make the Metropolitan Opera. They all want to get on the Grand Ole Opry radio program which stars Acuff.

From this hub of country culture Roy operates three radio shows; a road company that makes as much as $5,000 a working night, with tunesmith Fred Rose (Red Hot Mamma, Honest and Truly, Deed I Do); one of the largest music publishing businesses in the South; and a $175,000 resort called Dunbar Cave, which includes a huge lake, a $75,000 swimming pool, dance floors, concessions and a 100-room hotel.

Acuff is also the owner of 250 hand-painted neckties and an 800-item collection of miniature liquor bottles—none empty—from all over the world. He is unofficial Tennessee yo-yo champion and can balance a fiddle bow on his chin. Though happily wedded, he is the recipient of numerous proposals of marriage, adoption and seduction. He

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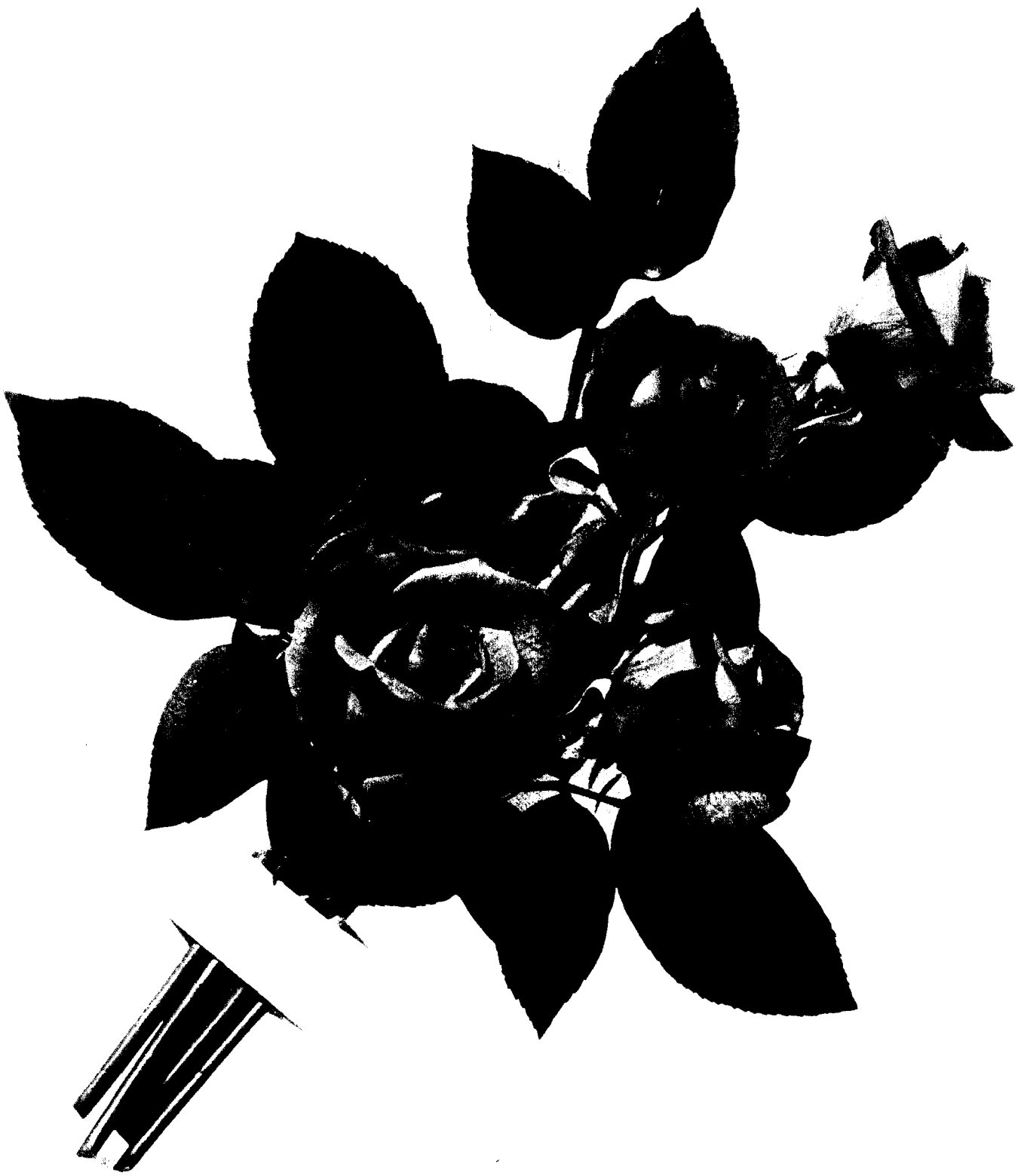

Wouldn't you rather drink Four Roses?

Fine Blended Whiskey. 90.5 proof. 60% grain neutral spirits.
Frankfort Distillers Corporation, New York, N. Y.

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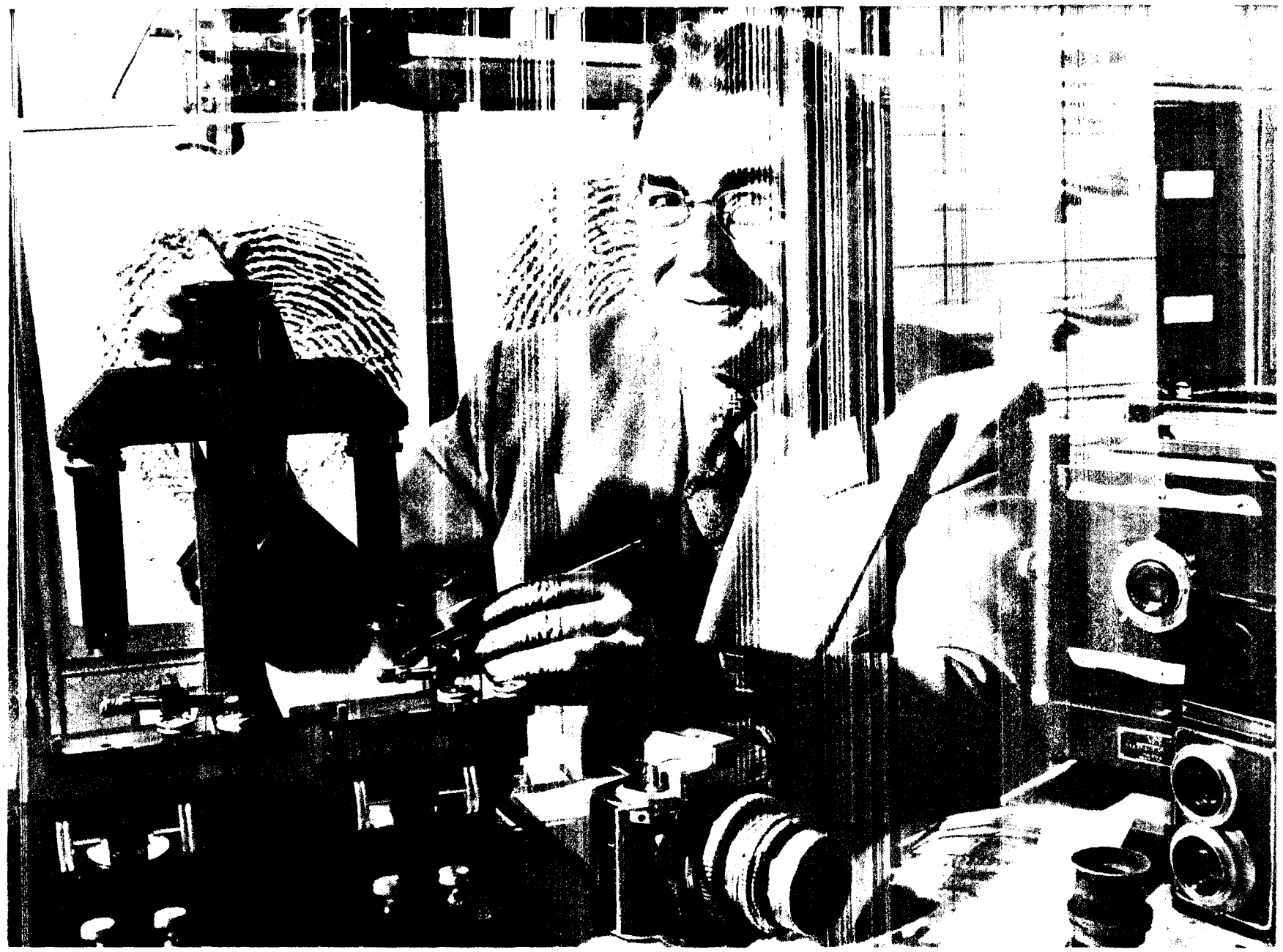

What the microscope can't reveal, Ed Burke's camera can. He can tell—by filming the murder bullet and enlarging it—whether it was fired from the suspect's gun

Cop With A Camera

Some cops still believe that the club, not the camera, is the proper police weapon. But not Edward Burke, who helped invent photocrime detection. He shoots—and brings 'em back alive

By BILL DAVIDSON

ONE of the most controversial statements of the year was made last May when Willard E. Schmidt, a California police school director, declared: "A camera is as important a tool to a policeman as a hammer is to a carpenter." Since most citizens consider such items as the .38-caliber pistol, the club and the oversized arch-built-in shoe to be more important tools of the gendarme's trade, Mr. Schmidt's comment was greeted with considerable impolite scorn. Mr. Schmidt, however, effectively silenced his critics with samples of recent police activity, among which were the following:

In Fresno, California, the police instituted a system of taking movies of drunken drivers attempting to walk a straight white line in the station house. At one time, 9 out of 10 drunken drivers disputed the cop's estimate of their nonsobriety when they came to trial a few days later. Ninety-seven per cent of same now look at the movies of themselves, clap their hands to their heads at the indisputable proof, and forthwith plead guilty.

In Atlanta, Georgia, a cop made photographs of a suspected car in a hit-and-run murder case, and spotted something in one of the enlargements. It was a cloth-weave imprint in the grease on one of the springs. The cop enlarged the photograph 40 times and placed it next to a similar enlargement of a sample of cloth from the hit-and-run victim's coat. The weaves matched exactly. This was the only evidence, but it was enough for the jury to make a conviction.

In Bismarck, North Dakota, nurses' panties, girdles, etc., were being stolen from a clothesline outside a hospital at night. The police stationed a man among the panties, armed with nothing but a camera and flash equipment. Came the panty thief, came the flash, came the trial—and again the photographic evidence was enough to convict.

The amazing thing about these scattered but typical samples is that one man in many ways is largely responsible for all of them. Police photography is regarded today as an established new science, and a big, handsome, fifty-six-year-old ex-cop from Rochester, New York, named Edward F. Burke is considered the principal American founder of that science. As such, he is known by such names as the Father of Police Photography, the Camera Cop and the Photo Phlat-Phoot.

When J. Edgar Hoover introduced Burke as an instructor at the F.B.I.'s newly-organized police training school on August 5, 1935, he said, "Burke is the man who has convinced the country that photography is one of the most important phases of crime detection."

Up until that time, Burke merely had used his Rochester Police Department Laboratory to develop many of the techniques used by cops, G-men, sheriffs, etc., all over the country. Since then he has become, among other things, a roving ambassador without portfolio from the Eastman Kodak Company to all police departments; an Army major who taught thousands of G.I. criminal investigators during the war; a lecturer at nine major universities; and the co-author of Photography in Law Enforcement, the only recognized textbook on the subject.

Burke helped set up the world-famous Chicago crime laboratory of the Illinois State Police and countless other state and city police photographic departments. He is an honorary member of more police departments than any man alive, with the possible exception of J. Edgar Hoover. One day, Burke put on his Los Angeles lieutenant's badge, his Chicago detective's badge, and all the others that had been presented to him. The legend is that it took two strong men to lift him out of his chair.

Burke was solving crimes with cameras when the

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 52)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY JOSEPH JANNEY STEINMETZ

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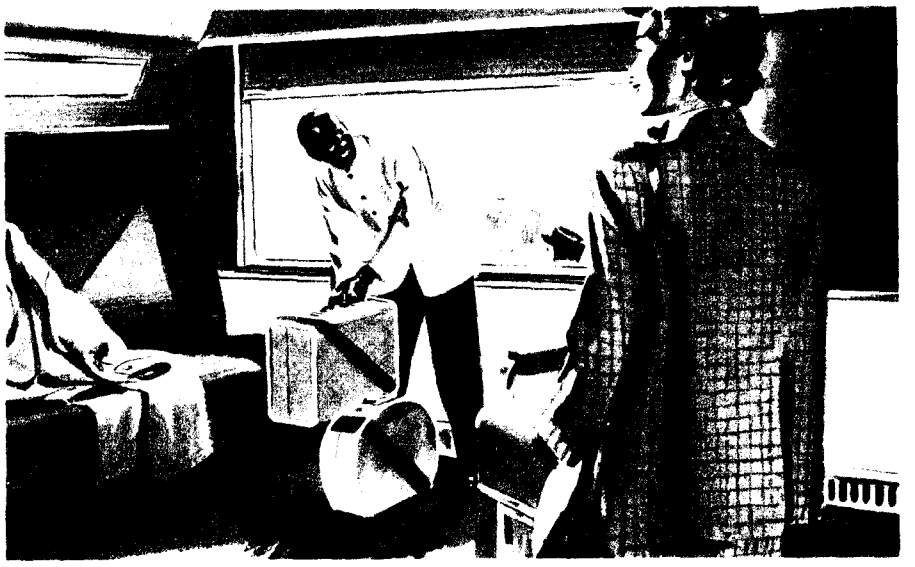
House Guest
—on the Water Level Route



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NEW YORK CENTRAL

The Water Level Route—You Can Sleep

NEW YORK CENTRAL SYSTEM

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Subway to Brooklyn

She wasn't going to marry him. Her mistake was in coming to New York to tell him so

By ARTHUR HEINEMANN

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES HAWES

SHE sat on the stool at the tiled counter, with her small suitcase at her feet and her purse in her lap and her white gloves still on her hands. There was a look of the suburbs about her, as if coming to New York meant a new permanent, and a good suit, and her special accessories.

Her pale hair curled stiffly out under the green felt; the ruffle of her blouse was stiff, and her green suit had not yet eased its tailoring to her body. She was nervous, with a disciplined sort of nervousness that showed only in the tightness of her face. Her face was set because she had made her mind up to something and wanted to get it over.

She said, "I came to tell you—"

Mike said, "Lemme get my breakfast in me, honey. I haven't had my breakfast yet." He waved a long arm at the counterman. "Hey, Harry. You know who this is, Harry? This is my girl. She come all the way from Figaro to marry me. Ain't that somethin'?"

She said, "Mike, I—"

His arm went lazily around her waist, crumpling the new green jacket. "Ain't she the prettiest thing? Know what she is? She's a schoolteacher. I ain't kiddin' you, Harry. Bet they didn't make teachers that pretty when you went to school. She teaches high school up in Figaro."

"Cicero," she said. "I—"

"What?"

"Cicero."

"Figaro sounds better. You got my special on the fire, Harry? She wants a special, too. She just come off the train. She come off the train right over to my hotel and she wants her breakfast."

She whispered fiercely, "Mike, will you listen? We have to talk. I want to tell you—"

"Sure," he said. "What, honey?"

Through the doorway behind them she could hear the thin discords of the rehearsal halls down the block, and her mind heard other music with it suddenly—blurred and then clearing to the skilled rippling of a piano. Mike used to play hunched over the keyboard as if he were too big for it; his joints were loose and his clothes bagged and he saw nothing and heard nothing but what he played.

She said, "I've thought and thought about it. I couldn't write you. It wouldn't have been right. So I came down—" Ham and eggs and home-fried potatoes were hissing on the grill, and the smell made her close her eyes with remembering. She finished lamely, "I came down to visit my aunt. I just thought I'd stop here first."

"That's nice," he said amicably. "Where's she live, honey?"

"Brooklyn. Newkirk Avenue."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 44)

They both looked at Lou. Lou said, "A marriage is predicated on the willingness of both parties." "Well, this party isn't willing," said Gwyn flatly

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Collier's MOVIES

The Week's Preview

By WARREN PHILLIPS

A stickler for realism, Brynie Foy knows what to do with a low budget and a talented newcomer like Richard Basehart. The result is his latest in a series of documentary thrillers, He Walked by Night

THAT One-Man Hollywood Economy Wave, Mr. Bryan (Brynie) Foy, has done it again. Using a cast of unknowns, a documentary style, $425,000 in cash and a bang-bang script, he has turned out a sock thriller called He Walked by Night. It may well turn out to be a "sleeper," which, as a money-maker and blood-pressure raiser, will take its place alongside T-Men and Canon City, previous Foy endeavors.

For years Mr. Foy has been specializing in low-cost quickies—or so-called B pictures. In time he has become a dollar-minded Hollywood institution dubbed The Keeper of the B's.

Early in his career, the Warner Brothers tossed him a small budget, a script and a new device for recording sound and told him to get going. When they took a look to see how Brynie was coming along with the project, they held their noses and advised him to take it off and bury the Thing. Practically against studio orders, Brynie did nothing of the sort. He finished the picture, and so Lights of New York, the first modern talkie, was born. It was Brynie's first sleeper—cost $18,000 and grossed $2,000,000.

From then on, Brynie was in. He had a way of moving in on the sets on which some A-picture company had finished an elaborate production, and there knocking off a cheap fastie. He used unknown (inexpensive) actors, or fallen stars, worked everybody overtime, and screamed like a stuck producer if the cost went over a standard $80,000 budget.

His "sensational" B's paid for the losses incurred by their more expensive allegedly grade-A relatives. These A's cost from $500,000 up; Brynie's B's rarely topped $110,000.

Today, a standard A comes to $1,500,000 and Brynie's thrillers about $425,000. Tastes have also changed. No longer can you lure good citizens into a theater with a corny-type cops-and-robbers mellerdrammer. Today your picture must be built around an Alphabeter: an O.S.S.er, an F.B.I.er, a G-man or a T-man. Also the picture must be done in documentary style. This means no phony police stations built by the studio carpenters. The public demands actual police headquarters—complete with chattering teletypes, fingerprint-searching devices, newsreel shots, real detectives, and a commentator with a voice-of-disaster, croaking off screen. All of which fits neatly into Mr. Foy's present economic plans with his new employers: the Eagle Lion Studios. Props for documentaries can be had for nothing.

He Walked by Night, Brynie's newest cops-and-robbers, said to be taken from the criminal files of the Los Angeles police, with its leading character awaiting sentence in real life, starts in high gear. Halted for questioning by a policeman, a mysterious gent (played by a talented newcomer called Richard Basehart) answers with his forty-five.

We are transferred to Los Angeles Police Headquarters, where the documentary wheels begin rolling. Gadgets click—the electronic methods of crime detection get under way. A dragnet is spread, and hundreds of suspects are brought in for questioning.

But the killer is not among them. For he, too, is modernized. He doesn't leer or look like Gyp the Blood. He's just an anonymous-looking gent—brutal, tough, psychotic—with a touch of misguided genius about him.

For an instant the police actually trap him—but he shoots his way out, escaping with a bullet in him. He removes the bullet himself—without an anesthetic.

The murderer recovers, starts a blitz of liquor-store robberies, and for getaways he cunningly ducks into the network of huge storm drains that underlie Los Angeles and are used to catch heavy rainfall, when they aren't posing for Brynie Foy for free.

After more tireless, seemingly fruitless dogging, the cops track their prey to a hide-out in a typical California bungalow court.

The net is drawn tight—but the murderer again slips through. Into the city sewers he flees—with the cops after him. The end comes in a nerve-battering, hot-paced chase through these ghoulish giant storm drains.

And so for a mere $425,000 Brynie Foy has put together a high-tension movie of hard stuff that is unrelenting all the way. Director Werker's touch has a newsreel authenticity.

Mr. Richard Basehart plays the psychokiller. A many-sided, splendid-looking chap from Zanesville, Ohio, Basehart gave up reporting on his dad's paper to join Philadelphia's famed Hedgerow Theatre. He graduated into a few chores on Broadway (mostly floppolas), and was doing a stint in The Hasty Heart when Eagle Lion snatched him. After his debut as an eccentric poet in Repeat Performance, Basehart was tapped by Brynie Foy for He Walked by Night. Now everybody in Hollywood wants to borrow him—or possibly borrow from him.

The small, not-well-known supporting cast covers itself with glory. Police employees, police headquarters and the Los Angeles storm drains play themselves accurately and unaffectedly. All told, it's been demonstrated once again, with stunning effect, that crime does not pay—except Bryan Foy.

1 **Hunting a hiding place, cop-killer Morgan Davis flees through the Los Angeles storm drains**

2 **Every passage of the underground network is searched. Shots ring out as the police close in**

3 **Trapped and terrified, Morgan (Richard Basehart) begins to crack as he waits in his last hide-out**

4 **Tear gas forces the killer from his shelter and he is shot, ending a tense cops-and-robbers chase**

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Collier's
SHORT SHORT

FAIRLY WON

By BARABARA CORRIGAN

THE reverberation of the slammed front door set the crystal prisms jiggling on the chandeliers, rattled the teacups in their saucers on the polished mahogany tea table. The old lady presiding over the heavy silver urn pursed her lips, which looked thin and bloodless despite a veneer of rosy pomade.

"I must apologize for my grandson's manners, Miss Dane," she said, folding her blue-veined fingers in her lap to still their trembling.

The girl opposite her did not reply but fumbled in the crevices of the damask sofa for her gloves.

"All the Gaylord men have wicked tempers." Old Mrs. Gaylord's voice gained in strength.

Dorcas Dane checked an impulse to remark that, if her hostess were typical of Gaylord women, they had ample provocation. She recovered the gloves.

"Please don't bother to be gracious about Peter, Mrs. Gaylord. It's quite obvious I've been jilted."

"Jilted? Oh, no, my dear!" Mrs. Gaylord was shaking her head. "Not jilted. You and Peter were never formally engaged."

"No," Dorcas agreed dryly. "We were never formally anything but in love."

"Love," Mrs. Gaylord murmured, "is a very undependable emotion." She enlarged on what was evidently a favorite theme. "Peter has fallen in love fortnightly ever since he left prep school. Fortunately he has no money of his own and no great inclination to earn any."

"He's sold several of his water colors, and he has his salary at the art gallery," Dorcas argued.

"A pittance!"

Dorcas arose abruptly. "We could have lived on it. Perhaps not luxuriously, but we would have *lived*. I don't think Peter ever has."

"Nonsense!" Mrs. Gaylord paid her the compliment of not pretending to misunderstand. "I'll grant you I've spoiled the boy. I'm an old woman. I was an old woman when his parents were killed, fifteen years ago. However, I have reared him to occupy the position to which he was born. Had I done otherwise I would have failed in my duty to him."

"I see," Dorcas said. "I'm sorry for you both."

Mrs. Gaylord's shrewd eyes narrowed. "You don't see at all, my girl!" She gestured imperiously toward the marble-topped table at Dorcas' elbow. "Fetch me that carved box!"

The box was teak, intricately ornamented with dragons and goddesses. Mrs. Gaylord received it reverently. "My husband went to sea in his young days." Her voice was gentle now, remote. "It's pretty, isn't it?" She raised the lid and laid out on her tea napkin, as if on velvet, an Eagle Scout pin, a gold Latin medal, a Silver Star, the Distinguished Flying Cross.

"I congratulate you!" Dorcas smiled wanly.

"You congratulate me? These are all Peter's. All fairly won!"

The girl shrugged. "There was always someone in your image, a scoutmaster, a classics teacher, Peter's colonel. . . ."

"You're a hard young woman, Miss Dane!" Mrs. Gaylord chuckled. "But you must admit that Peter earned these. The effort, if not the initiative, was his own—a considerable sacrifice of time and comfort."

"I suppose so."

"One really can't expect more of Peter. He's still a boy."

"I did," Dorcas said. "I expected much more. It may amuse you to know, Mrs. Gaylord, that I was too sure of Peter to elope with him."

"My poor child!"

"It's a bit late for sympathy," Dorcas said shortly. "Well, thank you for the tea . . ."

"You're not going?" Mrs. Gaylord was genuinely dismayed. Now that everything was settled to her satisfaction, she could afford to indulge herself.

She's lonely, Dorcas realized, bitterly lonely.

"I fear I have been harsh, and I should like to make amends," Mrs. Gaylord continued. "You must also understand, my dear, that it is not that I object to you as an individual. I have plans for Peter, important plans—"

"It just so happens I have plans of my own, for once," Peter said. He was standing between the double doors to the hall, coatless and hatless, with his reddish hair on end.

Dorcas steeled herself against the desire to go and stand between Peter and his grandmother. "Come in, boy!" Mrs. Gaylord ordered. "Where have you been?"

"For a walk around the square," Peter replied obediently. He did not leave the threshold.

"That was very rude of you, both to our guest and to myself!"

Peter laughed aloud. "It was worse than rude, Gran, it was cowardly."

Mrs. Gaylord winced, as if reproached.

Peter went on deliberately: "I noticed something while I was walking. Ever since I can remember, our maples have been pruned to exactly the same size and shape. They'd be fine shade trees by now, if they'd been left alone." His hesitation was barely perceptible. "I'm going to marry Dorcas, Gran, if she'll still have me." His voice was humble. "I'm a bad matrimonial risk, by most standards, darling."

"Not by mine!" Dorcas crossed to him quickly.

"Peter, I've warned you! I forbid you to marry this scheming little—secretary!"

But they were already gone.

ON THE front steps Peter kissed her, oblivious of the twitching lace curtains up and down the block, kissed her with abandon and confidence.

She was naturally a generous girl. "I've forgotten my gloves, Pete. I won't be a moment." She slipped back into the house without giving him a chance to protest. There must be something she could say, some commonplace to ease the older woman's pain.

She paused for an instant at the entrance to the drawing room. Old Mrs. Gaylord's fragile body was bent over the tea table. Before her on the floor lay Dorcas' rumpled and smudged white cotton gloves. While the girl watched, Mrs. Gaylord picked them up, folded them carefully, laid them lovingly with the other articles in the teakwood box, and dropped the lid. Then she rested her rigid back against the cushions of her chair, and her wrinkled face slipped on its customary mask of shameless self-approval.

ILLUSTRATED BY STAN KLIMLEY

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THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 6

the number of members of minority groups allowed to enter?

PHYLLIS SCHWARTZ, age 16,
DORIS KATZ, age 16, Rochester, N. Y.

. . . Not all fraternities have forgotten the true meaning of the word "fraternity." The charter of Pi Alpha, at Florida Southern College, guarantees that the organization's membership "shall be open to every person regardless of his race, religion, nationality, creed or financial status." Although the majority of Pi Alpha's men are American and Protestant, its membership includes men from six other countries as well as Catholics and Jews.

J. MALLIN, Florida Southern College

. . . Our country has been repeatedly warned that the Communistic theory of overpowering the United States is to "incite race hatred and develop class warfare in the United States." The college fraternity crisis aptly undermines American democracy. Let the snobs join the snobs if that is their will. JOHN J. SCHIFF, JR., Cincinnati, Ohio

Bucknell frat: interracial, interdenominational and brotherly

. . . Thinking, intelligent young fraternity men are discussing these problems all over the country. At Ohio State and other universities is an active program whereby foreign students of all colors and creeds are invited to the houses for dinners and talks. At some schools these students live in fraternity houses and have become members. Let us take the attitude that we are faced with a tremendous responsibility needing every possible constructive aid in all walks of life. DONALD G. SCHROETER,
Texas City, Texas

. . . Every time we segregate a Negro, or lynch one, every time we set up a restricted neighborhood (by "Gentleman's Agreement," of course) or bar a Jew from the "better" clubs, every time we make a member of the Catholic church feel that he is not quite up to the standard of the Anglo-Saxon's Mayflower descendants, Moscow's Pravda has a field day. And we lose a point in the cold war. . . . My congratulations!

HENRY NORDIN, Baltimore, Md.

. . . I admire the interest and fair conception which you possess concerning the problem. This is shown by your willingness to print an article which might have been refused by other leading magazines.

JEAN PARKINSON, Columbus, Ohio

. . . My fraternity, Delta Upsilon, was founded in 1834, at Williams College by a group of young men, including James A. Garfield, later President of the United States, who wished to protest against the abuses of the fraternity system of that day. The constitution contains no discriminatory clause. The nondiscriminatory fraternity, Kappa Mu Kappa of Kent State University, Kent, Ohio, local chapter of Delta Upsilon, at one instance had a president of Jewish origin, a Protestant vice-president and a Catholic secretary and treasurer. However, college administrations can no more dictate Americanism than Mr. Whitman can dictate to Collier's readers. It must come through example of older generations.

ROBERT J. CASEY, Youngstown, Ohio

. . . I come from Athens, Greece—I many times wondered why the national fraternities are allowed to exercise such discrimination against some persons of different color, creed or race. Such prejudice gradually brings hate and spoils the greatness and the prestige of the United States of America, both here and abroad. I was pledged to the Archon fraternity, a local organization at Kenyon College, whose preamble states clearly that "any discrimination as to membership qualifications will be in regard to character and scholastic standing only." Why not more fraternities like the Archon?

GUS PATRIDES, Gambier, Ohio

. . . After the hypothetical *cognoscenti* of our college campuses count the number of Jews, Negroes and Catholics who comprise a very large part of the population of our great country, who the hell is left to have the big say-so in this democracy? A handful of college crumbs? Granting that golf, business, country clubs and secret societies are doing the same thing, is that any reason for these darling yearlings to jump off the deep end just because some of their progenitors are bigoted? . . .

RALPH URAJNER, North Fond du Lac, Wis.

. . . The story certainly emphasizes the necessity of re-examination of our educational process and of our boasts of being a democracy. Some of the statements made by students which are quoted by Mr. Whitman are identical with racist statements which I heard recently in Germany. Whether they know it or not, fraternities and sororities which insist on discrimination are digging their own graves and making their usefulness and desirability increasingly more doubtful. WALTER WHITE, NAACP,
New York, N. Y.

. . . So far as this red-haired, light-skinned, Irish Catholic is concerned you can send those frat brats and their fraternities plump to here. Why are there so many crybabies and hurt feelings among my generation because they are not accepted as worthy to be received into cliques of asses and fools? Vain, stupid weaklings, where are the great hearts, the proud men, proud in the realization that they are possessed by God-given immortal souls?

WILLIAM F. KAVANAGH, JR.,
Jersey City, N. J.

. . . Three cheers for Mr. Whitman.

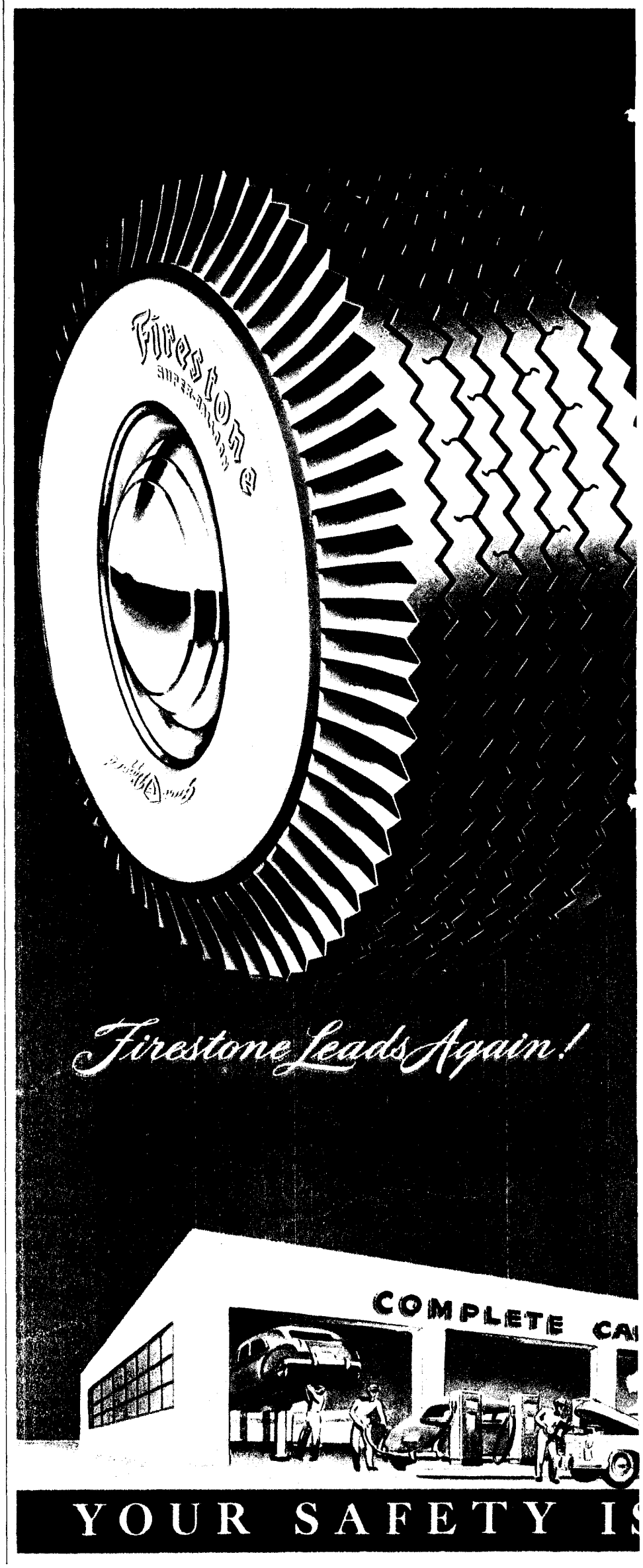
MARY ANN BOWMAN, Royal Oak, Mich.

. . . This letter is written by both a Southern and a New England member of a national fraternity. Perhaps the real hypocrites in the case are not the fraternities, who have never claimed to be democratic, but the colleges themselves who have claimed to be strongholds of democracy. Before college officers decry the undemocratic fraternity system they should look to their own practices.

RICHARD E. CROCKFORD &
EDWARD R. MURPHY, Brunswick, Me.

. . . The change must come (and the sooner the better), but it must come from the inside out. It cannot be pushed onto the fraternities. When fraternity men no longer bring with them the prejudices they picked up at home, then there will be no "gentleman's agreements." But until this final curtain rings down on our society, fraternities, as the reflection of this society, will not be perfectly without discrimination. . . .

CLINTON B. SEELEY, Boston, Mass.



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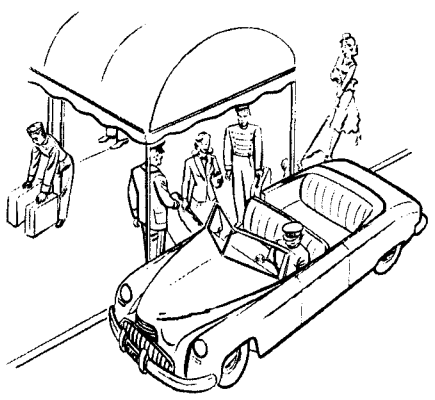

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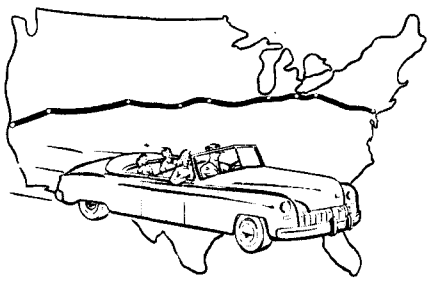

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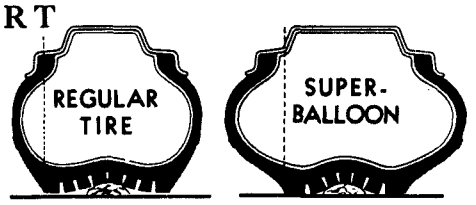

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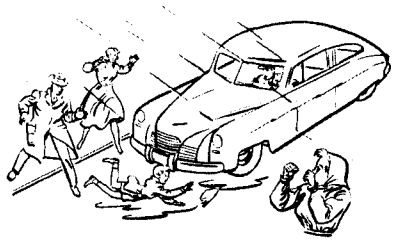
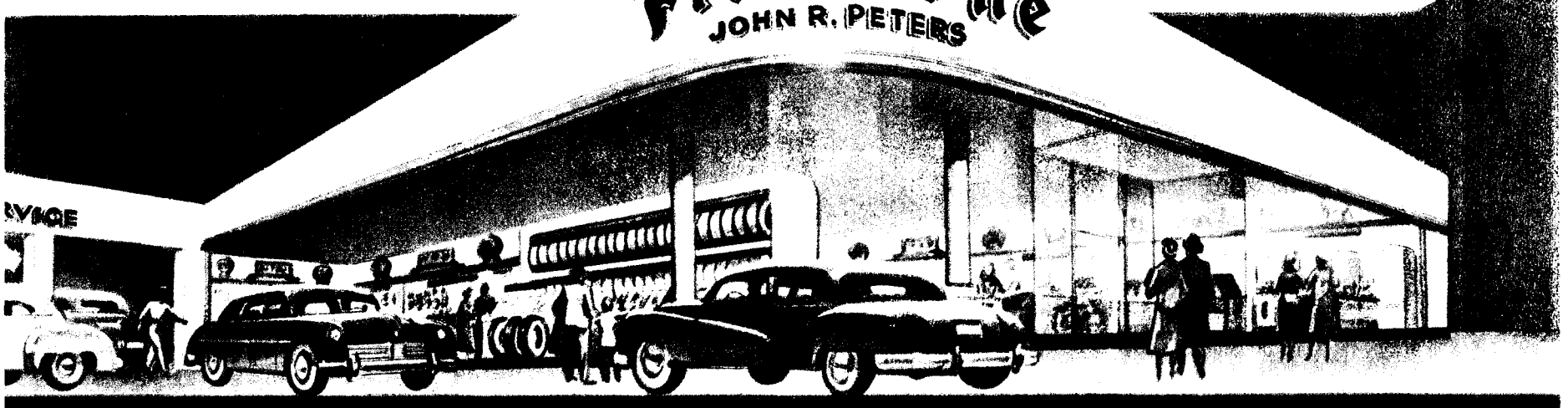


Firestone
JOHN R. PETERS



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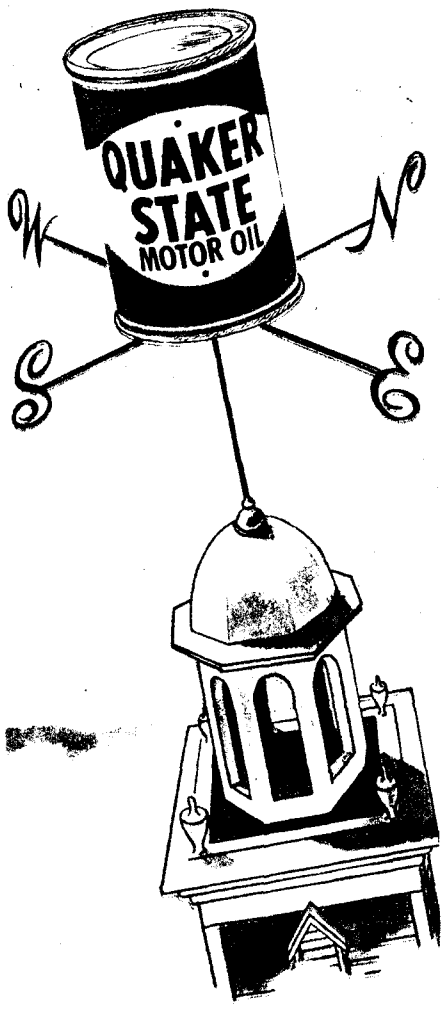

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CARUSO OF MOUNTAIN MUSIC

Continued from page 26

has been often urged to enter the ministry. He has appeared as featured music maker in eleven B pictures and recently turned down an offer to do four a year at $7,500 a week each. Now that he is taking things easy, his income is down to around $150,000 a year, after a high that exceeded $200,000.

Acuff is riding the crest of a mountain-music wave which is sweeping the country. Before the war, hillbilly devotees were a fanatical though comparatively small group in the Southeast. But then hundreds of thousands of men were sent to Southern Army camps and thousands of hillbilly-singing Southerners served elsewhere in the country. The resulting public indoctrination was immediate, complete and international. Today beggars in India, shop girls in England and *Fräuleins* in Germany hum hillbilly airs as readily as a local tune.

There are a dozen or more top hillbilly singers today, but Acuff is the most enduring and most successful of them all. His stage presence is regarded by his followers as masterful.

The atmosphere of a hillbilly act is heavily charged with humor, but the fun stops when Acuff launches one of his serious numbers. Then, with the introduction, he lowers his eyes as if in prayer. He is seeking the mood. Starting to sing, he throws back his head, looks up toward the sky and lets go. Many firmly believe he is singing to heavenly accompaniment.

The words he sings—many his own compositions—are mawkish, often sentimentalized tragedy, which detractors call corn. Take his popular Precious Jewel, for instance:

Way back in the hills, when a boy I once wandered,
Buried deep in her grave, lies the girl that I love.
She was called from this earth a jewel for heaven,
More precious than diamonds, more precious than gold,
A jew'l here on earth, and a jewel in heaven,
She will brighten the kingdom around God's great throne,
May the angels have peace. God bless her in heaven,
They've broken my heart, and they've left me to roam.

(Copyright 1943 by Acuff-Rose Publications.)

Obviously it isn't what he sings that makes Acuff famous but the way he sings it. Recently a sophisticated New Yorker was chided for admiring him openly. "I know it's silly," she replied, "but he makes me cry anyhow."

Even close friends admit that Acuff's ability to capture a mood is his major success attribute. His voice and fiddling are mediocre even by hillbilly standards. His capacity for histrionics is limited to low comedy. He can't read a note of music. But he believes what he sings with a passion evangelist Billy Sunday might have envied.

His spiritual conviction is so deep that his own eyes sometimes fill with tears as he sings. One song he composed so affected him he was unable to perform it publicly for a year. People who have never attended a mountain "singin'" claim they can visualize one through his music.

"He makes me think of honest, God-fearing people sitting around an open fire in split-bottom chairs," one of his admirers explained.

Phobias and Foibles

As a ballad singer of rich, emotional content, Roy Acuff enjoys some richly emotional attitudes. Small and bantam-rooster courageous, he is nevertheless afraid of cats. His aversion to elevators is great, and he refuses flatly to enter one that is unattended and automatic. He keeps his neckties knotted and pulls one over his head each morning before putting on his shirt or combing his hair.

He prefers his old $12 fiddle to one he bought for $1,500. While dressing he invariably puts on his left sock and left shoe first. He refuses to sleep alone—when traveling some member of his group shares his room—and he insists on a light burning all night beside his bed.

To these attributes is added another distinction—and in hillbilly circles it's a major one—Acuff doesn't sing from his throat and through his nose. When he was a boy his sister, Sue, took "boughten" voice lessons and practiced assiduously. With equal diligence Roy mocked her monotonous practice vocalizing and unconsciously learned how to sing from the pit of his stomach, as in opera. This hasn't helped the quality of his voice much, but it has added to its endurance and, consequently, its earning power, a matter of no small moment, of course.

Nobody is more astonished at his success and wealth than Acuff. It is not something he sought, it just happened to

COLLIER'S

"It's a good thing our neighbors weren't away. Next time don't leave the key under the door mat!"

FRITZ WILKINSON

Don't Parents Ever Grow Up?
LOOK, SUE! YOU'VE GOT A GRUDGE AGAINST ME, SO GET IT OFF YOUR CHEST! COME ON, HONEY! SPILL IT!
BOB, WHEN YOU LOVE A GUY, IT'S REALLY TOUGH TO ASK HIM TO SEE HIS DENTIST ABOUT—WELL, ABOUT BAD BREATH!
MOTHER KNOWS BEST, POP!
TO COMBAT BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH THAT ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH!
COLGATE'S ACTIVE PENETRATING FOAM GETS INTO HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH—HELPS CLEAN OUT DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES—STOP STAGNANT SALIVA ODORS—REMOVE THE CAUSE OF MUCH BAD BREATH
NO OTHER TOOTHPASTE CLEANS TEETH BETTER THAN COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! AND HOW I GO FOR COLGATE'S GRAND WAKE-UP FLAVOR!
NOW I'M ON THE COLGATE DIET MY FAMILY LIFE'S A LOT MORE QUIET!
Cleans Your Breath While It Cleans Your Teeth!
COLGATE
RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
NEW! ECONOMY SIZE
Always use COLGATE DENTAL CREAM after you eat and before every date

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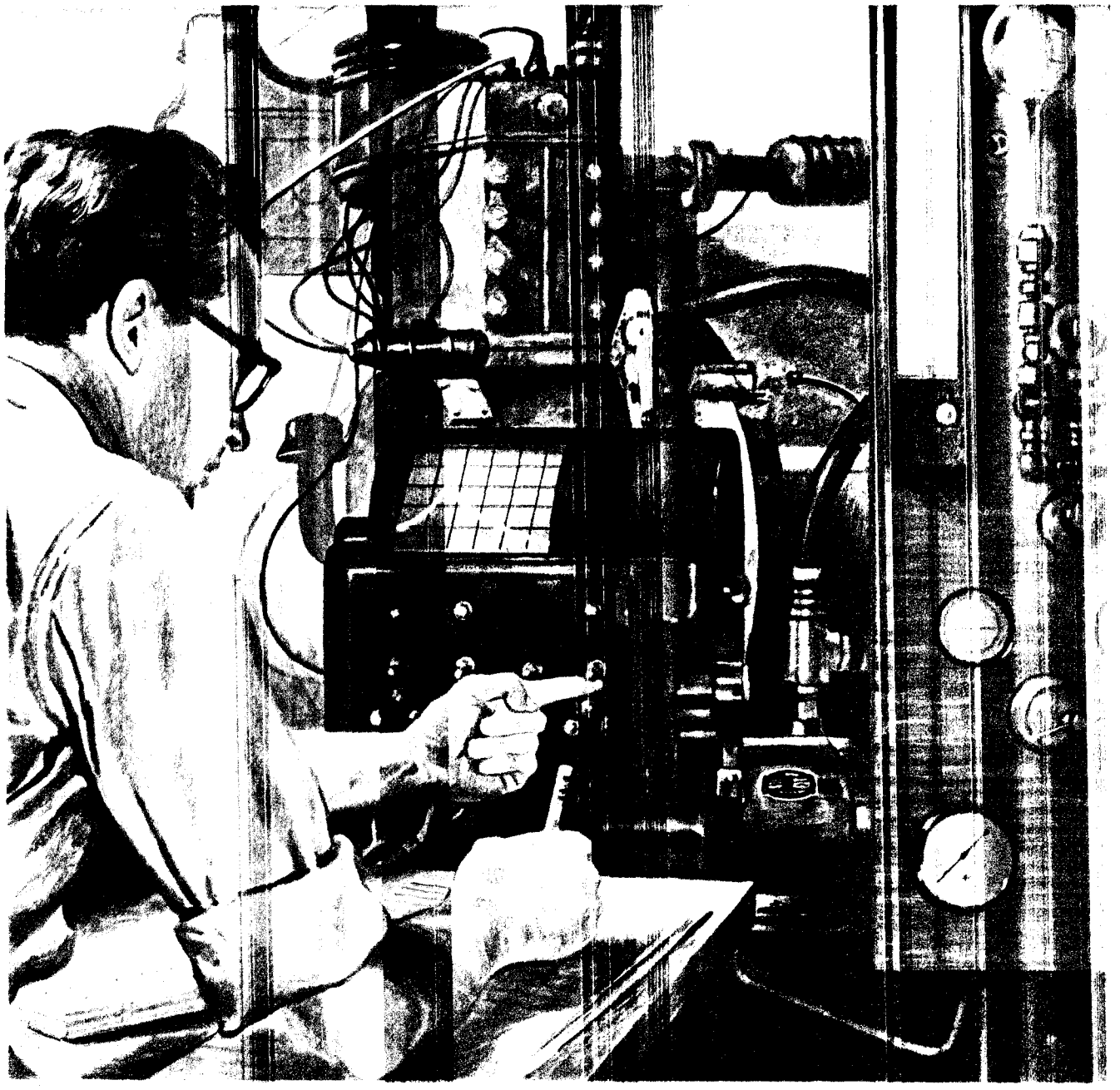
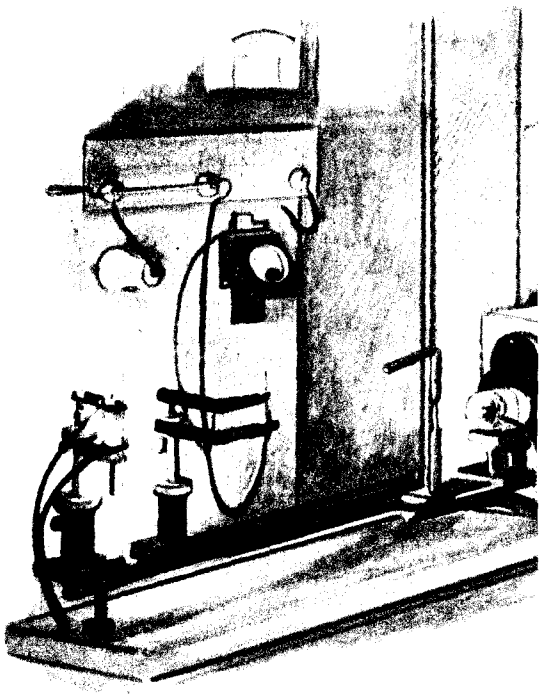
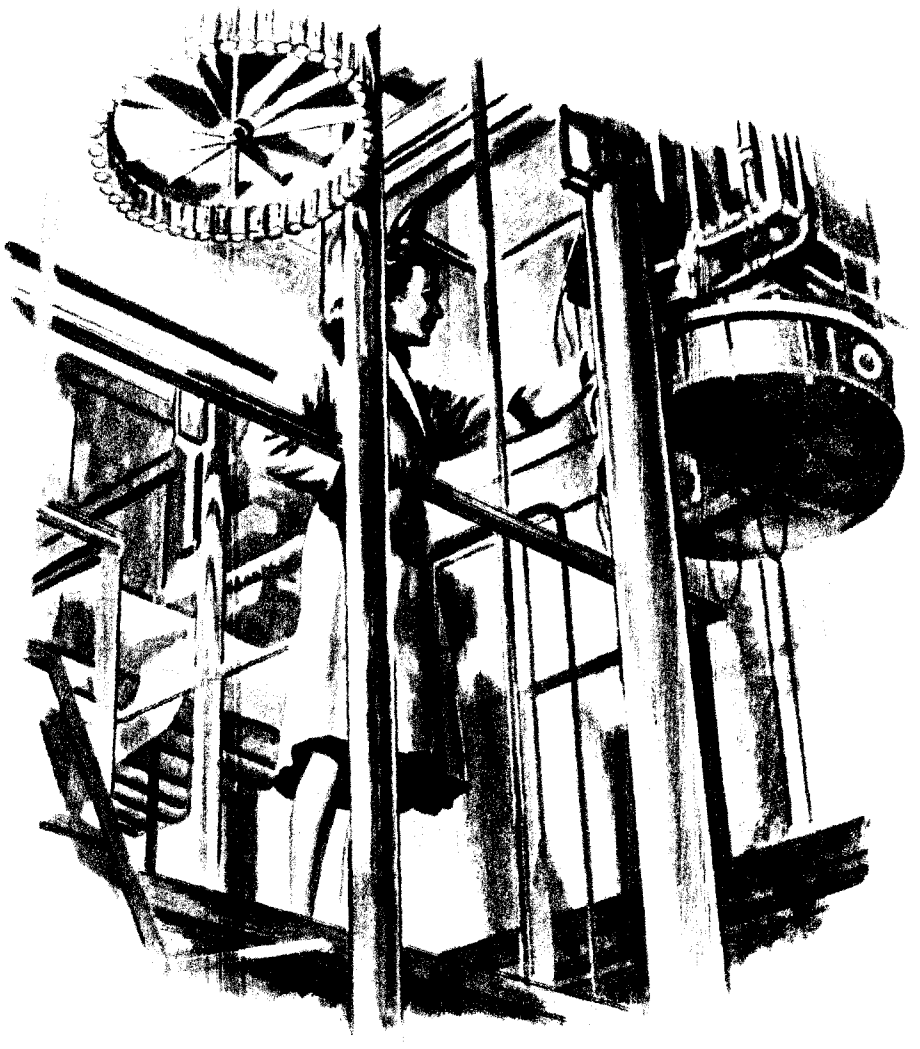
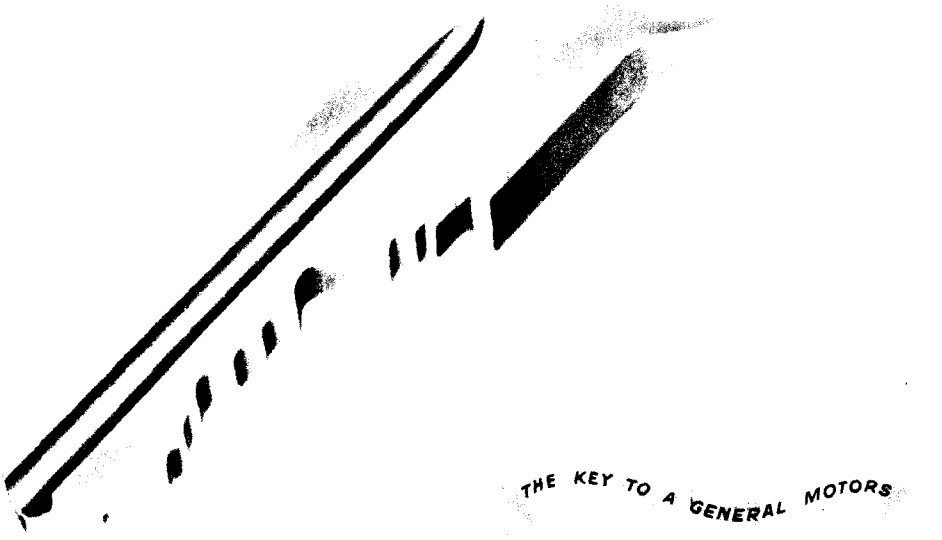




Key to

GM RESEARCH considers one of its most important projects the continual 33-year-old study of fuels and engines — the purpose being greater fuel economy, plus better performance. Above is an instrument that enables GM men to see what happens when fuel burns inside a cylinder. Below — a gasoline distillation column used in studying advanced fuels.





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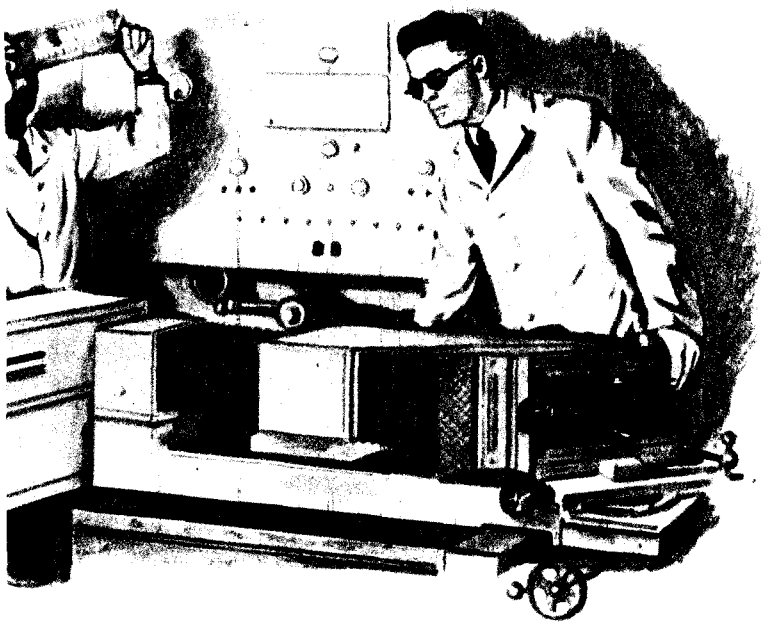
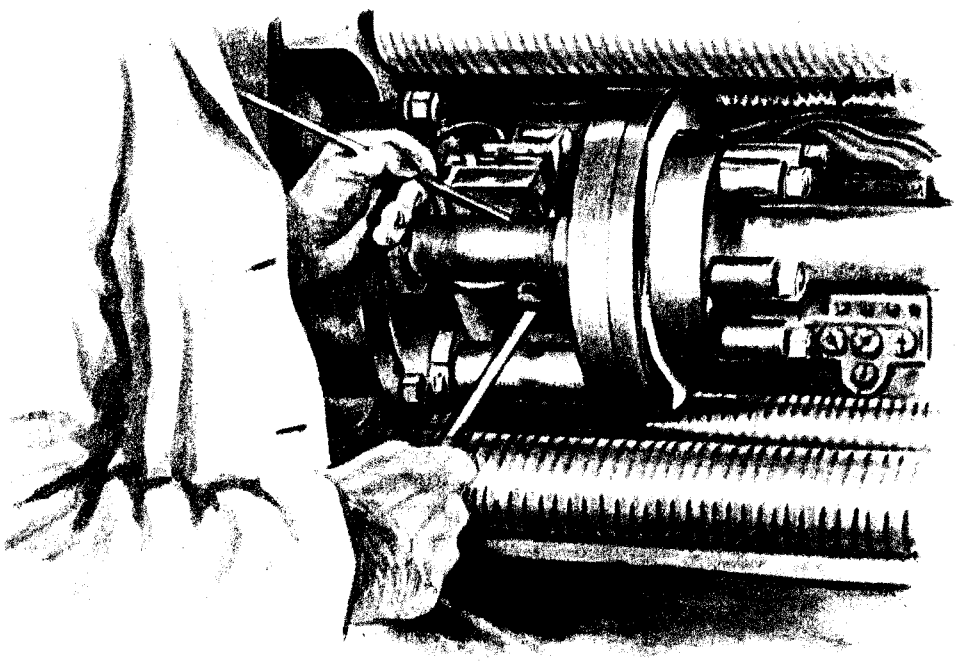


GM RESEARCH discovers new facts about the metals out of which cars are made — using invisible light and the ultraviolet spectrograph shown here. The results? Better control in quality of materials, leading to more trouble-free miles for your car.



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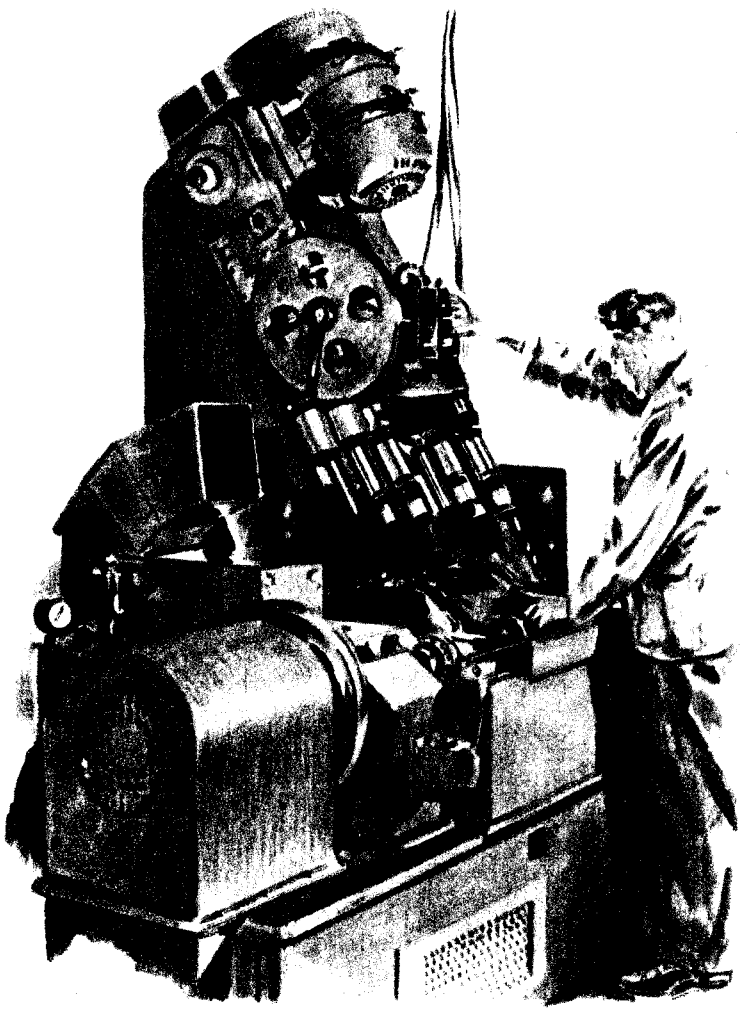
GM RESEARCH helps production with special balancing machines for crankshafts and dozens of other rotating parts — cutting down wear and vibration — adding to their life and to all-over comfort.



a better tomorrow

It's clear that the 1949 models by General Motors are definitely ahead of yesterday's. And there is a good reason.

It begins with GM research, which is constantly at work digging out better ways of making things and doing things.

What research discovers is the starting point for better engineering and better production.

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him. He lives simply on four acres along the Cumberland River a few minutes from downtown Nashville, with his wife and five-year-old son, Roy Neill. His house is pseudo-log cabin, containing four bedrooms and two baths, a living room, dining room, kitchen, breakfast nook, and, in the basement, a storeroom and furnace room, and the game room, where a weekly radio program originates with considerable hilarity. Mrs. Acuff does the cooking and has a day maid for housework.

Roy eats little. Like other mild hypochondriacs he believes he lives under constant tension and finds a few drinks in the evening more relaxing than a heavy meal. He relieves his nervousness in other ways too, mainly by wearing it out—for example, racing around the Cumberland River with a crowd of people in his Gar Wood speedboat.

Constant activity stimulates the household. On one recent relatively quiet evening Roy was demonstrating his wife's Christmas present, a new sound motion-picture projector, in the parlor, while a few friends were in another room making gag recordings. In the hallway a clockmaker spent several hours adjusting the chimes on a magnificent grandfather's clock. Meanwhile Roy was supposed to be conducting a business talk in the kitchen. Throughout the evening he popped in and out of each activity.

His most important asset is his wife, Mildred, the whip-smart daughter of a butcher, whom he met in high school. He is as proud of her business ability as he is of her good looks and charm. She is a pert, stock-market-wise combination of Myrna Loy and Claudette Colbert, with a wit locally described as "funny as a speckled pup."

Until the detail burden became too great, Mrs. Acuff kept Roy's books and records and participated in all business discussions. Now she merely participates in all business discussions, runs the family half of the Acuff-Rose Publications, which netted $40,000 in 1948, and operates Dunbar Cave, which produced a profit of around $50,000 in its first year.

Most successful musicians are a prime source of funds for indigent former buddies and Acuff is no exception. Hillbillies suffering from hocked guitars or hang-overs put the bite on Acuff with regularity.

Plenty of Needy Fiddlers

In the South a fiddler or a gee-tar-ist is a person of local consequence. Indeed in some parts a call to fiddling ranks in dignity with a call to preaching and has a much larger number of respondents. Consequently the quantity of admiring but needy colleagues who greet Acuff with open palm seems in no danger of diminishing.

However, a free and easy fiscal policy is not the sole basis of Acuff's popularity among his colleagues. He never undercuts them. When he arranged to put on a show in Georgia, he spent $500 on advance promotion before learning that a small, unpublicized outfit had planned a conflicting date. Without a word, he took the loss and withdrew his engagement. The small group took in $300; Acuff would have grossed $5,000.

He keeps his word, too. When friend Wally Fowler asked him to put in a free guest appearance at Fowler's all-night singing festival last New Year's Eve, he accepted. Then he learned his manager had booked him for an out-of-town party that night at a $2,000 fee. Acuff quietly canceled the $2,000 date.

Acuff considers such attributes no more remarkable than the color of his coal-black wavy hair and believes them to be typical of mountain people. "Everything I am has growed up with me," he says simply. "It's the way we kind of people are."

That Roy Acuff acquired his repertoire of hundreds of songs from having them a part of his life there is no doubt. A major success is his Wabash Cannonball, an old song to which he added the realism of a steam whistle that railroaders claim sounds more like a fast train than a fast train. Acuff developed the famous whistle, a combination of *wooooo-woo-o* and sishing steam, while working during a lean period as call boy for the L & N Railroad.

Acuff's songs are authentic because he is. He stems from poor but honest countryfolk. His father, who died about five years ago, was a Baptist preacher who turned to law where, Roy says, his honesty balked financial progress. Eventually he became a general sessions judge in Knoxville.

Roy was born in Maynardsville (pop. 500), where a devoted community has erected a marker commemorating the event. His age he considers his own business but for political purposes admits he was born September 15, 1907.

Roy's parents soon moved their three boys and two girls to a tenant farm in the foothills of the Great Smokies where Roy won his calluses as a hillbilly. He followed a mule and double shovel between rows of young corn and broke new ground with a bull-tongue plow. He attended community corn shuckings where a gallon of whisky was buried in the center of the room under a pile of corn and neighbors shucked furiously to see who could reach it first. The kids tramped down husks tossed behind by the men. It was a great day when Roy graduated into the kneeling circle of shuckers. There were also pea hullings, bean shellings, apple peelings and candy pullings that ended with a little dancing or community singing, and Roy began building up his backlog of mood and sincerity.

When he was 18 the family left the farm and moved to Fountain City, a Knoxville suburb. At Central High, he became the most celebrated athlete in the little school's history. He won 12 letters, four each in baseball, football and basketball, and captained the basketball team into the state championship finals.

His proficiency in baseball earned him a Yankees' tryout. In Florida he sunned himself improvidently and during practice collapsed from sunstroke. Disappointment, frustration and the effects of the stroke kept him home two years. It was at that time that he commenced twanging out old country tunes on his father's fiddle, and singing as he had at corn shuckings. From then on he was a hillbilly.

As a hungry semipro, singing fiddler, Acuff tried for three years to get a Grand Ole Opry tryout over Station WSM in Nashville before he got a chance. On his first program he opened up with a shouting version of the classic Great Speckled Bird. A week later he was back and did it again. He has been tops ever since.

The Grand Ole Opry program first played to a studio audience of 150, jammed into two small rooms. When studio facilities were enlarged, 500 could squeeze in, but the pained clamor from leftovers immediately required two shows a night, with red and blue tickets.

The National Life and Accident Insurance Company people, who own the station, were unaware of this until a group of officials tried to enter the company building at 9:30 on a Saturday night to attend an emergency meeting. They found 500 music lovers standing before the doors patiently waiting for the show break. When the executives tried to enter ahead of the line there were shouts of, "Oh, no, you don't," and, "Get to the end of the line." The next day the Grand Ole Opry was told to hold its soirees elsewhere.

It quickly outgrew a small theater, and finally moved into Ryman Auditorium where it now attracts 200,000 persons a year, all of whom pay to get in. Listeners respond remarkably. Two announcements made in one evening pulled 263,820 pieces of mail! As a Grand Ole Opry star, but on another program, Acuff in three years boosted the sales of a coffee concern from $300,000 to $3,000,000!

Effects Are Not Rehearsed

He achieves such results without apparent effort. He never rehearses his program, yet he ends it unruffled and with the timing right on the nose. This outwardly placid disposition is a triumph of mind over matter. Only by rigid self-discipline does he maintain the stock-in-trade illusion of an easy-going but sincere character. Sometimes a tempest breaks loose inside him and there is momentary hell to pay.

When his brother visited him at an Opry performance, a new stage guard refused to admit him because he had no stage pass. Roy tantrumed around, threatened to get the guard's job and said he would not broadcast. But a few minutes later he quieted down and apologized to everybody in almost embarrassing profusion.

His modesty is so marked that even close friends are unaware of many of his accomplishments. He describes himself as only a fair hunter and rifleman but not long ago he drove a nail into a board by shooting at it with a small caliber rifle.

His political career began in 1944 when friends—and the state is crawling with Acuff friends—nominated him for the primaries in both parties. Roy thought this was tomfoolery and bowed out, but in 1946 his name was again put up by the Republicans. Again he demurred. During the summer of 1948 while he was in Hollywood making a movie, Republicans once more qualified him. He beat primary rival Robert Murray 8 to 1, and took this as the people's mandate.

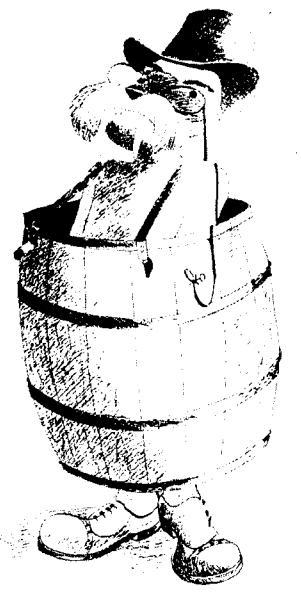
Calling off all engagements except his Saturday night broadcast, he marshaled his Smoky Mountain Boys and toured the state at his own expense with Senate nominee Carroll Reece, former National Republican Chairman. As a candidate, Acuff was a great success. His platform, aside from his music, was honesty, the Bible and the Golden Rule. He was for free school books and TVA, and against taxing churches. Since he offered no program and no promises, Truman had no difficulty carrying the Tennessee ticket. By 10:00 P.M. election night Acuff conceded he was neither happy nor governor.

Roy is now glad he didn't get the job. As governor, he realizes, he would have been just another politician. As a hillbilly, he is *the* Roy Acuff.

During the last days of the campaign he showed he had already learned the difference when a heckler called him a side-show performer. Indignant, Roy drew himself up to his full five feet seven and glared, "You've got me mixed with someone else," he told them. "Frankly, neighbors, I've always been the main event."

SENATOR WALRUS:

on the Income Tax



TONY PALAZZO

I, a proponent of painless extraction,
Fathered the method we've come to employ;
Note the result of your senator's action:
Taxes today are a genuine joy!

Aye, it was I who concocted the plan,
Pay-as-you-get-it (if get-it you can);
Pay as you ponder what can't be excelled:
Taxes are nothing but something withheld.

—AL GRAHAM

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Policyholders in State Farm Mutual will save $10,000,000 in 1949 . . . 4 out of 5 benefit at next renewal

Welcome news! While prices on most things you buy are climbing, drastic reductions in the cost of insurance are announced by the world's largest automobile insurance company.

Members of State Farm Mutual are being notified now by mail. Some of them will save as much as 37%. Others will save less. Only a few will save nothing at all.

Rate reductions are determined by the driving record of policyholders in each county. And because State Farm families are so carefully selected, most communities will benefit. Savings will total more than $10,000,000 in 1949!

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1. State Farm policies are written for a six-month period rather than the usual twelve-month period. It is therefore possible to refigure rates at more frequent intervals and make rate adjustments quicker and oftener.
2. It is State Farm's aim to insure only careful drivers. This keeps down the number of accidents among State Farm policyholders—keeps our cost of operation down to the minimum.
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For your extra protection, State Farm gives twice as much public liability protection, five times as much property damage protection, as is required by any state financial responsibility law.

Your friendly State Farm representative will give you full details. Remember, he is a trained insurance agent. He will be glad to advise you on all your insurance problems.

Look under "State Farm Insurance Companies" in your telephone book.

Meet a Man behind these reductions

This is Harry Johnsen, Minneapolis, Minn. He is typical of State Farm Mutual's 7,500 friendly representatives from coast to coast in the U. S. and Canada. Part of Johnsen's responsibility is to make sure his company insures only careful drivers. Because State Farm drivers had so few accidents last year, State Farm is now able to announce drastically reduced costs for auto insurance in most communities. It will pay you to meet the State Farm representative who lives near you and learn about these new low rates.

Get details today. Look up "State Farm" in your telephone book.

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West Central Office: Lincoln, Nebraska

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Shake a little spice into a mean month!

February may be the mother of Presidents, but it's no bargain to the common man!

You can throw a *little* spice into it, however, by draping one of these *handsome, lively* Arrow "Coventry Foulard" Ties around your neck! Small figures in a vast variety, including new vertical and all-over effects.

Like all new wider Arrow Ties, these spicy numbers knot up and drape perfectly, and—thanks to their special lining—keep wrinkles at arm's length till they're old, old, *old!* Buy some. Only **$1.50** per.

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Makers of Arrow Shirts • Ties
Handkerchiefs • Underwear
Sports Shirts

ARROW
"Coventry Foulards"
TIES

SUBWAY TO BROOKLYN

Continued from page 30

"That's right handy. Get there by subway. They got lots of subways going to Brooklyn. Never knew which one to take, myself."

"She said the BMT."

"Smell them home fries. Never had any as good as Harry makes here. We can visit her after we're married."

She drew a deep breath and faced him. "I'm not going to marry you."

It wasn't quite the shock to him that she had thought it would be. He turned his pleasant, nearsighted face to her and blinked behind his glasses. He said mildly, "Ah, now, honey, you don't mean that."

"I do," she said. "Mike, I spent all summer thinking about it and I couldn't see it any other way. We're too different. You have your career and I have mine and they don't mix. I can't expect you to stick to Cicero all your life, or to any one town, and I'm not going to give up teaching to traipse over the country with you and the band. And I don't want the sort of marriage in which we're apart more than we're together."

TWO plates of ham and eggs and home fries clattered on the counter in front of them, interrupting her. Mike began absorbing his methodically, as if he didn't hear her, as if she weren't giving him the most momentous decision she had ever made in her life, as if she weren't there. She heard the empty sound of her voice, and it faltered.

"Don't let them eggs get cold, honey," he said.

She was hungry. She stopped speaking and ate, and her arguments dwindled away inside her.

They finished at the same time. Mike unfolded himself from the stool and said, "I'd kind of like to get married today. I can fix it up with the boys. I'd kind of like that a lot. Listen. I got a friend'll tell us what we got to know." He waved a bill at Harry and left it on the counter. "Come on, honey." His hand urged her down and across to the door so rapidly that she almost stumbled. Her protests hung behind them unheeded.

His friend was a policeman named Lou Abramson who handled traffic on the corner of Fifty-seventh Street and Eighth Avenue. He was as tall as Mike, but heavier, slow-moving, with a worn patience and wisdom in the roughness of his features. He strolled to the sidewalk with them and looked down at Gwyn with solemn eyes. "Well, well," he said, when Mike had told him. "May I wish you happiness?"

"The trouble is," Gwyn said sharply, "I'm *not* going to marry him. I don't know how many times I've got to repeat it."

Mike explained equably, "We ain't quite got together on that yet. I figured we could do with some pointers anyway. Like what we got to do. I figured you'd know, being in the law business."

"It won't do any good," Gwyn muttered.

"We got to know these things, honey," Mike said. "We don't want to go making mistakes."

"Not if we're not going to get married."

Lou pointed out, "You ought to settle that first." His voice was so deep it stopped Gwyn momentarily, and made her feel that he had said something profound. Apparently Mike felt the same way. They both looked at Lou.

Lou said, "A marriage is predicated on the willingness of both parties."

"Well, this party isn't willing," said Gwyn flatly.

"She come all the way from Figaro to tell me that," Mike said. "Does that make sense?"

"Yes, it does," Gwyn snapped. She felt tears stinging and her temper got sharper.

"It don't make sense to me. I don't see it at all," Mike said.

Lou said, "Of course there have been cases of love coming after marriage. I am thinking of a heist I know. He married a lady runs a boardinghouse, as it gives him a house to live at. He is now a father and legitimate. A very happy and fortunate man. A resident of Brooklyn."

Gwyn asked, "How do I get to Newkirk Avenue, Brooklyn?"

Both men looked at her with mild surprise at the turn in the conversation. Lou asked politely, "Near what street?"

"Flatbush Avenue, I think."

"Brighton Line, BMT," Lou answered. "Or the Flatbush IRT."

She looked around and pointed at the subway stairs behind them. "Is that one of them?"

"No, ma'am. That's the Independent. You can take it to Franklin Avenue and change there. But the IRT's right up the block."

She said, "Thank you."

Mike asked, "So how do we get married? What do we got to know?"

She was beginning to feel remote from the whole situation. She caught a shred of the discussion, about the philosophic concept of marriage in the various states. Virginia, she gathered, allowed you to marry in one day with no preliminary fuss. It had to do with Southern blood.

Quietly she stepped away from them. They were too thoroughly contemplating the aspects of Southern blood to notice her. She took another step, and then another, and turned quickly, almost tripping down the subway steps. The man in the barred change booth told her to take the A train, whatever that was. Five minutes later she was huddled in a corner seat on the train, noisily being carried away from Mike and Lou, and the infinite complexities of marriage laws.

GWYN had never been to New York before. She began to feel unsure of herself when they passed the third stop. She watched the dark shifting by her window, the moving punctuation of lonely night bulbs, the occasional opening of tiled caverns beyond the window and as they whipped past her they seemed to pull her with them.

Her transfer point at Franklin Avenue came, mildly surprising her. She climbed stairs, and asked questions at the change booth, and climbed more stairs to the street and to the elevated line. She watched rooftops receding, and her thoughts spiraled away with them. They touched with light unhappiness on Mike, and she heard his voice echoing, "She come all the way from Figaro." She thought of her aunt, waiting in a clapboard house in Brooklyn. A minor focus of irritation centered on the fact that her aunt had no telephone.

She remembered watching Mike play, the first night she saw him. The seniors were holding their spring dance, and someone in the class had arranged to hire the band. They were in the crepe-paper-hung gymnasium, and the voices and the low lights and the music and the sound of feet shifting on the old hardwood floor made an emotional mixture even for her. One of the senior boys was taking her around in a duty dance. She watched Mike's loose, careless hands, and was fascinated by their ability to do what her own properly drilled hands had never done to a piano. He turned around, and caught her watching, and grinned.

Other times came drifting at her with

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the rushing of the train. They talked a long time together that night after the dance, earnestly, about his playing. Two days later she found him waiting for her on the porch of her parents' house when she came home from school. He showed her some of his tricks of playing; she became used to the long trolley rides at night to the hotel where he played, as she became used to the night-into-day life he and the boys in the band lived, and to her own bone-weariness the next mornings.

She tasted diner-variety home fries and ham and eggs, eaten when the world was still and only their little group was awake. She felt again the frightening hunger with which she gave back kiss for kiss that last night, before the band left for its shore engagement, and the misery of not having him.

She shook herself out of her reverie, and said, "No."

The train had stopped, with peculiar finality. She looked around her at an emptying car, and smelled salt in the air and heard a distant carrousel. A guard looked in the door at her and said, "Last stop. Coney Island."

An irritated panic swelled in her. The guard was patient, and gave her explicit instructions, but it was like holding quicksilver. The whole situation was wrong, anyway. This was an elevated station, and what she had wanted was a subway; and even though the guard told her that the subway became an elevated and the elevated a subway she felt suspicious of it all.

Other guards answered other questions. She felt battered and baffled, and time fled from her like the rooftops, and then suddenly she saw a sign that said Franklin Avenue and it was as if a friend had hailed her.

She fought her way out of the crowded car, and remembered the platform, and went down a familiar flight of stairs, down underground on another familiar flight.

There were three men ahead of her at the change booth and she waited for them to finish. Then with the light shining in her face and the thin Negress barely visible behind it inside the booth she started to say, "I was here before—"

The Negress said, "Oh, my! Oh, my goodness!" in an astounded voice. Then she said, "Let me tell you your name. Let me tell you your name is Gwyneth Wells. Let me tell you something else. You come down here from Cicero—"

"Figaro," said Gwyn, and then, belatedly: "How do you know—"

"Let me tell you, you got a boy friend named Mike Smith. You got an aunt on Newkirk Avenue you wanted to visit." She laughed, delightedly. "He was here, honey, asking if I'd seen you. He said, 'Look for a little lady fresh down from the country, green suit, little green hat with a feather, pretty as a piece.' He said you were looking for Newkirk Avenue and you'd get lost sure. I never thought I'd see you back here. I never did think that."

"Is he here? Is Mike here?" Gwyn's heart started pounding.

"No, honey. He went on up the line, tracking you like a bloodhound. He must be all the way to Coney Island now, asking everyone to look for you. He said he'd find you if he had to ask everyone in Brooklyn."

She thought of her aunt waiting, and she thought of Mike stooping to peer into little booths and ask his questions. Suddenly Mike seemed very close to her. She could hear his voice and she could feel the warmth of his body, and it was so vivid that she turned, sharply convinced that he was really there. But it was something that had happened somewhere in her, in her heart or in her head, wherever ideas and emotions met; it was something that happened after being shut up in a subway.

She said, "I'm going to his hotel. And thanks. Thanks a million." She smiled dazzlingly at the patient man behind her, and without asking any more questions found the platform and the train she wanted.

MIKE walked into the hotel lobby much later, and when she saw him she realized how tired she herself felt. He came over to her chair before she could get up, and he looked down at her and said, "I found someone showed me how to get to Newkirk Avenue, honey. I got him to write it down." He fumbled in one of his pockets and showed her the paper. "In case you want it. You sure did a lot of traveling."

"Yes," she said. "Thank you."

"Baby. What do we do?"

She felt herself trembling, and she felt the silence around them. After a moment his face relaxed, and although he didn't move, it was as if he had touched her, and his hands were holding her.

She whispered, "Is it true they don't make you wait in Virginia?"

He grinned.

She said hurriedly, "Listen, Mike. I'm still going to teach. And you'll still be with the band."

"That's right, honey."

"But we'd never really be apart. Really. I found that out in the subway."

"Baby."

"I came all the way from Figaro to find it out," she whispered.

"... Now, if I move this one, you'll jump me here, here and here, but if I move this one, and you move here, I'll jump you. . . . Oh, but then you'll jump me here, here, here and here . . ."

COLLIER'S STANLEY BERENSTAIN

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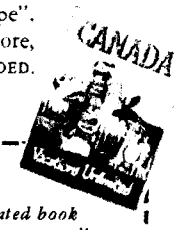

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WHAT HOLLYWOOD DOESN'T KNOW ABOUT WOMEN

Continued from page 19

—the gowns, the make-up, the simulated eyebrows and lashes, the abdominal armor, the hair dyeings and fixings, and the camera angles which can make a half-pint look tall, hide bulgy buttocks, or flatter a profile.

In the face of such perfection, fraudulent though it may be, what can a young girl's reaction be except, "Gee, I don't look anything like that. I must be unattractive."

An executive of one of the big studios argued, "Now wait a minute. These plain, everyday girls go to the movies and get a 'lift' out of seeing stars like Grable and Sheridan. While they sit there in the dark, they dream that they're doing all the things Grable is doing. Gives them a terrific boot."

Undeniably. And a terrific letdown when they come out of the dark and catch sight of themselves in the mirror!

Girl Friend Felt Frumpish

One girl of eighteen summed it up this way: "When I come out of the movies with my boy friend I hate to think that all the time he was comparing me to Paulette Goddard. I'm an awful frump compared to her!"

One reason people are staying away from movies these days may be that, basically, movies make people unhappy. They provide a temporary lift, but the long-term effect is depressant. No one likes to be measured up against perfection and made to feel wanting.

If Hollywood held up *true* values, and the modern girl was indeed a failure, she'd have nothing to complain about. But the Hollywood yardstick is spurious. That's the complaint. I don't want my daughter to grow up feeling she's a failure because she doesn't look like Lana Turner. And the millions of plain girls throughout America—wonderful people, most of them—ought not to be written off because they don't happen to be done up in Hollywood packages.

What are the true values?

Professor Hoffer has a key which he gives to his courtship and marriage classes at the University of Virginia. He says: "In marriage you invest in another person. If you invest in surface beauty, the value of your investment can go only one way with each passing year—*down!*

"You would not invest a dollar in a stock or bond with such prospects. Why invest your life that way?

"Be a good businessman! Invest in qualities which can go *up* in value. These are the inner qualities of a woman—the heart, and mind, and spirit. These can become more precious, more dazzlingly rich, as every year goes by!"

In the office of Dr. Abraham Stone there is no mistake about true values. As director of the Marriage Consultation Center at New York's Community Church and president of the American Association of Marriage Counselors, Dr. Stone must distill the true values from the false for thousands of baffled young couples. Here is his formula:

"1. Is this woman capable of becoming a good friend, a companion, a comrade?

"2. Is she capable of *loving*—mentally, physically, spiritually?

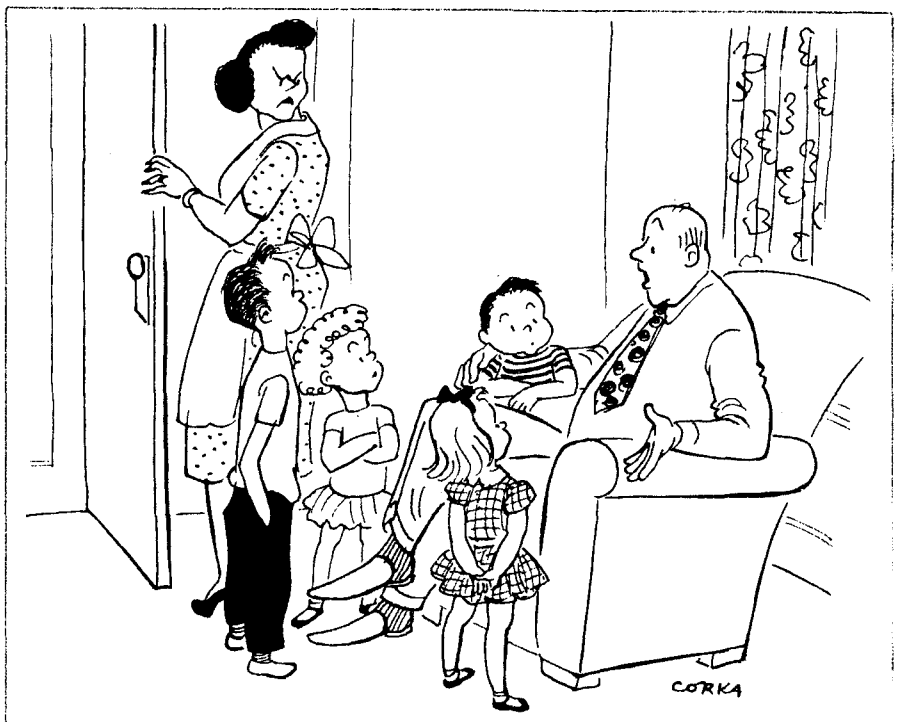
"3. Can she become a good parent? Is she a sufficiently integrated personality to take her place in a family group, to 'give out' to her children, to graduate from the self-centered interests of adolescence into maturity?"

There's no mention of physical appearance at all. Dr. Stone quietly states, "There is no evidence that physically attractive women—that is, women with so-called 'sex appeal'—make any better friends, parents or sex partners than plain, or even unattractive women. Where a woman puts undue emphasis on physical appearance she may possibly be narcissistic, and hence quite unsatisfactory emotionally, spiritually—and sexually."

Chicago University's Professor Sherman has no quarrel with physical beauty per se. It is rather a question of: "How beautiful does a woman have to be?" He likens Hollywood's mad pursuit of beauty to "a small boy who keeps cramming his pockets with marbles though he already has more than he can use."

"Beauty," says Professor Sherman, "is wasted in the movies. We see beautiful women as indolent vampires, as parasites disporting themselves in the surf, as night-club dolls. Why can't we take their beauty for granted and show these women doing something creative? Can't we see them as teachers, nurses, artists, mothers, homemakers?"

What a woman wants out of life, how she feels about herself in relation to others, and where she gets her satisfactions are much more important, he insists, than the contours of her body.



COLLIER'S "Well, it really started with a misunderstanding. You see, I was whistling at a taxi—" JON CORNIN

COLLIER'S "Gentlemen! . . . Messieurs! . . . Signori! . . . No peace talk in the bar, please!" JOHN RUGE

"In terms of true values," Professor Sherman observes, "surface beauty can yield only a competitive superiority over others. This satisfies vanity. But vanity —as any psychologist knows—is merely a disguise for faulty ego development. It cloaks an inferiority complex."

The true values ought, finally, to include a wee bit of *accomplishment.* What can a woman do? What does she know? What can she appreciate? Perhaps she has made some beautiful pottery, done some fine needlework. Perhaps she's an expert at child care, or at homemaking.

Having been hacked out of a desert, Hollywood is fortunately a place of shifting sands. The dunes are rising and falling these days, in the teeth of chill gales from the box office. Some bright new terrain is being unearthed.

At least *some* Hollywood people want to get rid of the tin gods of beauty, "sex appeal," tinsel, perfection and escape.

Jerry Wald, the daring young man of Warner Brothers, has amazed Hollywood with the startling success of Johnny Belinda. Here was a story that dragged around the picture colony for half a dozen years. Wiseacres dared anybody to make a movie with a deaf-mute for a heroine. Where was the glamor in that? Were all the secretaries and shop girls supposed to sit in the dark and imagine they were deaf-mutes?

Wiseacres' Advice Ignored

Wald put Jane Wyman in the picture and went ahead. "I liked it because its simple theme is that nobody is a 'dummy.' There is something wonderful about every human being—about every girl, including deaf-mutes," Wald remarks.

The public has taken the picture to its heart. Apparently they feel that way too.

Wald, sometimes called a rebel, is as fed up with the "Hollywood woman" as any long-hair sociologist. Some time ago he took the ultra-chic Joan Crawford under his wing and de-chicqued her. He said to her, "You've flopped for four years because you've just been a clothes-horse. There wasn't anything inside the clothes." He decided to give her a heart. Result: Mildred Pierce.

Sam Goldwyn is another protagonist of the new idea. The genial philosopher of North Formosa Avenue, far from spending his time coining Goldwynisms, has wrestled mightily with the verities of living. He insists that it is time American pictures had something to say, something provocative and challenging.

"What the American people want is *not* pure escapism in their pictures, but some reflection of their own emotional turmoil," Goldwyn declares. "A picture must, first of all, be entertaining. But beyond that, it must have something to say. Hollywood is dry of things to say because it has got too far away from the average person. It will no longer scratch for new ideas, for honest emotions. It's been too easy to get along on the same old threadbare formulas."

In his own search for new ideas, Goldwyn seized upon the newest, yet oldest, idea known to man—*truth.* He did it up in a modest, everyday package, but he packed it to the brim. He called it The Best Years of Our Lives.

Americans went for it like starving people reaching for bread.

I was surprised to hear a similar philosophy echoed by a good many of the Hollywood players. Gregory Peck, between shots of M-G-M's The Great Sinner, remarked, "The thing I oppose in pictures is the clichés, the cheap humor, the phony world of false values. It's time we give out some truth!"

Esther Williams, stepping off the Neptune's Daughter set, wondered, "Why do we fool young girls into believing that looks are everything? Why don't we tell them the truth—that the real riches are *within us!*" Esther's mother, Bula Williams, a teacher and family-relations group leader, put her on the right track a long time ago. "As a child, I learned to look inward for happiness and not to expect someone to hang it on me like a Christmas tree," Esther remarked.

Even fourteen-year-old Joan Evans, Sam Goldwyn's new discovery, shared some of the old maestro's insistence that life is real and earnest, after all. Joan was sitting in a little canvas schoolroom, doing her lessons between shots of Roseanna McCoy. In the plainness of her hillbilly costume she said, "I suppose the best thing in life is to be able to give something to others."

The Walds, the Goldwyns and a good many of the players are already tearing down the papier-mâché gods of glamor. What James Mason calls "Hollywood's creeping infantilism" is being challenged by an incipient new adulthood.

We may soon see a Hollywood woman whose inner light is so dazzling that the trim of her thighs and the turn of her bosom is of no moment. She'll be real. And we'll love her.

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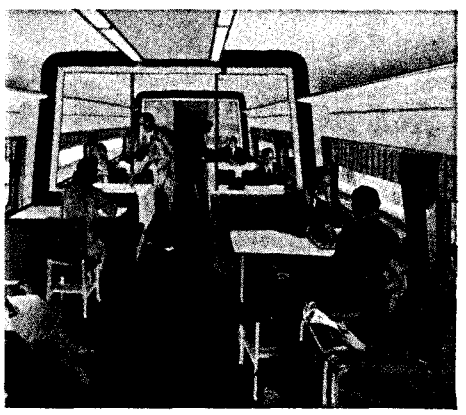

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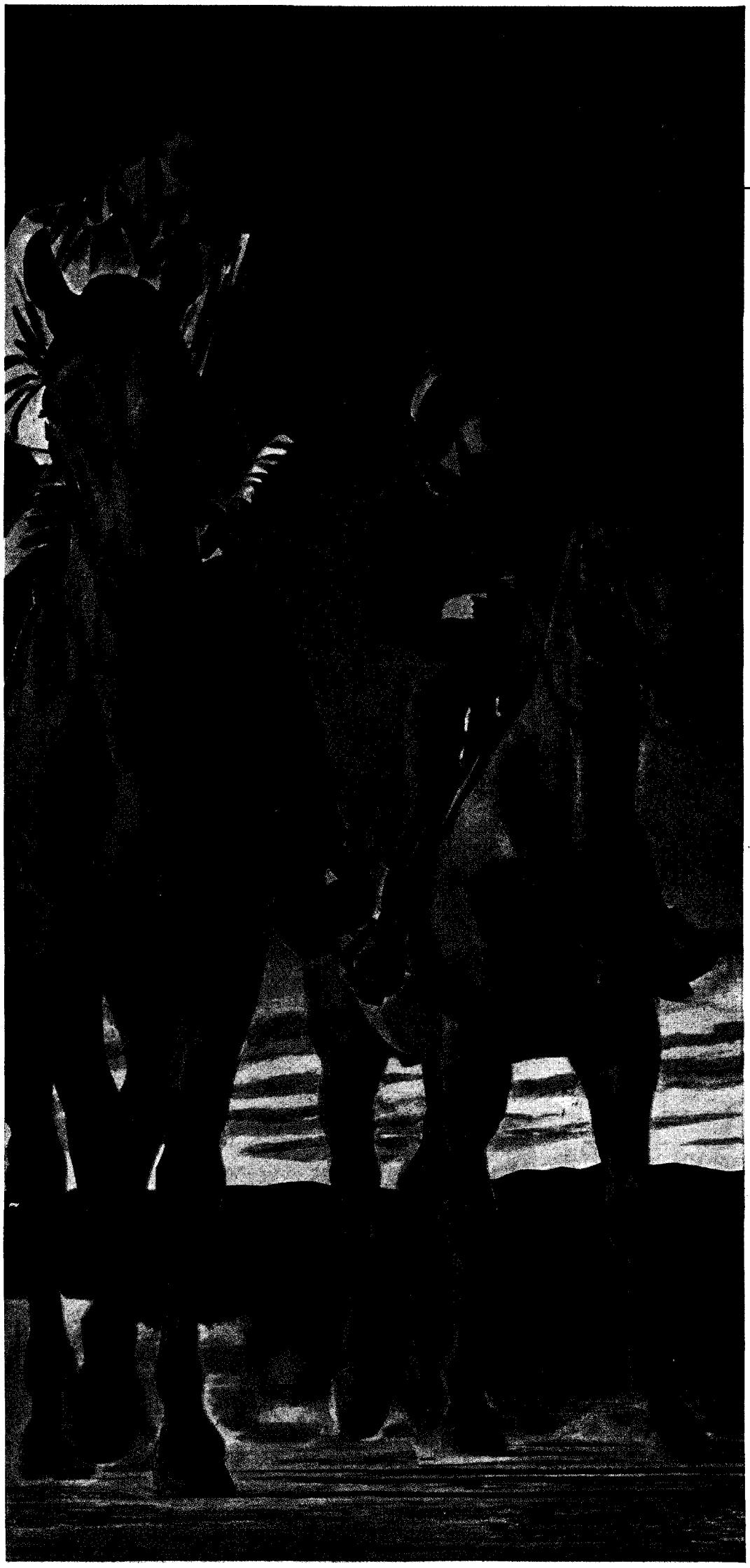

Far out across the desert, a tiny flicker of light appeared. "The blazing rock," Joe said

Blazing ROCK

By HERBERT DALMAS

It isn't every girl who's lucky enough to meet just the right man, at the right time—in Reno

KATHY became aware of him a little while after the train left Chicago, and it was because he reminded her of Pete—but then everything and everybody on this trip seemed to be reminding her of Pete.

The two conductors, when they came in for her tickets, were both extremely concerned about such matters as: Did she know which was the dining car and had she arranged for a place to stay in Reno and was somebody going to meet her there? Exactly like two somewhat portly, middle-aged Petes, overanxious about details that she was quite capable of handling for herself.

The Pullman car room she was in made her think of Pete, because they had come back from their wedding trip in one something like it after their car had broken down in Maine, and Pete had to get back to his job. On her first trip to the diner, she passed a boy about ten, sleeping all sprawled out on a cluttered seat, and it was a blow in the throat because that was the way Pete looked asleep—a touching combination of complete sensual enjoyment and utter defenselessness.

So when she met this man's eyes on her way through the club car, she turned away quickly and hurried on. In that split second, she saw that he was about Pete's age, tall, sort of loose-jointed and graceful at the same time, as Pete was, and with something of the same expression about the eyes. As much as possible Kathy stayed in her room after that.

The night she arrived in Reno a girl named Alice, who was staying at the same ranch, drove her in to town to show her the Biggest Little City in the World. They stopped at the Fortune Club to play slot machines; Alice said slot machines had a definite therapeutic value to new arrivals—just the action of yanking the handles helped work off some of the pent-up steam you had when you came to Reno for The Cure, and therefore it was a good thing.

On her third try, Kathy got three oranges, and a torrent of nickels clattered into the slot below.

She was trying to gather them up, when a voice at her side said, "You ought to have a dirndl to catch them in."

She looked around and there was the man she had avoided on the train.

"I imagine," he said, "that you used to look lovely in dirndls. It is equally obvious that you

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 77)

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The SOFTNESS you love

When a gentle *Kleenex* Tissue caresses your face, it's love at first touch! A special process gives this tissue the extra softness you love . . . keeps Kleenex extra soothing to delicate skin, to tender noses during colds.

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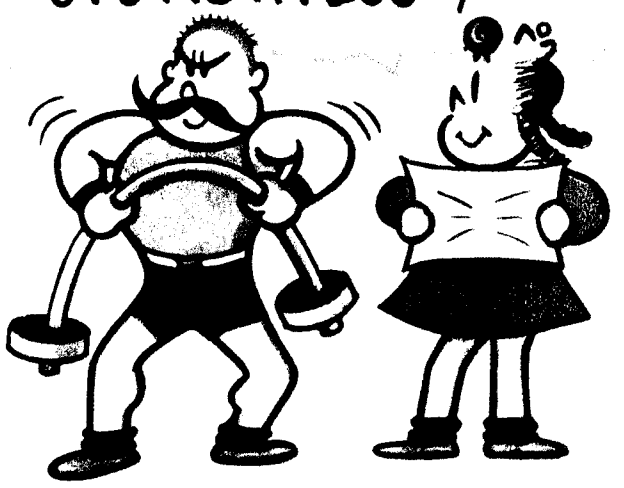

Not just softness but sturdiness, too—you get a *perfect balance* with Kleenex! Plenty absorbent, yet plenty strong—to cope with a faceful of makeup or a kingsize sneeze!

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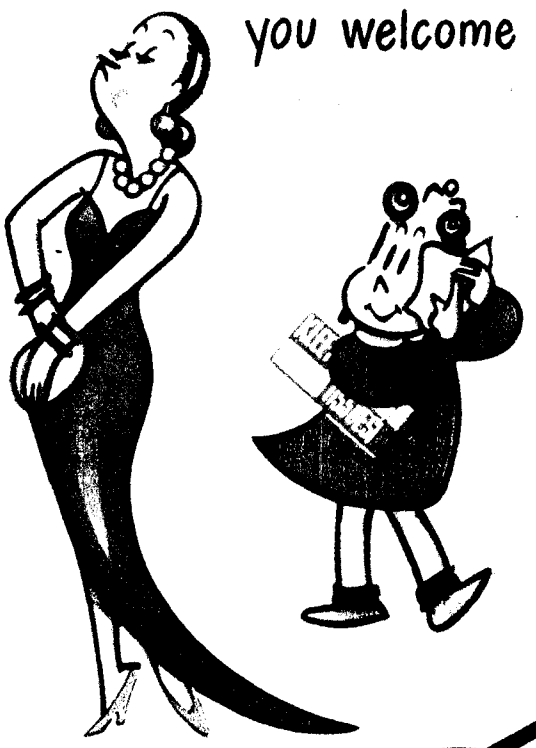

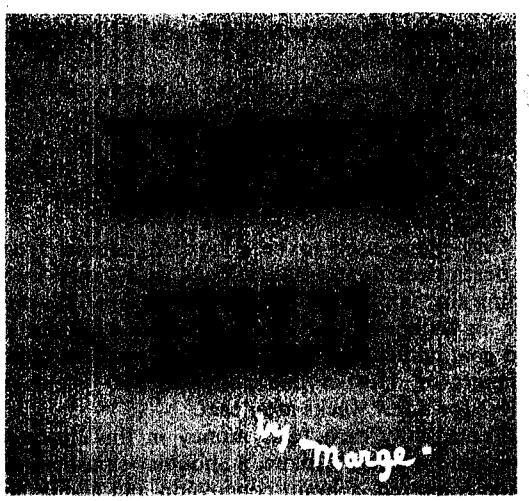

Ever thought of finding glamour in a tissue? Take a closer look at Kleenex! S-m-o-o-t-h? This tissue has downright come-hither! And "white satin" *quality* through and through. See for yourself why Kleenex is your best buy in tissues!

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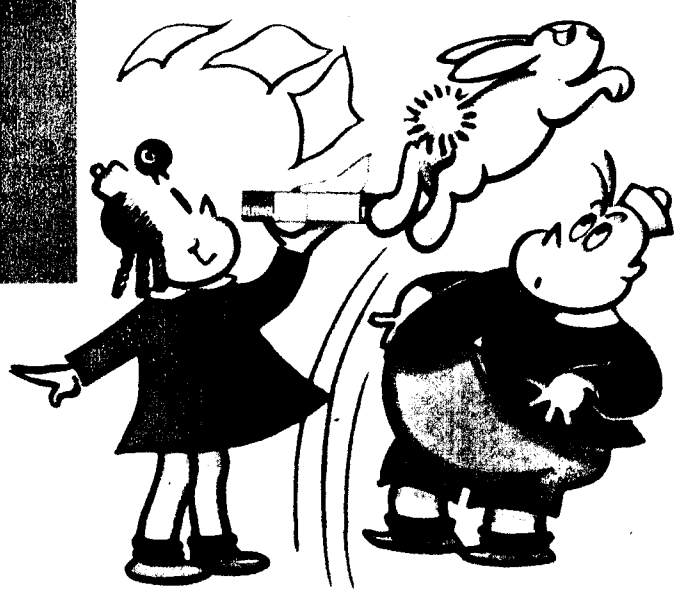

You needn't fumble for tissues with Kleenex—the only brand that gives you the handy Serv-a-Tissue box. You pull *just one* double tissue (not a fistful!) . . . next one pops up, ready for use. Saves trouble, saves waste!

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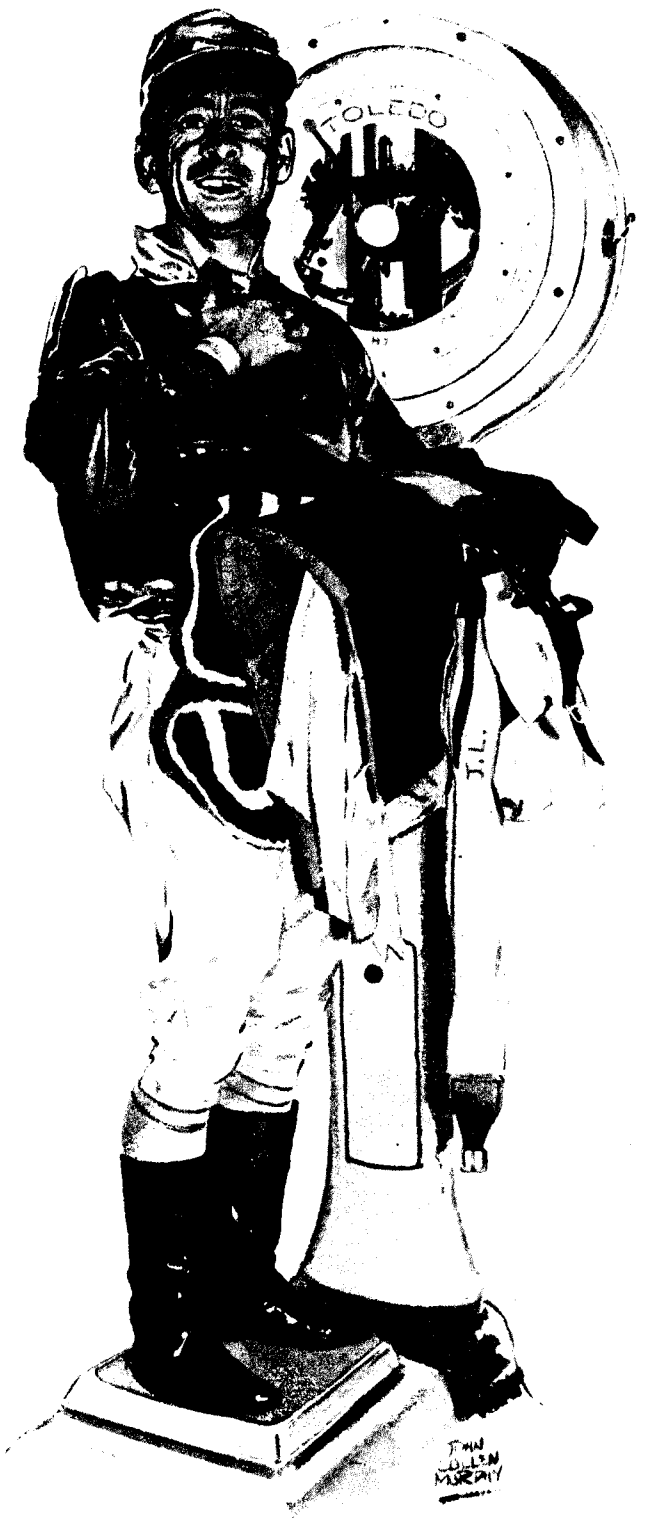
Inside Sports

Collier's SPORTS

By BILL FAY

Millionaire jockey Johnny Longden sets a new record for the mounted midgets every time he wins a race



Longden has had a long, hard ride getting to the top, but during his 21 years on the turf he has brought in 3,239 firsts, which have won $7,931,775

THE famous jockey Johnny Longden owns a mansion in Arcadia, California, only a few furlongs from Santa Anita, and a 500-acre ranch in Nevada. He has a million dollars in the bank and tours the racing circuit in his private plane. Every time Johnny wins, he sets a new American record. (He had 3,239 firsts and $7,931,775 in winnings going into the 1949 season.)

At the advanced riding age of 38, Longden was the nation's number one jockey last year with 319 winners. He's five feet short and usually 115 pounds light, perennial winner in a photo finish with Mickey Rooney for the title of America's smallest millionaire.

"Maybe I ought to retire," Longden admitted recently, "but you hate to quit when you're on top, especially when you've had a long hard ride to get there. I started out as a kid in Canada. Used to ride my ponies Roman style—you know, one foot on each pony.

"My plane used to be a boxcar—almost froze to death sleeping in a boxcar back in '27 when I was riding the Salt Lake City bull-pen circuit. Worked for an Indian named Charlie Powers who had an old goat named Hustler Joe. Picked up a couple of winners on Hustler and collected $50—slept indoors for a few weeks after that.

"You really earn your money in this business. I've had both legs broken, a shoulder smashed, my spine fractured, a brain concussion and a smashed foot. Other times I've been lucky—like the time at Jamaica four years ago when a newspaper blew across the track and scared my horse. It bumped Eddie Arcaro's horse, and I went flying over the rail. Landed on my head, got up and walked away without a scratch.

"I've also been lucky in winning the big ones. But the credit goes to Count Fleet for that—there was a great horse. We did pretty well together in '43—took the Wood Memorial, the Kentucky Derby, the Preakness, the Withers Mile and the Belmont Stakes in succession.

"But I guess I got my biggest kick out of a horse at Tanforan in '32. I'd bought this horse named Trossachs and we weren't doing very well—didn't even have stall space, in fact. I was keeping Trossachs in my private boxcar.

"Finally we were down to my last $100, so I put Trossachs in a race and bet that hundred to win. Rode Trossachs myself, just to make sure nothing happened to that last hundred—and we came in first. Paid $34 for $2.

"That gave me a stake and things have been getting better ever since. Never tried to build up a stable, though. When it comes to horses, you can make more money riding them than you can owning them—or betting them."

TIME'S UP, MR. RUPP

Voluble Adolph Rupp, coach of Kentucky's national champion basketball team, takes the stand for a one-minute interview.

Q. In the last three years, Kentucky has won 13 out of 15 important games in Madison Square Garden—the hot spot of basketball gambling. Were you or any of your players ever approached by gamblers?

A. Never, but we could feel gambling in the air.

Q. How's that?

A. It's like this. Let's suppose the newspapers report your team as a seven-point favorite and you score first on a long shot. If the crowd roars, you know they're betting you'll win by more than seven points. If there's no roar, it means the smart money is against you; they're betting you'll either lose or have a close game.

Q. Does the tense "gambling atmosphere" explain why some highly publicized players and teams have "off nights" in the Garden?

A. I don't think so. Some players have a hard time becoming accustomed to the Garden court. It's portable—put down in sections—and some sections are "deader" than others.

Q. What's your theory on shooting?

A. Within a 25-foot range, let go any time you're open. Basketball is a percentage game. The more you shoot, the more you score.

Q. How do the percentages run?

A. If you make 22 per cent of your shots, you lose. If you make 23 to 28 per cent, you're in for a tight game. If you make 30 per cent, you win. Last year we averaged 31.2 per cent for 29 games.

Q. How does that work in a typical game?

A. Just before Christmas we made only 28 per cent against Tulane's 28.5. But we took 12 more shots than Tulane and we won 51 to 47.

Q. Do you think basketball will become the number one spectator sport?

A. Basketball *is* the number one spectator sport. More people watch it than all other sports combined and furthermore . . .

Q. Thank you, Mr. Rupp.

BEAGLES ON THE BALL

Harold Starkey trains and uses beagles to hunt golf balls. His dogs roam the roughs at three Seattle, Washington, country clubs.

"On a good day, the dogs nose out 100 balls and I find another 100," testifies Starkey, who ascribes his personal success to keen eyesight and large, sensitive feet. Harold has been described as an ambulatory geiger counter attuned to golf-ball isotopes.

"My dogs won't touch a ball on the fairway," Starkey insists. "They never chew a ball, either. You can't sell a ball with teeth marks on it. I can train any breed of dog to hunt balls, but short-legged dogs are best—they're not as likely to stumble or twist a leg in rough terrain."

Starkey has been finding and selling lost balls for 25 years (since he was eight). Right now, he has a backlog of unfilled orders for 40,000 balls at 25 cents each.

"Got into the business as a caddie," Starkey recalls. "Chased a slice into the woods and found eight balls before I came across the one my duffer smacked. So I sold the eight balls to the guy for two dollars and quit caddying."

The new, tough-covered compression balls carry the enthusiastic endorsement of Starkey and his dogs. Says the head of the firm happily: "The farther they ride, the better they hide."

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN CULLEN MURPHY

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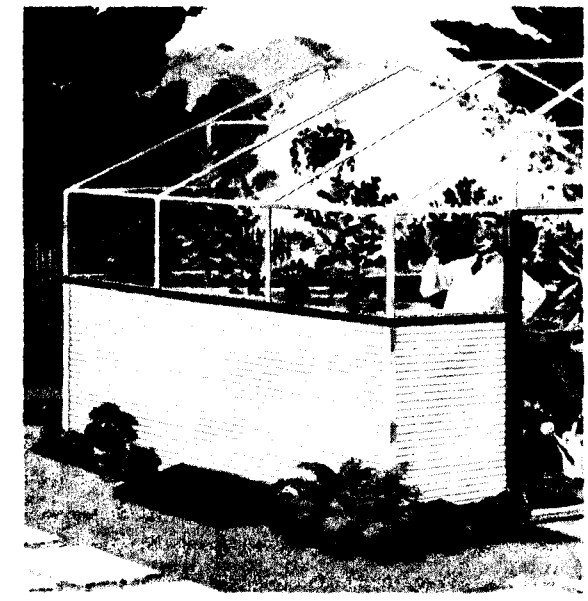
How to build FUN in your own back yard!

Spring's not so far away. So start planning now to make a fun spot out of what will soon be a sun spot in your back yard. See how easily it can be done, at low cost, with Kaiser Aluminum Roofing—corrugated or 5-V crimp.

1. This garden shelter is ideal for informal entertaining, and is a cinch for any handyman to build. Made with sheets of tough Kaiser Aluminum Roofing, its natural beauty weathers to a rich, silvery gray.

2. How about a small-fry playhouse to get the toys and the noise out of the house? It's an especially welcome spot in summer because aluminum reflects the sun's heat, keeping it 10° to 15° cooler inside.



3. For gardeners it's summer the year-round with this greenhouse built with Kaiser Aluminum Roofing. This modern material is so light, so easy to handle that one man can do the job.

4. This easy-to-build carport can double as a rainy-day play area for the kids. The result, as with all these ideas, is increased living space. And at a low cost when you build with Kaiser Aluminum Roofing!

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COP WITH A CAMERA

Continued from page 28

F.B.I. was still a gleam in Hoover's eye. In 1926, for instance, a Rochester burgher named Lemardy was snoring peacefully in his bed when some uncouth characters entered the premises and indulged in some fatal musketry practice on Mr. Lemardy's person. Lemardy's attractive wife, Margaret, reported to the police that the intruder had broken in through the bedroom window, presumably for purposes of burglary, and that he had shot her husband when the latter was aroused by the noise. This sounded logical and the case was about to be closed.

But just as an experiment, Burke (who was then in charge of the police department's Bureau of Identification) decided to make one of the first official crime-scene photographs on record. He shot the bedroom and the corpse from every possible angle. The next day, he was admiring his handiwork when something caught his eye. He rushed back into the darkroom and made an enlargement of the sill of the smashed bedroom window.

In the enlargement he clearly made out 24 tea leaves, a spool of thread and two buttons. He then saw that the window strips were off on the *inside* of the window rather than the outside. If the murderer had come into the room from the outside—as Mrs. Lemardy had said—the *outside* window strips would have been taken off; and some of the tea leaves, thread and buttons would have been knocked to the floor.

Burke rushed the evidence to the detective captain, and a few days later Mrs. Lemardy, her lover, one Joseph Provenzano, and Joseph Friia, an accomplice, were arrested for murder. The photograph of the tea leaves, etc., in the window was the principal piece of evidence that got them convicted. Provenzano was the famous murderer with the Rudolph Valentino sideburns who went to the chair saying, "I died for love."

Trap for a Girl Thief

Burke solved one case after another with his cameras. When a Rochester department store owner suspected that a girl clerk was stealing fountain pens and jewelry while ostensibly working late in the office, Burke set up a camera in the store, attaching it to a trip cord, and ringing the counter with infra-red bulbs. At 11:00 P.M. the girl came out and dipped her hand into the fountain pens. Her foot kicked the trip cord, and she was photographed exquisitely in the invisible infra-red light.

When a crook broke into another Rochester store, the only fingerprint Burke could find was one on a multicolored cardboard carton. The print could not be photographed. It simply did not show up against the carton's colors. After hours of frustration, Burke hit on an idea. He remembered that fluorescent powders give off rays that photograph black in ultraviolet light. He sprinkled fluorescent anthracene powder on the fingerprint and screwed ultraviolet bulbs into a couple of ordinary desk lamps. Sure enough, the print then stood out black and unmistakable on the photographic plate, and in a matter of hours the possessor of the print was jailed.

One morning in 1932, the people of Rochester were hurrying to work when they were startled to observe a corpse lying in a vacant lot just a few feet from busy Canal Street. Burke was summoned along with other cops, and they soon found the murder weapon, a steel-stuffed section of rubber hose that had caved in the victim's skull. The cops rounded up the victim's common-law wife and discovered that she had a boy friend. They rounded up the boy friend and discovered that he had a cutoff length of rubber hose in his basement. This was not too significant. Of Rochester's 65,000 or so homes, probably 60,000 had similar hoses in their basements.

So the case was turned over to Burke. Burke took the murder hose and photographed it. He then made a huge enlargement of this photograph. He did the same thing with the end of the hose found in the suspect's basement. When the two enlargements were pinned up on the wall side by side, a startling pattern emerged that was not conclusively apparent to the naked eye. The lines of the two hose sections ran together perfectly. Every rough protrusion on the end of the murder hose fitted perfectly into a corresponding indentation on the end of the suspect's hose.

Thus satisfied with his labors, Burke sent for the suspect, who took one look at the two photographs and keeled over in a dead faint. When he came to, he confessed. He got 20 years to life.

In addition to all this, Burke became famous for his "mugging" identification photographs—the standard front-and-side views of criminals that adorn the walls of every American post office. Each mug shot was a portrait masterpiece.

Burke originated the system of filing these remarkably clear mug portraits under the criminal's crime specialty. Since few criminals ever change their operating methods, it paid off time and time again. For instance, when two little girls were molested by a sex fiend in Cobbs Hill Park, New York, Burke listened to the details of the attack and went to his file of mug shots of characters previously arrested for the same type of activity. It took the children exactly two minutes to pick out the photo of the man who had molested them.

One of Burke's most famous identification jobs came in the 1930s, when the country was in the grip of the big gang-war crime wave. One night he was called in on a case in which a burglar had broken into an apartment and had been interrupted when the couple living there came home. The burglar leisurely continued his work while holding the two at gun point. Then he attempted to rape the woman, whose screams brought the gendarmery on the double.

The description of the crime furnished Burke with an important clue, for in his mug file he had a small select group of photographs labeled "Armed burglary plus rape." He brought the couple to his office and they immediately picked out one of Burke's superportrait jobs. Burke took one look at this photo, and gave out with a nation-wide alarm.

A few weeks later, the rape burglar was trailed to a West Orange, New Jersey, country club dance, where detectives riddled him with bullets in the bar as he attempted to draw his gun. The rape burglar was Vincent De Aoun, Public Enemy No. 4, and, as the F.B.I. agent in charge put it, "We'd be looking for him yet, if Burke didn't have that photo in his file in Rochester."

Burke is a six-foot, 220-pounder who is possessed of the Hibernian type of good looks that sets apart Errol Flynn and Billy Conn. In his active police days, Burke probably was one of the strangest policemen in the history of criminology. He was known as the Gentle Cop; and he infuriated his superiors by staking vagrants to meals, singing duets in the street with Italian operatic students on his beat; fixing cars for old ladies; and paying hospital bills for drunks who had swiped and swallowed varnish by mistake.

COLLIER'S "Where are we?" R. JAMES

Once a gang of thugs set upon him while he was peacefully walking his beat. The Gentle Cop kayoed two of the mob with his fists. One of the two turned out to be the local pro heavyweight boxing idol.

Burke's entry into "the police business," as he calls it, came at an early age. He was born in the little New York town of Cornwall on the Hudson in 1892, one of the six children of a factory-hand father. Young Eddie had a brief fling at a normal childhood, then poverty made him go to work in the coalyards of the New York, Ontario & Western Railroad, after which he left home to go to Rochester, where he found a job at the Eastman Kodak Company.

Burke toted paper, learned about cameras and played semipro baseball and football—until he had grown into a handsome 220-pound giant. A Rochester police captain noticed him playing first base for an Eastman baseball team in 1913 and lectured the youngster on the advantages of a police career for a fine broth of an Irish boy. Burke took the police exams, and on May 16, 1914, he began walking his first beat.

He braved all the hazards to which a cop in a tough industrial area is exposed. Once, he cornered a crook named Davidonis, who fired eight shots at him from a distance of ten feet—and inexplicably missed all eight.

In the spring of 1919, Burke slipped on a grease spot in the police garage and broke his knee. He didn't know it at the time, but the painful fracture was the break of his life. He was taken off active duty and made the clerk in charge of the infant Bureau of Identification—and that was the beginning of his photographic career.

The Witness That Won't Lie

A few weeks after he took over the identification lab, Burke sat in a Rochester courtroom and saw the district attorney lose his case because of conflicting descriptions of the murder scene. After the trial, Burke went up to the D.A., William Love, and said, "Why can't the police go in and make official photographs of each crime scene right after it happens? You can't argue with what the camera says."

The district attorney jumped at the idea. For 15 years thereafter, Rochester's criminals came to fear Burke's cameras more than they feared other cops' guns and clubs. In 1931, a safecracker named Mendola was sentenced to 10 years in the penitentiary. It took the jury just eight minutes to convict him after looking at the only prosecution evidence—Burke's giant enlargement photos of a broken chisel found on Mendola, and perfectly matching chisel marks on a looted safe.

When a man was found shot to death on a speak-easy floor with a gun near his hand, a Burke photo proved that the murderer had not killed in self-defense, and that the victim's gun was planted. The gun was too close to the body for convincing evidence that he had dropped it when he fell, and the photo showed no dent in the floor, which the heavy weapon should have made.

When a Rochester golfer named Goat Miller attempted to rape a housemaid in his car in Brighton, New York, and then shot her, in 1928, Burke got one of the first convictions in the United States based on photographs of bullets. The housemaid did not die and Miller was imprisoned on a rape charge. He had steadfastly denied having had anything to do with the killing of another woman, shot on the day he assaulted the maid, but while he was serving time Burke developed evidence upon which Miller was later convicted for murder, second degree. Enlarged photographs of the death bullets and other test bullets fired from Miller's rifle all showed the same rifle-barrel marks, and off went Miller to the state penitentiary.

Nearly every Burke case in those days set precedent for American criminology. One holiday night, for instance, a black sedan went whizzing through the town of Canandaigua, New York, and cruelly hit two young boys who had stopped at the side of the street to repair their jalopy, killing one youngster and badly injuring the other. The black sedan sped off. Three hours later, a black sedan came roaring back through Canandaigua in the opposite direction. The police pounced upon it and removed five drunken male passengers.

There was no proof, however, that this was the murder car until Eddie Burke developed his photographs and spotted a minute item that had escaped the human eye. It was a single human

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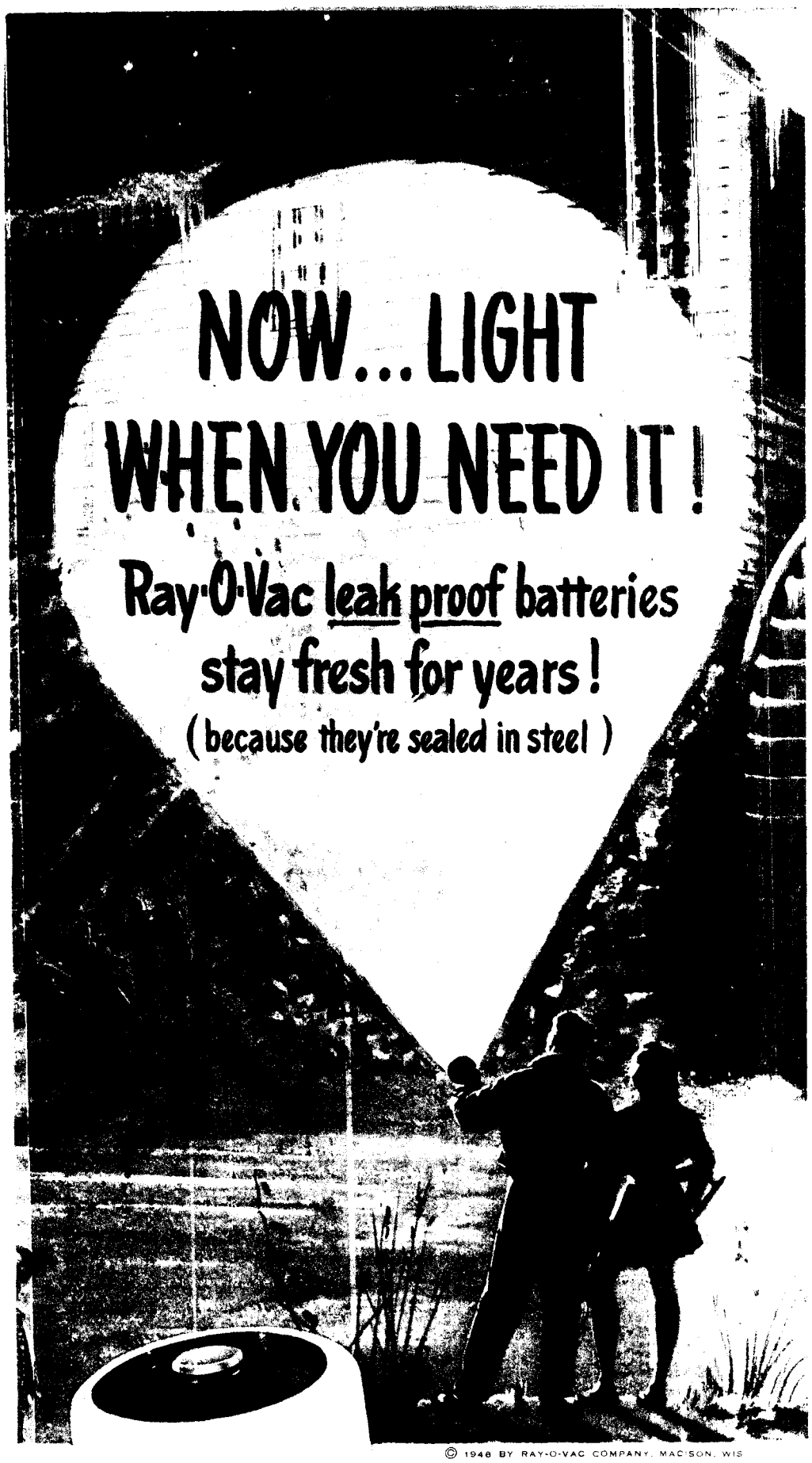

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hair sticking to the edge of the fender. Burke placed this hair next to a hair from the head of one of the boys, magnified them side by side, and with an expert from Rutgers University identifying them as being the same, the driver of the death car was sentenced to eight years in the penitentiary.

Another Burke "first" was the use of spectography in crime detection. This was a classic case, described in a professional journal. On the night of December 31, 1932, a cop got a call that a laundry was being robbed. As the cop approached the laundry, he heard the sound of shattering glass, and saw a figure hurtling through the window and into a near-by alley. Later, a man named Kennedy was picked up near the alley. There was no proof that he had been in the laundry, so he was booked for vagrancy.

The next morning, George Keenan, Burke's brilliant young assistant, noticed a faint smear of red paint on Kennedy's jacket. The smear seemed to be the same as the paint on the laundry window, but it was too minute to analyze chemically. So Keenan decided to try a daring thing.

Guilt Proved by Spectrum

With the assistance of two Bausch & Lomb physicists, he set up an unprecedented (in criminology) attempt to analyze the smear by photographing the spectrum which is produced when a material is burned at high temperatures. The lines in this spectrum band indicate what chemicals are present. The spectrum photograph of the smear turned out to be exactly the same as the spectrum photograph of a sample of paint and putty from the laundry window; and Mr. Kennedy was placed on probation for five years.

By 1935, Burke (by then a lieutenant) was so well known in his field that J. Edgar Hoover invited him to Washington as the country's foremost exponent of "photography in law-enforcement work," to lecture at the F.B.I.'s first annual police training school. By 1936, Burke's photography-in-law-enforcement work had attracted so much attention that the Eastman Kodak Company hired him—after his retirement at the age of forty-four from the Rochester Police Department—to spread his theories to other police departments all over the country.

By 1941, this, in turn, led the U.S. Army to give Burke a commission in the Provost Marshal General's department. He was made director of the Army's Criminal Investigation Department school at Fort Custer, Michigan.

Today, Burke spends most of his time traveling around the country with Mrs. Burke. He is chief consultant on police photography for Eastman Kodak, and he continually visits police departments, looking over their photo equipment, advising them how to use it, recommending new equipment and even doing a repair job or two.

He is the elected photo consultant to the International Association of Chiefs of Police and National Sheriffs' Association and is often called in to help set up entire photo departments. Among the big Burke jobs are the laboratories of the Illinois State Police, the Georgia State Highway Patrol, and the city labs of Des Moines, Atlanta, Macon, Jacksonville, Philadelphia; Wilmington, Delaware; and Brattleboro, Vermont.

Other criminologists organized their photo labs after listening to Burke lecture (though he never went beyond the second year in high school) at the University of Iowa, Penn State, Fresno State, the University of Nebraska and the University of Michigan.

In addition to all this, Burke still finds time to experiment and come up with new additions to the science of criminology. Recently, for instance, he introduced to police departments the idea of making mug shots in color on transparent film, so that the identification photos of a criminal can be projected—life-size or bigger—onto a screen. In this way, the color of the criminal's complexion, hair and eyes enters directly into the identification.

As an extension of the same idea, he adapted a new color process whereby camera cops can make color photos of crime scenes and autopsies and develop the film themselves in 90 minutes. In this way a jury can see blood, bullets imbedded in a body and many other things which sometimes do not show up against dark backgrounds in black-and-white photos. Chief Identification Officer Hobart A. Templeton of the Newark, New Jersey, police labeled it "the greatest new thing in police work."

To Burke, his most important job is giving encouragement to scientific-minded young police officers who run head on into opposition from conservative officials and mayors who still believe that the club, not the camera, is the proper police weapon. In order to demonstrate to a downcast young camera cop what *he* went through and how far police science has come in *his* lifetime, Burke always tells the following story:

In 1920, the poor box was robbed in St. Bridget's Catholic Church in Rochester, and Burke got three clear, juicy fingerprints on the brass surface of the box. Not only that, but two weeks later the police arrested a man answering the priest's description of the thief, and *the fingerprints matched exactly*. This was an open-and-shut case, but Burke lost it. He lost it principally because the defense attorney got up and told the jury: "There are laws in the State of New York which make it a misdemeanor to be a fortune-teller. Yet this man Burke has the effrontery to come in here and tell you he can identify a person by the print marks of his fingers."

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THE INVISIBLE PURSUIT

Continued from page 17

"He was one of Germany's real heroes," Chett said at last. "He wouldn't do what his bosses wanted. So they did things to him—pretty awful things. Maybe when he gets to know and trust you he'll tell you. He's never told me. But it's in our records. We're on the track of those devils. One of these days we'll catch up with them. I guess then Franz'll have peace—" He lifted his young, unscarred face to hers. But the scars were there. She put her hands on either cheek and with a movement of compassion for all that had been done to him and for all that he had to do drew his face to her own.

"My darling—we're safe now."

CHETT carried her over the threshold. He kissed her, set her down reluctantly and ran back for the suitcases. She was alone. Yet she had a troubled feeling that she was being watched. It was such a silly illusion. To shake herself free of it she opened the door nearest her.

It, of course, was the dining room. Such a stiff, regimented little dining room, nothing alive in it but its daffodils throwing their yellow shadow on the too shiny mahogany table, every chair in place, even the butler in his white coat. He stood with his back to her, by the lace-curtained window. When he turned, it was on his heels, his hands pressed to the seams of his black trousers.

He must have seen her come in. He must have expected her. But something leaped at her out of the piteous frightful face, like a wild and hunted animal, that withdrew instantly to cover. The one unshadowed eye had gone dead.

She said gently in her schoolgirl German, "You're Franz Renner, aren't you? My husband has told me about you and how wonderfully you've taken care of him. I'd like to thank you for that."

She held out her hand and after the faintest hesitation he took her hand on the back of his and bowed over it.

"Zu Befehl, Frau Hauptmann." . . .

That night she lay with her head on Chett's shoulder and listened to the little house. It muttered and groaned to itself, but it didn't worry her.

"You know, Chett," she murmured from the brink of sleep, "I think he expected me to flinch—he almost wanted me to, so that he could be more bitter and unhappy."

"But I knew you wouldn't," Chett said proudly. He kissed her hair. The foolish old song had become a sort of lullaby. "Everything I love you are." . . .

Chett drove down to headquarters in the early morning and didn't come back till evening. When he wore his simple Counter Intelligence Corps uniform with nothing martial about it except the revolver strapped to his belt holster, she didn't worry. He was out in the open. No one would dare to touch him. But when he wore civilian clothes and she could feel the hard, relentless thing in ambush under his left arm she was obscurely frightened.

Twice a week he and Jefferies brought commissary supplies and their PX rations. Sometimes Jefferies would stay for dinner and afterward he and Chett would talk behind the closed door of Chett's office. Franz would take them a nightcap. However late it was, he was always on hand.

Franz left her nothing to do. He rarely spoke, answering her with correct brevity, and gradually she accepted silence as the pattern of their relationship. The villagers were garrulous enough but she guessed that their flow of talk disguised their real thoughts.

There was a square patch of garden at the back of the house. It was overgrown, but she knew that the people she and Chett had dispossessed had loved it. There were traces of a flower border, and a laburnum tree dripped its gold over the gray stone wall. She found a rusty lawn mower in the cellar and pushed her frail weight against it and the rank and stubborn weeds. Presently she knew that she was not alone.

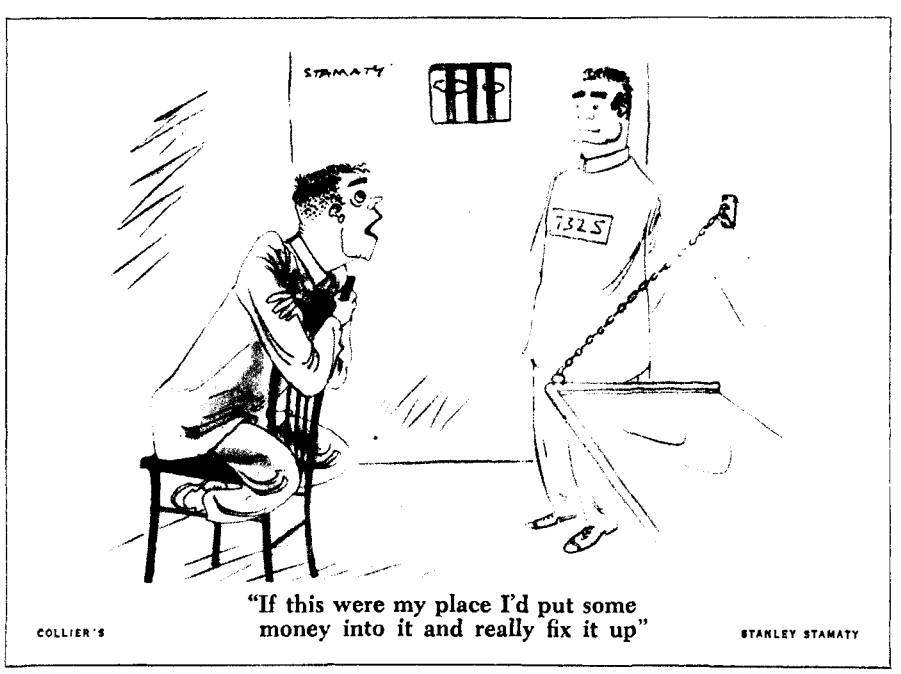
FRANZ must have been watching her. He had taken off his black house coat and for the first time she noticed his finely muscled arms and the powerful hands. His face was ageless as suffering itself. But the hands were those of a man at the height of living.

He took the mower from her, almost with authority. "The *Frau Hauptmann* is not strong enough."

"But, Franz, I like to work. And I am strong—in my own way—"

"Perhaps—indeed, I think you are." He covered over the admission that he had thought of her. "The Gracious Lady could weed the flower beds."

So they began to work together. There was no plan. She went out into the garden and unobtrusively he followed her. He rarely spoke. He took orders with curt formality. But his silence had ceased to be inimical. It felt her out. One hot spring afternoon the black bandage slipped, or perhaps he had deliberately pushed it aside, and she saw at last what she had imagined. The red, dreadfully empty socket glared at her. She had been humming a little formless tune un-



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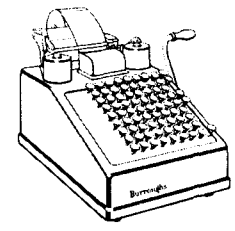

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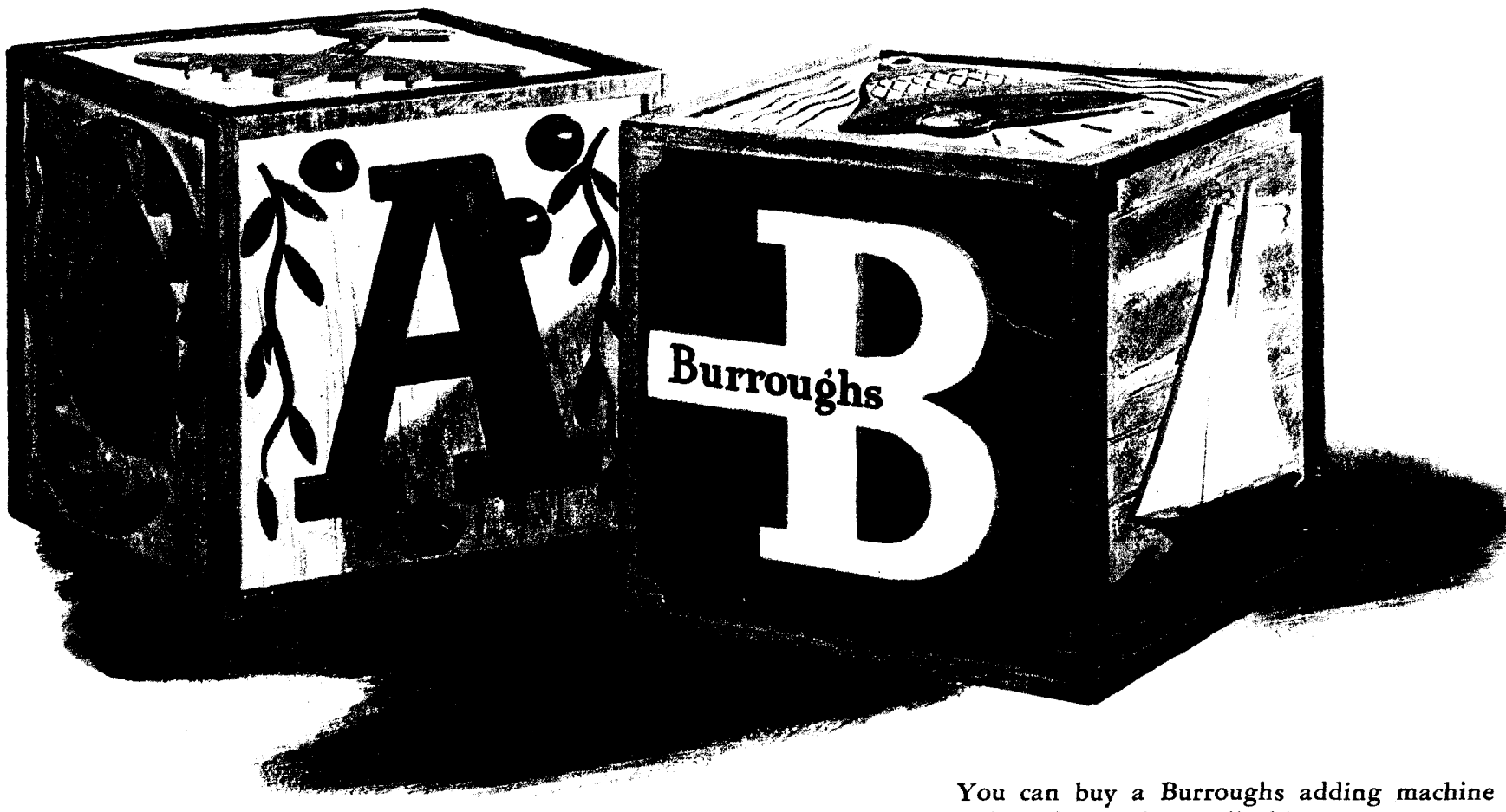

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der her breath. She broke off to say casually, "Next fall we shall have asters—"

"You are a brave woman, Gracious Lady."

"I love courage," she retorted simply.

Franz stood beside her where she knelt, with her trowel digging little graves for the bulbs.

"It wasn't an accident," he said harshly, "not even the result of ordinary brutality. Dr. Ludwig Hauser operated on me. He was a brilliant surgeon and an experimentalist. It amused him to discover the limits of human suffering. Faces were his specialty. In our concentration camp there were all sorts of faces. He chose me from among the prisoners to be his *Diener,* and one day —it was a little girl, I remember—I lost my head and struck him. He just smiled at me. 'I think, my dear fellow, that we shall be able to do interesting things with that handsome face of yours.' "

Nan swallowed. If she failed now this man would sink back into the black morass of silence where he had rotted. "Franz"—her head was bowed—"what has happened can't be helped. But one can go forward. People—your friends see only what you really are—"

"I have no friends."

"You have us," she said simply.

"I had a wife," he said. "She was beautiful too. She had bright gold hair —like yours, Gracious Lady. When she saw what I had become—she ran away."

"Then she was a stupid, unloving woman—not worth remembering."

He said almost indifferently, "I have forgotten her." He added after a moment in a tight voice, "But the *Herr Doktor* I have not forgotten and one day I shall catch up with him."

"He may be dead."

"If he were"—he made one of his rare gestures—"I should know."

She pleaded with him. "Forget him too—leave him to us—"

"But you have not found him—or have you?"

"No—not yet."

"The *Herr Hauptmann* would tell you —wouldn't he? Perhaps you never will find him."

"Then there is God," she said stoutly. "God will overtake him." She looked up. The bandage was back in place. The empty eye was hidden. His crooked mouth might have been smiling.

"But as it happens, most Gracious Lady, I do not believe in God."

CHETT was on night duty. The garden with its clean borders drowsed in shadow. Somehow Nan was reluctant to go into the house. She called, "Franz! Franz!" But there was no answer.

The evening sun drew warm, mellow colors from the steep roofs and white walls and gaily painted shutters. The wrought iron sign, *"Zum Goldenen Krönen,"* swung over the village *Gasthaus* in a light breeze. Such a fairy-tale village! But it felt menacing. The cheerful daytime sounds had died into a brooding hush. She saw no one.

She walked fast. She had to escape—she did not know from what. Until now she had never explored beyond the village outskirts. Breathless, she left the last house behind her, following the twisting, dusty road to the foothills. She came quite suddenly on the deserted place. The barbed wire spread itself like an evil spider web against the fading light. The square towers that guarded its four corners were empty. In the center of the camp were forlorn buildings, falling to decay.

She stood appalled. Chett hadn't warned her. He'd just said casually, "I wouldn't go beyond the village, sweetheart." He'd foreseen her horror. When at the broken gateway a man's tall figure loosened itself from the shadows she felt a scream gather in her throat. But she could not move. She said, "Franz," scarcely above her breath.

"I come here sometimes," he said quietly, "to revive my memories."

"It was here?"

"Yes. This is the place. That building with the high chimney disposed of the *Herr Doktor's* more fortunate failures. I have a fancy that I shall find him there one of these days. They say that murderers come back to the scene of their crimes. Don't they?" He stood with arms folded. "Would you care to see it, Gracious Lady?"

She had a sense of challenge—of being confronted with a vital choice. She said quietly, "Yes. I think I must." . . .

Chett found her at daybreak, dressed and seated at their bedroom window. She had not slept. In the melancholy half-light she looked almost old. He held her to him with a desperate tenderness.

"Chett—it was an evil place—so dreadfully empty—so full of cruelty and pain and wickedness. You mustn't be angry with him. He had to show it to me—to share it. I had to take my share. I couldn't run away from what he had to suffer."

"No," he said. "You couldn't."

But that night dated a change in the quality of their happiness. It was more intense, more conscious, as though they had been made sharply aware of its precariousness. A fine, scarcely perceptible red thread of fear was woven into its gay fabric. Nan got the habit of driving with Chett to the village outskirts and of walking at dusk to meet him. A formless threat brooded over the summer.

Franz had reverted to his normal reticence, which she knew now masked a patient waiting on destiny. But he thought of ways to please her. Every day there were flowers on her table.

The event which had been stealthily approaching them broke out of ambush. Chett telephoned from H. Q. "Don't meet me, dear. Tell Franz to be on hand. I shall be needing him."

Now fear was in the open. Like an uneasy wind she saw how it ruffled the surface of even Franz Renner's bitter self-control. His eyes fixed her with an almost threatening intensity.

"What does the *Herr Hauptmann* want with me?"

"I don't know—"

"Perhaps," he said slowly, "he had found the *Herr Doktor*—or is about to find him."

"It might be—"

The mask was expressionless. But she could see his hands balled so that the knuckles were like polished fleshless bones. She pleaded urgently, "Don't, Franz. Don't let him do that to you—" and saw the storm sink out of sight.

He almost smiled. "You are worrying —actually—about my immortal soul, most Gracious Lady."

"Yes," she said bravely.

"For that it is too late."

She shook her head, tears binding her throat, and he said gently, "I shall be waiting for the *Herr Hauptmann,"* and left her.

That evening she saw her husband for the first time as he had been in the fighting years that he had lived apart from her—a hard, anonymous man whose identity had been merged with that of his companions. Their faces, like his, stared out blankly from the shadow of their steel helmets. He climbed out of the armored car. It was as though a cog in its machinery had taken on a robot life of its own. His eyes, amid their sharp-etched lines, overlooked her.

"Franz, did you ever know a man by the name of Johann Heil?"

"Yes, *Herr Hauptmann."*

"Who was he?"

"An assistant surgeon. He worked with Dr. Hauser."

"On you?"

"Yes, *Herr Hauptmann."*

"We think we have him by the heels. He is in hiding in the mountains. He may lead to Hauser himself. We want you to come with us—"

"Chett—don't—leave Franz out of this—"

He gestured her impatiently into silence. "We need him. We don't want to make a mistake."

She was alone among them all. This man who was part of her heart and flesh had withdrawn from her into another world. He had become a hunter and a destroyer. Perhaps he was touched by a brief awareness of her, for he came back, tugging at the strap of his helmet.

"A job is a job, sweetheart. Don't worry."

Franz had changed into a shabby leather jacket. She laid her hand on his arm and felt to her astonishment that it trembled.

"Take care of him," she said.

COLLIER'S "Look what I can do in my new girdle!" WILLIAM STEIG

Franz turned to her. He had slipped off the concealing bandage and she had a strange notion that it was the raw socket that really saw her. He muttered his stereotyped, *"Zu Befehl, Gnädige Frau,"* and followed at Chett's heels.

She slept, profoundly, horribly, like someone racked with pain who has taken the escape of a dangerous narcotic. If she dreamed, she never knew what phantoms hunted her through that almost tangible darkness.

WHEN Nan woke, dawn had begun to melt the shadows. Her ears caught the familiar sounds of a waking village. And Chett sat on the edge of her bed, smiling down at her. He had come home. He was hers again—grimy and gray with sleeplessness, with a bright red scratch on his cheek. He bent and kissed her.

"It was like the old days, Nan. It gave me a real kick, stalking through that forest. We had our guide with us but I didn't trust him. I kept my gun in his ribs. Franz was at my heels. That was queer, too. The poor devil scared me worse than I've ever been scared—and that's plenty. Hate like that is sort of scaring. Well, then suddenly all hell broke loose. The boys must have been tipped off. I didn't dare shift my gun from those ribs. You couldn't see a thing. But the bullets were snipping off branches back of my ears. One of them nipped me.

"I knew Franz had gone. Just then the moon came out. I'd blundered into a clearing and out of the corner of my eye I saw this fellow. I was sideways on to him. He had the draw on me. That was a bad moment, Nan. Then—it was like a tiger springing out of ambush. Franz had a knife in the fellow's throat. By the time I reached him it was all over. He'd done what I guess he'd meant to do."

"He saved your life."

"And paid off half a debt," Chett said. "It was Hauser's right-hand man all right. Maybe if he'd lived we'd have been on to Hauser too."

"Chett," she said at last, "we've got to go home soon."

It was a grave statement of inevitability. It was not the way she had meant to tell him. She could feel his sudden alertness and her eyes opened and met his young and anxious question. "We're going to have a baby, Chett. It mustn't be born here."

He gathered her in his arms. "Sure. I've done my stint. We'll go home."

"And Franz," she whispered. She clung to him with a piteous urgency. "He saved your life, Chett. Now it's our turn." . . .

The November fog streamed past the window like a pack of hunted, tormented wraiths. It seemed to Chett, who was tired and anxious, that livid faces, twisted with malignance, peered in at them. The train compartment was overcrowded, the air both chill and fetid. He had wanted to fly. But the Army doc had said it was too late for that. They would have to travel sedately like old-fashioned folk. It would take longer, but the strain on Nan would be less. Now Chett wondered. The face opposite him was drawn with weariness. Of course they should have gone weeks ago. But because of Franz there had been yards of red tape to unravel.

Franz sat beside her, in his neat, cheap suit, stiffly correct. The black bandage was in place, the eye that never seemed to close fixed on those dissolving and reforming shapes outside.

Chett remembered a strange interview.

"You see," he'd said awkwardly. "We can't leave you here. You saved my life. I'm quitting the Army and going back to my father's newspaper. We're not rich people—but you'll be safe."

"I have unfinished business here—"

"Forget it, Franz. That devil must be

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Indoors

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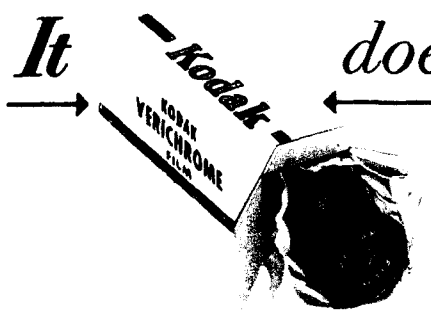

It does the young bride's heart good to see Dad and Mother so thoroughly at home in the first visit to *her* new home. And what more natural than to mark this happy family reunion with some snapshots.

Nowadays millions make indoor snapshots as casually, as unconcernedly as outdoor pictures. Indoor snaps are simple, sure...with Kodak Film and a photo lamp or two. Ask your dealer for "how-to-do-it" suggestions. (And be sure to see the new Kodak Photo Flasher for flash shots with most any camera; $1.35 plus tax.) Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester 4, N. Y.

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dead—or worse than dead—in daily, hourly terror for his life. If he is alive, sooner or later we'll pick him up."

Franz had bowed his head, the eye hidden. But Chett could see that he was trembling. He had said finally, very quietly, "I am grateful, *Herr Hauptmann.* I shall endeavor to serve you well."

So there it was. But Chett, triumphant, had suffered a sick revulsion. Here against this devastated background the man's dreadful face had become almost normal. One could forget it. Back home it would be a shocking insistent reminder of things Chett wanted to forget and his child never to know. But Nan was wiser.

"We haven't the right to forget. And our children mustn't grow up, as we did, in a fairy-tale world just to be kicked out of it—as we have been. In our village, Franz will forget hatred. Maybe he'll even learn to love again."

CHETT tried to compose himself to sleep. And finally he dreamed. It was a sort of formless nightmare—a black ground swell of uneasiness that suddenly, in some horrific wind, was lashed to violence. He was sucked down into it. Soft, hot bodies piled themselves on him, crushing out his breath.

He was awake. The train had been wrecked. The hiss of steam was like the expiring gasp of some dismembered monster. Chett dragged himself free of clutching, anonymous hands and came gasping to the surface. The darkness had begun to glow sinisterly. On a reddening, tossing sea Nan's face floated at his feet like a white broken flower.

For her sake he became a grim and ruthless man. He gathered her dead weight in his arms and thrust his way clear of wreckage and mad panic. Spilled-out survivors milled about him, their faces agape and horrible in the brightening glare. An elderly colonel, homeward bound too, gave orders. He shouted to Chett, "There's some sort of a little station ahead of us. Take her there and come back. We'll be needing you."

But no one could give him orders now. He plowed on stubbornly over the rough ground, possessed by a single purpose. At the low platform, which he climbed with infinite caution, a German, ludicrously buttoning his stationmaster's tunic, offered him a helping hand.

"This way, *Herr Hauptmann. Gewiss,* I've telephoned our village. Our *Herr Doktor* is on his way—" He held open the waiting-room door and with obsequious efficiency brushed the long table clean. "It wasn't my fault. I call God to witness that I warned them that the switch was rotten—"

"Halt Maul! When the doctor comes send him here immediately."

The fellow remembered to click his heels. *"Zu Befehl, Herr Hauptmann!"*

An oil lamp swung unsteadily over the table, its yellow light tinged with the red glare that seeped through the dirty window. It lent the pitifully upturned face a faint glow. Nan might be dead, she was so quiet. Chett covered her with his overcoat. There was no sign of injury, except a little blood under her hair, which he pushed back gently. A superficial cut. But he had seen the approach of death too often.

He heard the door open. It let in the more orderly sounds of sobered men grappling with disaster. He heard a woman quietly crying. He turned and hope died in him. The man with the black professional bag was young. The dark, blond hair hung over his bespectacled eyes. His weak mouth hung open.

Franz, whom Chett had forgotten, stood behind him. Against the red glow of flaming wreckage his face seemed to hang bodiless like a death mask. And suddenly Chett hated him as a symbol of a hatred that had undone them all.

The wretched little doctor had to remember to bow. "What a disaster! What a tragedy!"

"This is my wife," Chett told him sternly. "Help her—if you can."

Chett watched. He knew futility when he saw it. These half-trained Nazi oafs! Franz had closed the door and stood with his back against it. Chett, who did not look at him, was aware of some emotional disturbance more profound, more terrible, even than his own.

"Herr Hauptmann," the little doctor stuttered. The sweat ran down from his thin hair into his eyes. He took off his spectacles to wipe them on a very clean, carefully folded handkerchief. "So far as I can tell—there is some internal injury—a fractured pelvis perhaps—and hemorrhage. In itself not—not fatal. But in the *Frau Hauptmann's* condition —I imagine six or seven months—?"

"Seven," Chett said between his teeth.

"As I judged. An immediate Caesarean seems indicated. Unfortunately, although I could administer the anesthetic I—I am not a surgeon. The nearest hospital is fifty miles away. There seems nothing I can do—"

"Can you take orders?" Franz asked. He strode forward and pushed the man aside. He opened the black bag and began to search through its contents. "You *will* take them," he said with brutal authority. He looked up for a moment as though scornfully satisfied. "You have the instruments at least. Get out of here, *Herr Hauptmann.* Organize the injured. I will attend to them later."

Chett did not move. "Who are you?"

Franz did not answer. He walked over to Nan's side and took her pulse lightly between his fingers. She was conscious now. She was looking up at him. "Permit me to introduce myself to you, most Gracious Lady—Dr. Ludwig Hauser—at your command." He asked in an undertone as though he were alone with her, "Do you trust me?"

"Yes," she answered.

A PALE winter's sunlight seeped through the hospital window. But it was the sun. The light was breaking. Chett took the thin white hand on the coverlet and counted the fingers very carefully.

"All five of them," Nan's weak voice reassured him. "Has our son all his fingers too?"

"And all his toes," he told her.

She lay silent for a while. "What does it all mean?" she asked at last. "What happened? Who was he—really?"

Chett drew a deep breath. "Himself. A very clever devil. When he knew the German jig was up he forced his assistant to perform the operation on him —the same, line for line, that he had performed on the victim whose identity he took. It was a ghastly price to pay for escape—but he paid it. Then there was no one could recognize him—except one man. That man he killed—not to save me, but himself. He pretended a ruthless thirst for vengeance. When he was given the chance to go to America and safety he seemed to hesitate. But it was what he had worked for. He played us for suckers—almost to the end."

"Chett—what end?"

He sighed deeply. "They'll hang him. There are no really extenuating circumstances. I—I left him a better way out." The blood mounted slowly in the man's tired face. "But he wouldn't take it."

"But, Chett, he *was* safe. Why did he give himself away?"

He did not answer directly. He wondered if she would ever guess at what he knew—at that last, self-destroying love. But he would remember to his dying day, with humbleness and wonder at the strange depths of the human heart, the look that rested, like a clear, serene light breaking out of mad evil, on the man's face.

"He sent you a message, Nan. He said, 'Tell the Gracious Lady that she was right. God is a good hunter. He has caught up with me.' "

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GO EAST, YOUNG LADY

Continued from page 20

actress I was able to hide my contempt. "Of course, it would be cheaper to live with your aunt," I reasoned, trying to conceal my feelings and then quickly remembering that money wouldn't make any difference to him anyway. Then he acted as though he wanted to talk about Hollywood so I yawned and asked to be taken home. It hardly seemed possible that anyone could study Drama I, II and III and look upon the Theater as a mere stepping stone to Hollywood's tinsel and shadow.

COMES New York, and I'll skip the part about knocking on the doors of agents, managers, producers and so on. Anyway four years later I had a small flat in the East Eighties, which I shared with a middle-aged woman named Lutie, who worked for a publisher. I knew by now that I wasn't pretty enough for leads or malformed enough for character parts, but I could read a long sentence without gasping, and could cry beautifully, so radio jobs frequently came my way.

If this were a movie, a nice warm violin passage from the score would indicate that romance had faded into my life, and it would be right. Horace Plunkett was the man.

He was vice-president in charge of something or other with a new advertising agency connected with radio, and we saw each other frequently. Horace was serious about life, and a welcome relief from the frequent "what-if-I-am-married-my-wife-and-I-have-an-understanding" type who took you to a quaint place with loads of atmosphere.

He was somewhat impressed by the fact that I had played opposite Edmund Whittier in the senior play back at State U. because Edmund had gone to California, hired a good publicity man and been "spotted" by a talent scout even before the fall term at the Playhouse opened. One year later the sight of Edmund in a tight uniform riding a horse of the Sixth U.S. Cavalry had visibly affected thousands of women who were able to write.

That fall when the leaves turned yellow and red and the crystal wind whirled through Central Park I suddenly knew that I was in love with Horace. We had come to understand and accept each other calmly and without the usual violent protestations, and here, I was sure, was a house built on rock—a rock of refuge protecting me from the withering storm of radio and Manhattan.

So when I found myself wishing, one night after a date with Horace, that he would be a little more demonstrative and exciting, I got worried. You're off your rocker, baby, I told myself. Horace is a real gent and even if he likes to eat at The Little Gypsy tearoom at least you're safe with him.

There followed several minutes of walking around, record playing, drink fixing and soul searching. Sure, sure, Horace could be more dashing, ardent and romantic: He could click his heels like an Austrian and moan like a Latin, but how could he be more steady and devoted?

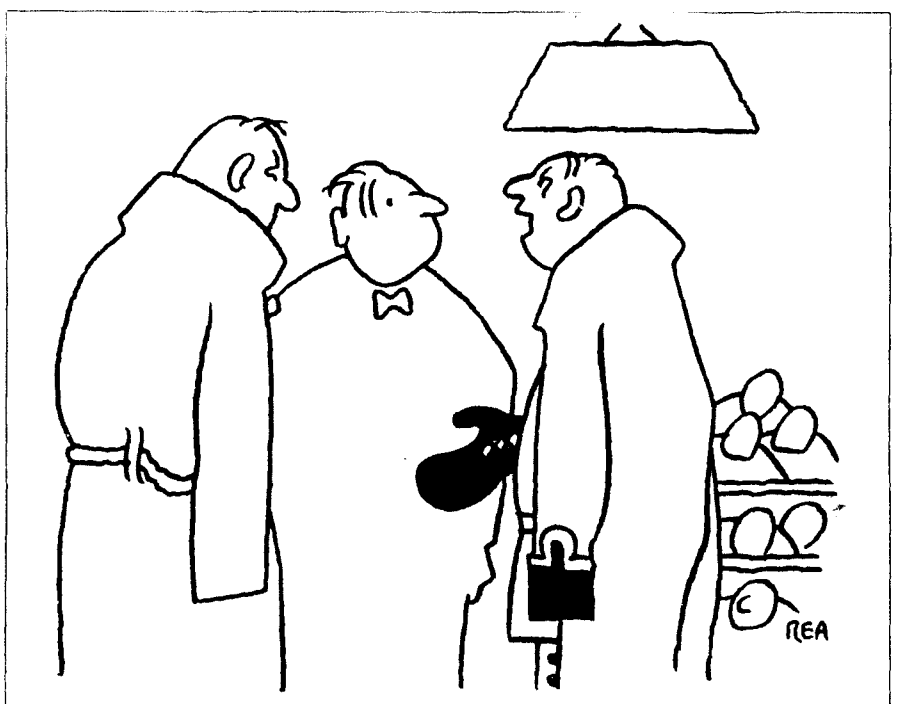
By way of looking at both sides of Horace, the real one and the might-have-been, I amused myself by standing back, so to speak, and looking at the romance of an imaginary Horace—a worldly, wealthy, dashing Horace—and me, Vanessa Piper, just as I was.

I was not surprised to find him a bit of a bounder, though still charming. He was insisting that I accompany him to Mexico City for the bullfights and swimming at Acapulco. It sounded gay and innocent the way he put it but I could tell different.

Already I felt better about the real Horace. Under no circumstances would he have made such a suggestion! My reaction pleased and interested me and I remembered that in Psychology 1A the professor had talked about something like this: wishful thinking or sublimation, he had called it, and it was supposed to help you blow off steam and be good for you.

I got some paper, sharpened my pencil and started to write. My paper Horace was a combination of Dick Tracy and Casanova, and as I created his ideas and attitudes they automatically became everything the real Horace wasn't. Vanessa was an earnest, fairly attractive girl seeking companionship and decent love.

When my right hand had finally bunched up and I could no longer hold the pencil it was four in the morning, but I felt pretty good especially about Horace. A large pile of paper covered with words was the visible result of my self-administered therapy, but inside I had



"Now that you mention it, I don't think I am familiar with the rules and regulations of the New York State Athletic Commission. Would you mind going over them?"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

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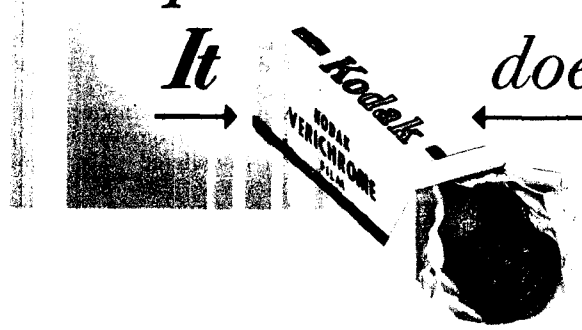

The happiest visit must sometime come to an end, and who knows when they will all be together again? What a satisfaction to be able to make some snapshots "for remembrance"—and to know that they will turn out beautifully.

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established a nice warm feeling between myself and the man I loved.

This went on intermittently all winter. It had begun to get to me and on more than one occasion I found myself answering Horace with words intended for the dream lover. A thing like that would upset him and he became worried—especially when I called him "lover" twice in one evening.

That was the night he told me that someday, when his bank account was up and the cost of living down, he would ask me to marry him. Meanwhile, he would be considerate, attentive and polite as possible and, in spite of our long association in "a sort of engaged way," he hoped I would be patient.

I wrote about twenty pages that night and finally, four hours later, realized that something must be done for my dream Horace, for after several hundred pages of charming philandering he was going to marry the kid and settle down. When the real Horace had pulled the money-in-the-bank-high-cost-of-living routine I knew that he was honest and that it wasn't just a stall.

Obviously, like many a man, all Horace needed was a firm but gentle push in the right direction and, like many a woman, I decided it would be really a kindness were I to furnish the impetus. But how to do it?

I was thinking about this when I came home one evening to find Lutie, my usually dead-tired roommate, coiled up on the pink chaise longue surrounded by piles of the familiar sheets of paper.

"I was just moving some things around," she said with a touch of apprehension, apparently afraid I would tag her for trespassing, "and found this manuscript. It's fascinating! How ever did you come to write it? And that man—HE'S YUMMY!"

I was so shocked to hear serious, bland Lutie call a man "yummy" that I let her talk me into her taking some of the manuscript down to the publishing house where she worked and submitting it to Mr. Shumacher, her boss.

It seemed insane to me but Lutie was not to be denied, so I said she could do that or anything else with the story and went on into my room. I was too busy thinking of Horace to be bothered.

THAT night while we were walking home from a lecture on Psychosomatic Art he asked me if I had noticed in the papers that "your old friend Edmund Whittier is coming here to do a play?"

Something about the way he said "your old friend" prodded that intuition I had been looking for. I hadn't considered jealousy as extra voltage to Horace's reluctant self-starter. "Yes," I said casually, "I heard from him yesterday."

Later I checked the movie columns and there was something in one of them about his studio sending Edmund Whittier East to do a new play by Jack Grainger. Edmund was going to be at the Pierre as of next Friday and the play would go into immediate rehearsal.

Suddenly I felt a twinge of guilt because it was so easy and Horace was such a setup. Nevertheless, I reasoned unreasonably, it was his fault. Why had he said "your old friend" that way? Serves him right. I might even call the Pierre next Saturday.

On Saturday afternoon Lutie came home from work all panting and lathered up about my story. Mr. Shumacher wanted to see me at the Colony on Monday afternoon at five thirty!

Because I believed in pushing my luck when it was good I picked up the phone and called the Pierre. I was amazed that Edmund remembered me instantly and enthusiastically. "How about dinner Monday night?" he asked.

"Well," I fumbled doubtfully, "Monday I have an engagement at five thirty but—"

"Well," he snapped, "grab a taxi when you're through and dash over. We'll eat somewhere and talk."

Sunday afternoon I told Horace that I wouldn't be seeing him the following evening. He scarcely acknowledged the announcement at the time but next morning he called me three times and wanted us to have lunch together. I put him off with some excuse or other. I was working all afternoon and had to go directly to the Colony from there, so I was wearing a very nice outfit generally reserved for some special occasion, and to have Horace see me in it in the middle of the day would have been twisting the dagger in the wound.

The interview with Shumacher was something I still find hard to believe. By the time our waiter brought our drinks he was explaining elegantly that his house had great hopes for the book, and the terms of the contract were most generous. Would I glance through them and sign here?

Even as I put my signature at the bottom of a long page I felt the irony of what was happening. This utterly ridiculous story, written in frustration and boredom, would now make it possible for Horace and me to marry. He would still have to be managed cleverly and gently, as I knew what he thought about "men who take money from women," but in his present bewildered state it could be done.

"Happy birthday to me!"

When Mr. Shumacher mentioned a completely unreasonable sum of money, then handed me a check, I didn't have the nerve to look at it, but just slipped it, folded, into my bag. He then extended a hand to me indicating that we had made a bargain and that it was time that I be off. "Drop by our offices tomorrow and see Frank Whitney," he said as I got to my feet. "He's in charge of sales promotion and publicity. Very important thing in literature today—publicity!"

Still in a daze I went over to the Pierre, picked up a house phone and asked for Edmund Whittier's room. Some man, not Edmund, told me to come right up.

I went up to the seventeenth floor where someone let me into Edmund's impressive suite. The "someone" introduced himself as Jack Grainger and said that Eddie was a little off schedule but was shaving and would be right out.

I declined a drink and sank in a chair as Jack walked over to a large window and stared down at the park. "Looks like a real park with trees and everything," he said after a moment. "Probably lost. Seems a shame for a park to get stuck in the middle of all these buildings. It ought to be somewhere out in the country with other parks."

He turned around, and I noticed that there was a perpetual grin in his eyes. The wrinkles around his mouth must have been from laughing rather than age because he couldn't have been much over thirty.

"So you went to school with Eddie," he said. "What was he like then?"

Before I could answer, Edmund appeared from another room. We exchanged the usual greetings and it was immediately apparent that success hadn't gone to his head.

He had been so sure he would make it anyway. All the fan mail and phone calls from hysterical females only proved what he always knew, so because of this he had not become objectionable. At the same time my attitude toward Hollywood and a few other things had changed with the years and I now was ready to meet Edmund as an equal. Besides, I was forced to admit to myself, he had got what he went after, whereas I . . . well . . .

It was really fun digging back into the files and making the small talk I had almost forgotten. Jack was bored and went for a walk and then I told Edmund about the book and what had just happened. But, of course, I couldn't tell him exactly how I came to write it. "Just thought I would like to write something," I said in response to his question.

Then Jack came back with a couple of newspapers and sat down with them. Presently he looked up and said, "The afternoon papers are keeping up the drumfire at that play that opened at the Century last night." He dropped the papers to the floor. "The critics sure have got acid in their veins today." He got up and walked around, nervously. "Once they get that way, they hate to drop it for a while. Nothing is any good."

"Skip it, Jack," Edmund said, a bit tersely, I thought. "I'll do the worrying."

Jack grinned. "Look, it took me a year to write this play you're about to do. You rehearse two weeks and get paid for it, and if the critics kill the play you can forget it and walk into another writer's life, and another play, two hours later. Meanwhile little Jack goes into another year's labor."

I thought of my book and the nice fat check in my bag and felt both lucky and guilty. Out of respect for a nice guy's serious efforts I refrained from mentioning my brand-new good fortune, but Edmund spoke right up. "Why don't you be like Vanessa and write a novel?" he suggested and added a small description of what had just happened.

Jack took it like a man. "I wrote a play because I had to," he finally said. "And because if I didn't you'd be back in the San Fernando Valley busy making it your home."

Edmund didn't pursue the subject and we drifted over to other things, but I noticed that from then on Jack addressed most of his remarks to me.

WHEN I got back to the apartment Lutie was asleep, but there were two telegrams and some flowers in my room. One of the telegrams was from Frank Whitney, the publisher's press agent, reminding me of our appointment on the following day, and the other was from Horace. So were the flowers.

The interview with Whitney was something. He took a fast gallop through the manuscript, then approached its sales angle from a positively glandular point of view. After one long, hard look at me he launched on a fast program of what my future would be for the next few months. "This book of yours'll be a best seller before it hits the stands if you'll co-operate," he splattered. "We finally got a glamor book with a glamor writer!"

I glanced down at my rather severe suit and low-heeled Oxfords. "Oh, that'll all be changed," he yelled. "Miss Cutler will shop with you for the next few days. Then a course at a beauty salon and we'll be ready for the photographer."

Then, with a secretary taking many notes we plodded through my unspectacular life; but Whitney gave the conventional homespun events twists that classified me as midway between Camille and Mata Hari. The climax came when he discovered about Edmund Whittier and myself. "College romance with a movie star!" he shouted. "You're what I've prayed for. We'll have something in the papers tonight!"

Poor Horace, I thought. How could I make him understand that this was only a publicity build-up?

But the wheels were now in motion and the story of Edmund Whittier and his romance with Vanessa Piper broke in two columns the next morning. Cleverly enough, they didn't mention my book. Whitney was smart. Of course Horace called the first thing and there actually was a hint of anger in his voice! I rejoiced! I told Horace that the publicity probably was from Edmund's studio and he should pay no attention to it. He growled and closed our chat abruptly by hanging up. What a cinch men are, I thought at this point.

The next couple of weeks were like being caught in a perpetual "Truth or Consequence" program. Whitney was completely running what I laughingly called my life and I dripped with all the glamor his restless brain could dream up, assisted by dressmakers and photographers.

Then too I saw Edmund and Jack several times and I must say that they all did a good job—especially where Horace was concerned. He hinted that he was due for a promotion next June at which time he could ask me to be his wife. "Why not now?" I asked, and even mentioned that I had enough in the bank to keep the wolf from even getting past the doorman.

I lightly—but lightly—sketched in the story of my book.

"That's just the trouble," he blurted out as I set the facts firmly on the barrel-

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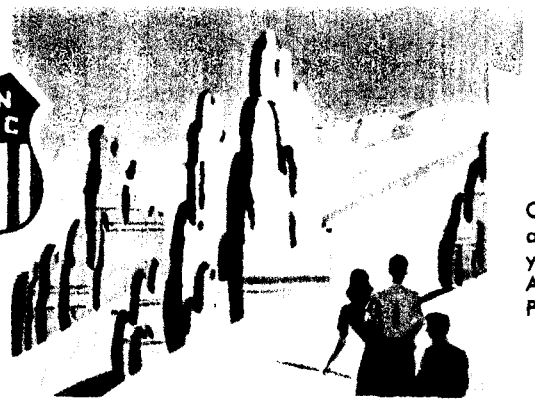

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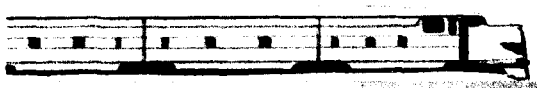

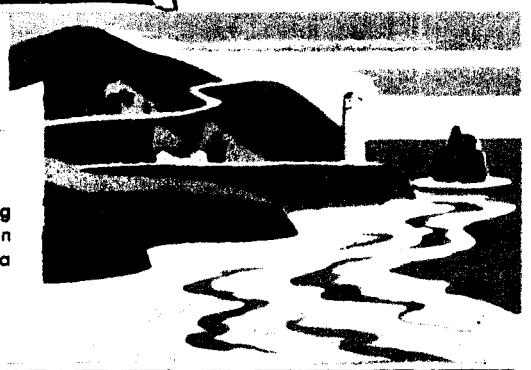

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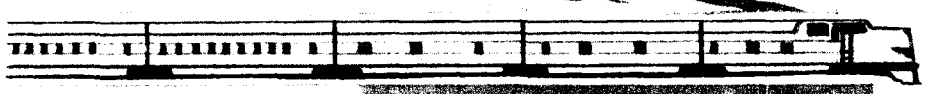

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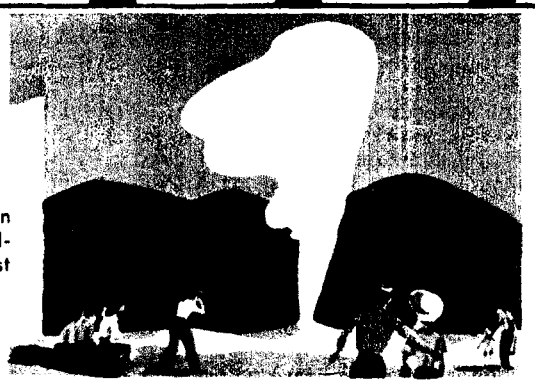

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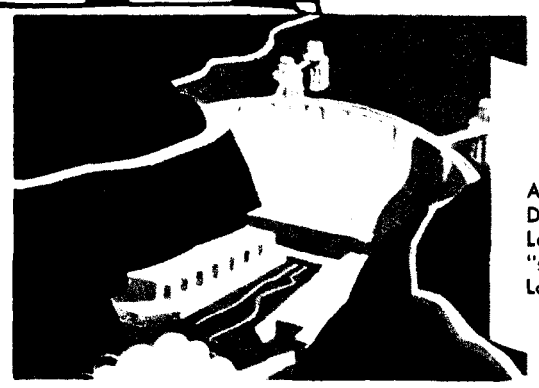

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head. "If I marry you before I get my promotion and raise they'll say—"

I didn't stay long enough to hear what "they" would say. I was sore and I stomped off without even saying good night to this male I had wanted so much! Something was wrong.

As it was early and I was in a mood I started to walk and soon was amazed to find myself standing in front of a pleasant little bistro where Jack had said that a couple played wonderful two-piano stuff. From outside the music sounded good and I knew that Jack was there almost every night so I went in.

HE WAS there, all right, and spotted me at once. I crossed over to his table in a corner, sat down and ordered a drink. He had been working at some kind of rewriting of his play, and now he pushed the paper and notes aside and looked at me quizzically. "Have a fight?" he asked, and the twinkle in his eyes told me that he knew.

"No," I answered after a moment. "I walked away before the shooting had a chance to start. I guess they'd call it the better part of valor."

"But under your fine self-control I detect a considerable agitation," he continued. "Love or pride?"

There's something about a man who can listen sympathetically and well that most women, including myself, find irresistible. A moment later I was telling Jack the story of Vanessa and her broken blossoms. I was still talking and Jack was still listening with respectful and interested attention when they started to put the chairs up on the tables. I had it all off my chest and felt great as we walked home through a heavy mist. He didn't have a lot to say but that was probably because I didn't give him much of a chance.

As we were saying good night we got to talking about Edmund and I told Jack the story of the catalytic agent. For some reason or other it seemed terribly funny to us and we fell into each other's arms laughing.

Then we both stopped laughing and Jack was kissing me and I was enjoying it— I went upstairs and was climbing into bed when I realized that I never would have written a word of my book with Jack around. . . .

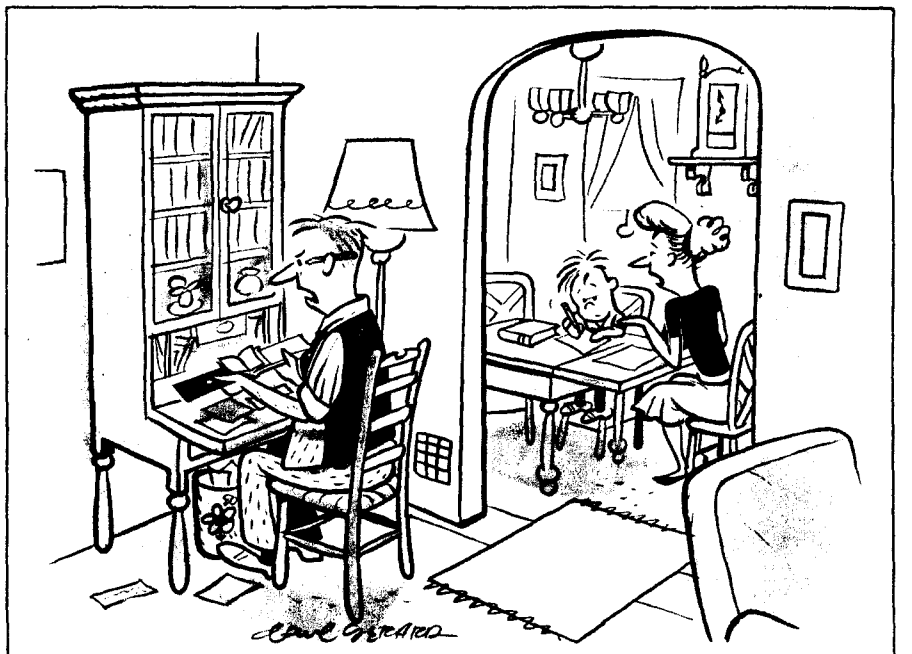
Two weeks later I had lived through more excitement than Pearl White ever dreamed of in her movie gyrations. My book had been titled The Profligate Saint, and publicity flooded the papers. There were pictures and constant interviews, and the manuscript was rushed into print ahead of several important books on world problems, the Atomic Age and current philosophy, and very shortly I was correcting the galley proofs.

Then I had another conference with Mr. Shumacher, who told me that the Eastern story representative of a large movie studio had read The Profligate Saint in manuscript form and immediately had called Hollywood. "They're conferring now," he said, "and you can expect an offer in a day or two. If you hold out and the book does what we expect it to, you can name your own price, but if they buy it now and announce it as a starring vehicle for someone like—er—Clark Gable (honest, that's what he said), the sales in the book stores will be much greater."

He got to his feet. "Frankly, Vanessa," he continued, "with the story market in its present shape, if they offer you a quarter of a million, I'd take it."

I gulped a couple of times. I think I said, "Of course," but I'm not sure I said anything. Would I take a quarter of a million? Ho hum, I suppose so! After all, why be greedy?

Well, two days later the Whittier-Grainger play opened. During the rehearsal period I'd seen very little of Jack and Edmund; my "romance" with Edmund in the papers had sluffed away into the limbo of press-agentry, and anyway I knew how busy they both were.



"Ha! Three from four leaves seven, and one from eight is nine! Edna, this check book's been all fouled up!"

"You're not thinking, Robert! To add 3/16, 7/8, 5/12 and 1/8 you must find a common denominator—and then the fractional equivalent of each!"

COLLIER'S — DAVE GERARD

Now Jack called me, sounding tired, and said there were two tickets at the box office for me, for the opening. Naturally I invited Horace to go and, although he was less than delighted, he couldn't say no for obvious reasons. By now he was displaying an ardor and a tenacity that amazed me. How the two hundred and fifty thousand would strike him if and when Hollywood nodded was something else, but I couldn't help admiring him: At least he wasn't looking for a setup.

In any case I enjoyed the show that night. Despite the fact that Edmund had been in Hollywood for several years, I was amazed to note that his acting had improved tremendously. The play was about seven people who were sole survivors of an atomic war beginning a new civilization that, through their advice and direction, would rise from the grave of a stupid, selfish world. Even Horace had to admit that it was well written.

AFTERWARD we had coffee at a drugstore, and Horace was completely abject and prostrate before Cupid and me. He just wanted to get married, and I could do anything I liked with my money.

"You know I love you and want to marry you, Vanessa," he said. "I've set ideals and standards for our best good but I can't stand this any longer! Maybe my sights were too high—maybe I wanted too much security for us, but now I'm willing to forget it all and ask you to marry me right now—tomorrow!"

We would live on his salary and, in case of an emergency, he had some stock he could always sell. It was touching to hear him pour out the love he had kept for two years, and my heart went out to him as I realized how he had capitulated without losing his pride.

"I'll give you the answer tomorrow night, Horace," I said as gently as possible. Gallantly he acceded. "I understand," he said simply. "Spend the day thinking it over and we'll have dinner at the Colony tomorrow night." . . .

Next morning I went out early and picked up all the papers. The notices of the play were what I feared. ". . . a fine attempt that didn't quite come off." "Apparently Mr. Grainger has little faith in the . . ." "Well written and sparkling in spots but the author never succeeds in . . ." and so on.

I called the hotel but Edmund was asleep. Then the operator saw Jack crossing the lobby and had him paged. "Had breakfast?" he asked briskly, and when I told him yes, his voice became more serious and he asked me if I would meet him by the bear cages at the Central Park Zoo in ten minutes.

He was there watching a polar bear take a bath when I walked up to him. "It's nice to see you, Vanessa," he said, his face wrinkling up into a smile that made me feel warmer inside and out. "Maybe the critics are right," he continued as though we had been in the middle of a discussion. He hesitated. "But I know they're not. I poured quarts of my lifeblood into a play that they're going to close tomorrow night."

He took my arm and it felt good.

"A pretty girl," he said, "sprinkles a few salty tears into a book, and fame and fortune are hers. Not that I'm not glad for you," he added hastily. "That's only the way things are and always will be and I'm glad one of us got the breaks."

I couldn't say a thing because I felt so depressed for Jack, and we walked along for a few moments. Suddenly he stopped and we faced each other. "Vanessa, I'm going back to California in a few days," he said taking my arms with his hands. "Got a stateroom on the Chief and I sure wish you'd come along."

"I'd love to," I said without even thinking. "I've heard a lot about the Chief. It's a swell train," I added lamely.

I don't know what happened but a moment later we were in a taxi headed for City Hall and the License Bureau.

"I'll have to be back in a couple of weeks," I told Jack, irrelevantly. "I've got a lot of money in a bank that I'll have to see about."

"Good! I may want to borrow some," he said without batting an eye. "I'm starting on another play as soon as we get settled."

That "settled" made me think of Horace and our date that night.

The shock to Horace was more than compensated for when The Profligate Saint hit the stands dedicated to H. Plunkett. From that day on he was a marked man, forced to change his phone number as protection against clamoring females. With this publicity he easily married the boss's daughter, who made him promise to settle down and give up his scandalous deportment.

He did.

We still see Edmund occasionally but he didn't react one way or another. He's still a catalytic agent. We're very happy and—don't get me wrong—I love Hollywood!

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THE FABULOUS AW BOON HAW

Continued from page 22

the whispered charges. No one has ever claimed the reward.

The Tiger Balm King himself attributes his business success to a couple of factors—factors which would cause no surprise in the United States but which are almost unique in the Orient: He spends more than a third of the annual income from his business on advertising, and he sells the product so cheaply—the equivalent of a few pennies—that anyone with the price of a bowl of rice can buy it.

The question of where the Wise Tiger gets his money, however, is not half so fascinating as what he does with it. His unique idea of architecture alone would make him notable in any area less accustomed to the bizarre.

It was a Hong Kong Englishman who, after viewing the Aw mansion in Hong Kong, remarked that Tiger Balm would cure anything but the eyesores built by its creator.

The Britisher's taste may have been a little conservative, but there is no denying that the establishment is colorful. Pagodas of red, white and blue, one more than 200 feet tall, dot the 15-acre estate. Bizarre statuary covers almost every foot of the grounds. Dragons, crocodiles, monkeys, suckling pigs and giant birds, all of concrete, leer from every nook and crevice; and small tigers, large tigers, life-size tigers, crouching tigers, leaping tigers and smiling tigers appear with regularity.

And More Tigers Inside

The interior of the mansion is no less impressive. Carved jade and quartz, valued at $100,000, line the walls, and a $50,000 collection of carved ivory is distributed over the lower floors. Four $5,000 porcelain vases occupy one room. Tigers appear everywhere—on cigarette boxes, on every piece of the specially made porcelain dinner service from which Mr. Aw, strictly a chopstick man, eats his Chinese food, and in the imported, custom-made stained-glass windows. Tiger skins cover tables, and bathrooms are tiled in a not-too-subtle black and yellow stripe.

Silver-plated beds grace the many-colored bedrooms, and sterling silver spittoons are thoughtfully located near every chair in which the Wise Tiger is wont to rest. Mr. Aw's own bedroom is distinguished from the other four only by a huge, old-fashioned safe next to his bed, and by a dozen-odd pictures of Aw Boon Haw, which hang from every wall and sit in silver frames atop every piece of furniture in the room. All the pictures are not exclusively of Mr. Aw, however. One of them shows Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek shaking hands with—guess whom.

Aw Ho, better known as Tiny, Mr. Aw's five-foot, 200-pound son by his number two wife, says his father spends about $5,000 a week on maintenance and improvement of the Hong Kong estate alone. An empty space is a challenge to the Tiger Balm King, and workmen are constantly constructing new pavilions or putting up new statues.

"We try to stop him, but he likes to keep building," says Tiny. "It's his hobby."

Another Hong Kong Malayan millionaire—Eu Tong Sin—was told by a sorceress that as soon as he stopped adding to his Hong Kong palaces he would die. He did!

Tiny, however, is not without appreciation of his father's efforts in the building line. Recently, standing on a hillside overlooking the estate, he swept his arm in a dramatic half circle over the grounds and said to an awed guest:

"Just think, he does all that without an architect."

The original cost of the Hong Kong villa is estimated at a quarter of a million dollars. Wife number two presides over this establishment, which is usually occupied by from eight to a dozen Aw relatives, most of whom are employed in the Tiger Balm business.

Two other houses, in Singapore, each cost about as much. One of them, where wife number one makes her residence, is a surprisingly normal-looking white mansion. It is distinguished only by a lawn dotted with concrete animals and birds, and an abundance of statuary. The other, a seven-domed circular affair, with a stainless-steel roof, is as unusual as the Hong Kong establishment.

Mr. Aw is rich in the typically Chinese sense of family responsibility. In Singapore he has built 26 houses of more ordinary style to house dependent relatives, and in Foochow, Fukien, China, the family "native place," a huge dormitory with 108 bedrooms houses more of his kin. One of his employees, asked how closely the occupants were related to Mr. Aw, said, "We can't be sure. I guess the truth is that anyone with the name Aw can get in if there's room."

The grounds of all the Aw estates are open to the public at all times. Food hawkers have set up their stands there.

All these houses, however, absorb only a small portion of the Tiger Balm income. Most of it goes to charity. People who should know estimate that the Wise Tiger has given away $20,000,000 in the past 20 years. He has built hospitals, a university, schools, orphanages and old-folks homes in China, Hong Kong, Malaya and Burma.

During the war years he turned over the entire income from his business to aiding the needy in Hong Kong. An employee, who handled the matter for him, says he spent $5,000,000 on rice alone. British officials put the figure at half that amount. Both agree, however, that his efforts saved thousands from actual starvation.

In sharp contrast to his way of living, much of his charity has been done secretly. Orphanages have been built, hospitals endowed, and schools established anonymously. His own newspapers have been singularly reticent about reporting even his publicized benefactions.

A Visitor Is Surprised

The Wise Tiger is not an ostentatious man. He wears Western-style clothes, cut from the finest British materials by a Chinese tailor. Much of his business is done in the main hall of his Hong Kong home, and a foreign visitor, calling by invitation at an early hour recently, was somewhat surprised when his host came down the stairs in an immaculate dark business suit—and barefoot. A beautiful fourteen-year-old maid servant put on his socks and shoes while he talked.

On a typical day, Aw rises at dawn and walks four or five miles through the hills behind his home. Returning by 7:00 A.M. he has a Chinese breakfast with wife number two, and then meets his son and business executives for an hour or two, giving specific orders for all aspects of the day's business. (The Tiger Balm Company is not incorporated. It is the exclusive property of Aw Boon Haw, and he runs it on a purely personal basis.)

Aw goes to his office for an hour or two before having lunch at a private club—or with number three or number four wives, both of whom have less pretentious establishments in Hong Kong. After lunch he plays dominoes with a group of old Chinese friends, and returns home for an early dinner. At one time the domino games were followed by protracted sessions with sing-song girls, but ever since he took a seventeen-year-old number four wife a few years ago he has been strictly a homebody. One home or another.

The Tiger Balm King spends several months each year in Singapore with his number one wife, now in her sixties. She is reputed to be more strict than the others, and he spends a good deal of his time at home in Singapore.

Born in Burma, the Wise Tiger carries a British passport, but his feelings toward the English are not unmixed. Some years ago, in recognition of his many charities in British territory, the British government bestowed upon him the much-sought-after Order of the British Empire. Unfortunately, the letter informing him of this signal honor was couched in terms which he regarded as patronizing, and closed with a suggestion that he appear at Government House to receive the decoration.

The independent little Chinese, who was thrown out of school more than 50 years ago for drawing a knife on a teacher who had slapped his hand, was not pleased.

"Tell them," he ordered his secretary, "to keep their little medal. No one tells me when to come anywhere."

It took the Singapore officials a year to calm Aw Boon Haw down, and when he finally did receive the decoration, it was in his own home, and at his own convenient time.

"Yes, I know it's a costume party. I'm going as a well-dressed lady"

COLLIER'S — HERB WILLIAMS

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Born on July 4th, 1928, Brynhild has her starry sights set on fame and fortune. *Will she win success?*

Birth of a Starlet

By BRUCE DOWNES

Remember the name and the face of the girl on these pages and the cover of this week's Collier's. If David O. Selznick's hunch was right, Brynhild will become a brand-new star in Hollywood

ONE brisk March day in 1948, a tall, stocky man summoned wide-eyed Brynhild Johnson to his suite in New York's plush Hampshire House for an interview that might turn out to have changed the whole course of her life. Brynhild was, and still is, a model—one of the most arrestingly beautiful in the John Robert Powers stable of fabulous fillies. But in a year or two or three, if her beauty is found to have more than merely surface dimensions, she may find herself a film star. For the man who summoned her was David O. Selznick, movie tycoon and star maker.

Not satisfied with the routine Hollywood methods for acquiring talent, Selznick conducts his own personal search. All year long Nancy Stern, his Eastern Production representative, keeps an appraising eye on the fluffy lovelies of the New York model agencies. New faces are peered at, photographs collected, and when the great man arrives from Hollywood, the ten most promising faces, one by tremulous one, are ushered into his presence. Of the ten last March, Brynhild's "unique naïveté and freshness" set the soft bells to tolling in the Selznick bonnet.

Brynhild was chosen and signed to a year's study option agreement, which means that she was immediately started through the first stage of the Selznick star-making process—private lessons at Mr. Selznick's expense in physical development, dancing, singing, fencing and dramatics. Brynhild's year will be up this spring when she will hear the verdict. The first spin of her new fortune's wheel will come to a stop at one of three possible numbers: (1) She will be sent to Hollywood for a screen test, (2) she will be kept in New York for further training, or (3) her option will not be renewed.

If Brynhild is not dropped as a poor risk, and if she passes the Hollywood screen test, she may be signed to another option for another year, given more intensive training and, if possible, secured a small role in a Broadway play. She may or may not eventually reach the top. If not she will return to full-time modeling, which she has been doing ever since she was twelve years old.

But whether she rises or falls, she will never forget the man who summoned her to Hampshire House in 1948. Meanwhile, remember the name, Brynhild—and the face.

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY RAY SOLOWINSKI

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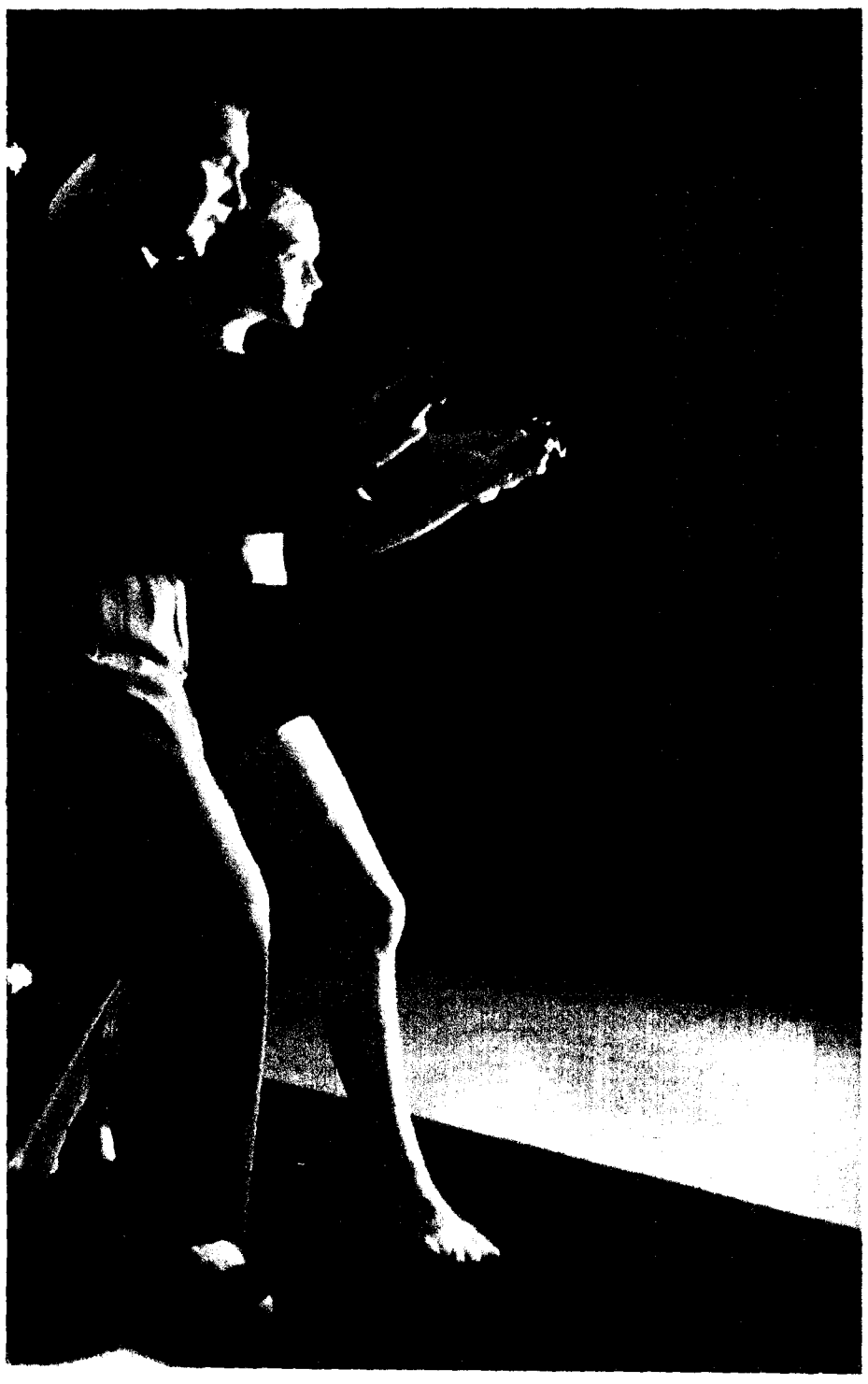
Brynhild, a model since she was twelve years old, poses for fashion photographer Francesco Scavullo. She still manages to fit modeling assignments into her training program for stardom

Ballet When Brynhild embarked upon the Selznick star-making process, she was a diamond in the rough. A dancing lesson every Saturday morning from Yuriko has developed her natural grace

Nicholas Kounovsky, here giving her a fencing lesson, is charged with Brynhild's physical development. Instruction she receives from him helps her to acquire endurance, suppleness and poise



Dramatics Brynhild works hardest at her dramatics—five afternoons a week—under Alice B. Young, coach of many top-ranking stars, including Jennifer Jones and K. T. Stevens

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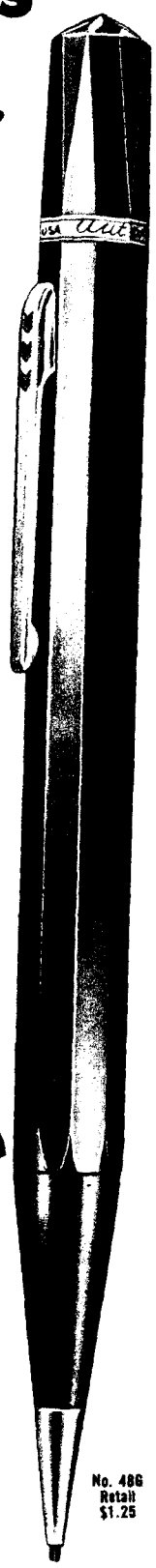

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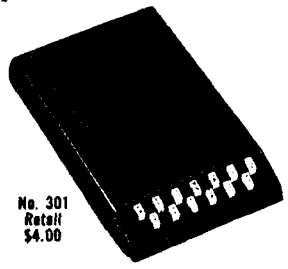

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IS ENGLAND'S SOCIALIZED MEDICINE WORKING?

Continued from page 14

"Mother's milk papers," he yelled. "Milk's closely rationed, and his ailing mother can only get it over my signature," the doctor explained as he filled in government form R.G. 50. "This saves her a visit to my crowded surgery."

Another boy shot his arm in. "Father's tablets," he announced.

"This is a refill," the doctor said.

He waved his hand over his desk.

"I sometimes wonder whether, under this plan, the pen isn't mightier than the stethoscope," he said. The desk was cluttered with paper forms of many shapes and sizes: a green one approving a free eye test; a pink one certifying the patient's inability to work; a buff one approving a weekly sickness benefit of $5.20. Chits for prescriptions and appliances; for free doctoring for temporary residents (like myself). The doctor was enfiladed in a crossfire of paper: one stream from the Minister of Insurance (sickness benefits, maternity care), another from the Board of Trade (higher milk rations, permission to buy scarce rubber corsets) and now another from the Health Minister (prescriptions, appliances).

"Sit here while I call in the patients," he said. "If the proceedings get too intimate, step out into the vestibule."

A chunky ironworker came in, holding his cap in a badly swollen hand. The doctor fumbled among document-filled boxes, each the size of a foot locker, and pulled out the patient's case history.

"The war prisoner with the beriberi," Dr. Wilson said.

He diagnosed the swelling as an infection, prescribed dressings, tonic, rest.

"You'll need several chits, won't you?" he said, filling out government prescription form C-10 for free supplies and another slip for sickness benefits.

"How about my eyes, Doctor?" Almost all patients asked this question.

The doctor whipped off a green form. He worked unhurriedly, but the patient, forms and all, was disposed of in seven minutes. He turned to the boxes of files. There were nine of them, closely packed.

"My patients," he explained. "I keep one record here, and another—with my name on it—is kept in the regional office that administers the plan for this area. If my patient is fed up with me, he can choose another doctor—and the file then goes to the new doctor. As long as I have the patient's file, I get the government check for his care."

Fees—Before and After

The government's fee per patient, Dr. Wilson explained, is seventeen and one-half shillings ($3.46) yearly, and it is paid in six-week installments.

"No matter how often or how seldom I treat the patients—here or at their homes—the yearly capitation fee is the same," he said. His list of 5,600 patients would bring him some $18,000 for the year. Expenses would whittle this down to about $12,000 and income taxes would take half.

Before the Health Plan, Dr. Wilson treated 2,500 patients under the National Health Insurance Scheme, getting $2.50 per patient per year. He had, in addition, some 3,000 private patients paying by visit or call. Only a handful of these remain, but Dr. Wilson earns now about what he earned in pre-plan days. He would have to shift 1,500 patients to other doctors, because Health Plan case loads are limited to 4,000 and his income would drop.

The government has estimated that doctors serving 4,000 patients should earn $8,800 yearly after expenses. But doctors contend that 4,000 is more than a practitioner can handle properly.

As I sat there patients came and went, each taking up about ten minutes of the doctor's time.

At noon, office hours over, we sipped a hasty cup of tea before setting out on the doctor's rounds.

We were joined by a cheerful man in striped trousers, and Dr. Wilson introduced him as Mr. Llewellyn Davies, senior surgeon at Nottingham General Hospital. (English surgeons call themselves Mister, not Doctor.) Mr. Davies, a distinguished genitourinary specialist, was called by Dr. Wilson for a consultation.

As we drove out to the patient's home the specialist explained how he was paid under the plan.

"I put in eight sessions of three hours each at three hospitals doing surgery and seeing patients," he said. "The fee hasn't been worked out yet by the government, but we're paid a nominal $16 per session in the meanwhile. I also treat private patients. On this Health Plan call, I'll be paid a domiciliary visit fee of $16 plus mileage for my car."

The patient lay on a bed drawn up before a parlor window. American-born, he had entertained circus crowds for years by carrying a bear around the ring in his arms. Now, at seventy-nine, he was too feeble to risk a trip to the hospital. The specialist joshed the patient about his onetime exploits as he probed his abdomen with sensitive hands.

The specialist and Dr. Wilson left the parlor to hold a consultation, treating the aged, nonpaying pensioner with the same medical etiquette accorded a twenty-guinea-paying lord.

"I probably wouldn't have called a specialist for that old man, if it were not for the Health Plan," Dr. Wilson said after Mr. Davies had gone, and we were on our way to other patients. With specialist consultations free for the asking, it appeared that general practitioners would call on higher authority more often to back up their own judgment.

His large practice keeps Dr. Wilson hopping seven days a week. And now, lean of figure, wrapped in a flapping coat and topped by a battered old hat, he strides in and out of patients' homes on the double. In two hours he visits more than a dozen patients. "I try not to think what would happen if there were a run of illness later in the winter," he said.

"It's a grand idea that people should get treatment without anxiety," Dr. Wilson said. "But so many opportunists pop in to get something free. People are more interested in the frills of medicine. In getting rubber stockings and surgical belts for nothing rather than in getting proper advice on how to eat and sleep."

Will Fixed Wage Come Next?

"I think I'm getting a fair shake," he added. "But many doctors are afraid this is only the thin edge of the wedge. If the Socialists get in again in 1950, I don't know what they'll do to us. They may try to make civil servants of us. Put us on a fixed yearly wage."

I called on N. Frank Baylis, who was chief of the Home Guard Medical Service during the war and now administers the Health Plan for the 800,000 persons in Nottingham County. The plan functions through a decentralized system of regional executive councils composed of doctors and laymen serving without pay.

There are 130 executive councils. Employing about 40 administrative and clerical workers each, they have added some 6,000 persons to England's social security personnel. The councils wield life-and-death powers over the professional lives of the doctors, can initiate charges against them, bar them from practicing where they wish.

Mr. Baylis, as clerk of the Nottingham Executive Council, disburses some 2,000,000 pounds a year (about $8,000,000) to 350 doctors, 150 dentists and to druggists, opticians and medical-supply firms serving the Health Plan in the area.

COLLIER'S

"I can't break the engagement. He's the type who would marry somebody else"

WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

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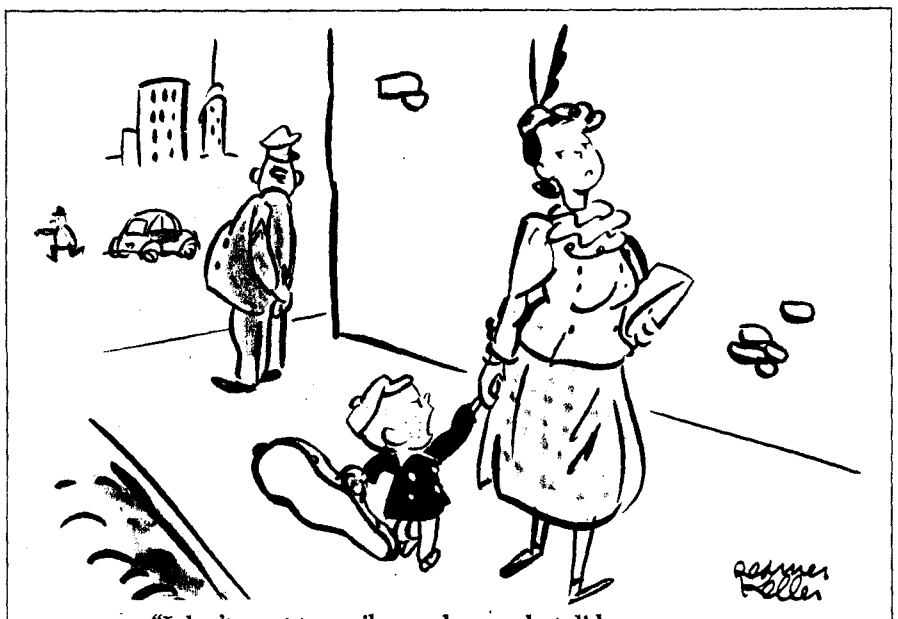

"I don't want to spoil your dreams, but did you ever notice all the musical instruments in hock shops?"

COLLIER'S — REAMER KELLER

A sharp-faced man with a gift for gusty talk, he spoke candidly about the Health Plan.

How was it paid for?

About five sixths of the cost would come from the national treasury, i.e., from taxation. The rest from social security deductions, from pay envelopes and the sale of social security stamps. (Britons pay a package social security sum of $1 weekly, of which an estimated 15 cents goes for medical care, the remainder being earmarked for old-age pensions, unemployment insurance and sickness benefits.)

Could a doctor hang out a shingle and seek Health Plan patients wherever he wanted?

No. All doctors must apply to a local executive council for permission to practice in its area. A Medical Practice Committee in London and the Health Minister have the last word.

Does the executive council check on druggists, opticians and dentists to whom it sends payment checks?

Yes. The council clerk and several assistants occasionally intercept prescriptions at the druggists' and send them to independent laboratories for analysis. Dentists' offices and equipment are also checked.

Would Limit Doctors' Lists

"I'm for free medical care," Mr. Baylis summed up. But, he said, the plan was launched before adequate machinery was built to handle it, and doctors' lists should be limited to 3,000 so that practitioners could give better service.

The home office of Boots Pure Drug Company Ltd., the world's biggest retail drug concern, with 1,250 retail shops in the British Isles, is in Nottingham.

"For the first time in history," a top executive said, "the poorer patient is getting the drugs he needs. Today we get prescriptions for glandular preparations—costing as much as $120—for working-class patients."

Despite the flood of new business the long-range outlook might not be so rosy. "The government's talking about building health centers," the drug-chain executive said. "What's to prevent them from dispensing medicines there?"

When I returned to London, British Medical Association officials described the doctors' initial stormy resistance to parts of the plan and their ultimate support of it.

To understand the British doctors' acceptance of socialized medicine, it should be remembered that the Health Plan, while revolutionary, has been in the making in England for 37 years. Lloyd George gave Britain a National Health Insurance scheme back in 1912. This eventually provided benefits for 20,000,000 employed persons earning under $1,660 a year (but not for wives or children).

During the war, when the embattled British dreamed of a world fit for returning heroes, Lord (then Sir William) Beveridge prepared his famous cradle-to-the-grave security report for the government. It was a blueprint for putting the finishing touches on the public welfare sort of state that had been emerging quietly since the turn of the century. The state (under Beveridge's proposals) would insure the citizen against outrageous fortune: unemployment, illness, old age and injury.

When the Labor government finally enacted state medicine into law, the British Medical Association, through its representative body, voted to co-operate.

Besides backing free medical care for those who wanted it, the doctors agreed that many private hospitals (suffering declining support because highly taxed donors could no longer contribute) needed governmental reorganizing. They also approved the administrative machinery for operating the plan.

But some things about the plan alarmed the doctors. They feared that Health Minister Aneurin Bevan wanted to put doctors on fixed government salaries and make civil servants of them. So they raised a "Fighting Fund" of $4,000,000 and threatened to stay out of the plan until Mr. Bevan assured them he would not make them hirelings of the state. Mr. Bevan promised, and official opposition to the plan by doctors ceased. Only a minority group led by the royal family's former physician, Lord Horder, fights on, chiefly on the issue that "the Health Plan provides the worst medicine that money can buy."

The British Medical Association is deeply concerned lest doctors be overworked and underpaid under the plan. The association fears also that the quality of medical treatment may deteriorate if doctors are forced to serve as many as 4,000 patients to make ends meet.

"But despite these misgivings and fears," a Medical Association executive said, "the profession is doing its work in good spirit and is determined to make the new scheme a success."

The Dentists' Viewpoint

Unlike the British Medical Association, the British Dental Association, which represents about 75 per cent of Britain's 12,500 active dentists, has not approved the Health Plan.

"Not that we're for repeal," a Dental Association executive said. "Free dental care is very necessary. But we're fighting the way it's being done."

The Dental Association's basic grievance may be summed up thus:

The dentist is not free to prescribe the treatment. Paid by the job (rather than by the patient, as the doctor is), the dentist can examine a mouth, clean and fill teeth and send his bill to the nearest Health Plan executive council. But to pull teeth that must be replaced by dentures, and do more costly work, he must get permission from a government dental board. This board, while composed of dentists, is unable to handle the 40,000-odd dental estimates that flow in daily. The upshot is that clerks do the approving and disapproving—using rough rules of thumb as guides. (For instance, they bar more than six extractions for anyone under twenty-five.)

Dentists have no quarrel with earnings under the plan. Their incomes have, in fact, risen so sharply that the Minister of Health threatened to set ceilings on them at the turn of the year.

The Health Plan's dental problem is complicated by the shortage of dentists. Since only a few people in England could afford dentists before the plan, there were few dentists. Now, with the government supplying the money for fees, dental schools are full up.

The government itself predicted some of the vexations that would attend the birth of the plan. But unpredicted difficulties arose too. As the Lancet, a medical journal, reported, minor swindlers took advantage of their opportunities. Some, for example, obtained free prescriptions for faked ailments, took them to drugstores and, in cahoots with the druggists, traded the prescriptions for ". . . hair oil or cosmetics."

These peccadilloes, although annoying to administrators, would not break the plan. But other and greater problems loomed: Where would the money come from—particularly for maintaining the 300-odd hospitals the state had taken over, and for building others to the growing demand? For years, in the midst of England's battle for economic survival, taxpayers would have to face ever-mounting bills for new hospital construction and expensive staffing.

During the first six months, friends and critics of socialized medicine could find whatever they sought in it—good and bad—to support their pro-and-con arguments. England is an old country with a genius for changing peacefully to new ideas. So, characteristically, few talk of repealing the Health Plan. Tory as well as Socialist politicians are committed to make it work, although some administrative changes would be made if the Conservatives should return to power in 1950.

OUR SHOCKING ACCIDENT WARDS

By PATRICIA LOCHRIDGE

Digging into the sorrow and misery of our accident wards, the author has found a condition which it is hard to believe could exist in America. Many hospitals are not fulfilling their eternal pledge to give merciful help to emergency cases. Start this exciting two-part article

In Collier's *next week*

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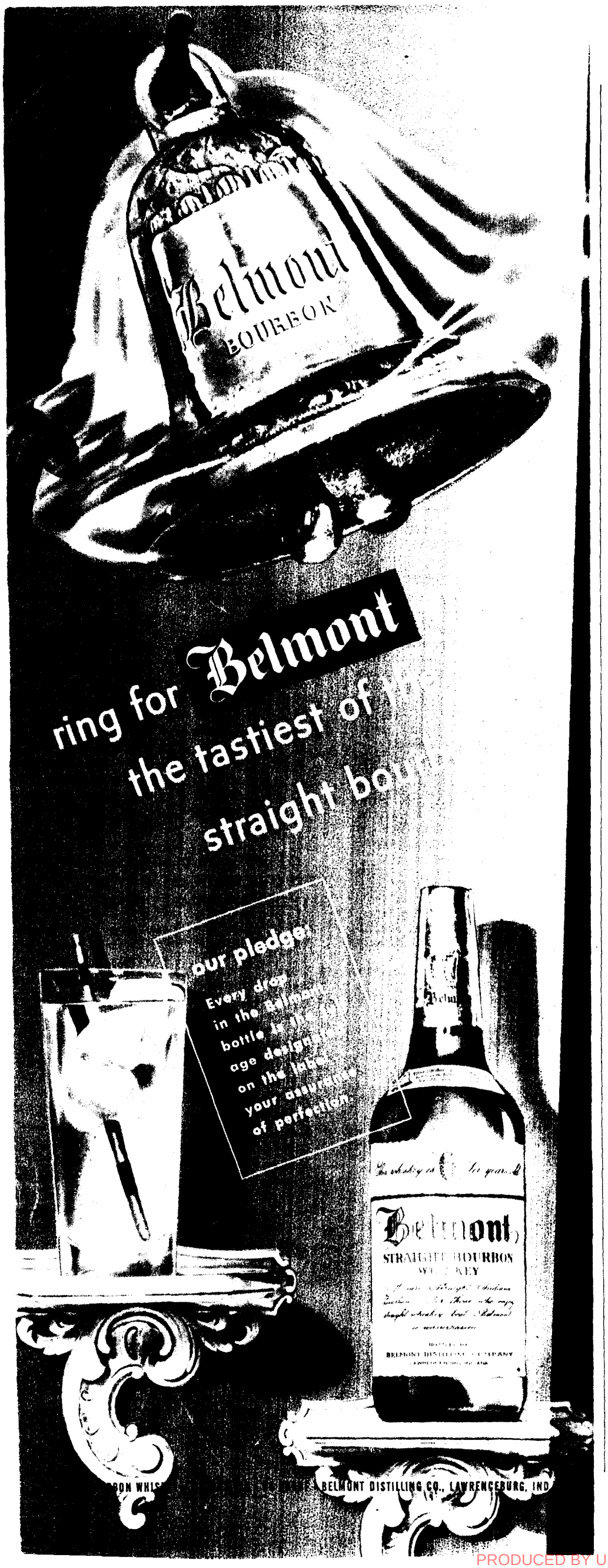

WHY I QUIT COLLEGE TEACHING

Continued from page 21

And they should give some thought, not only to what it means for those who suffer the "distress," but also to the ultimate effect on the students—boys and girls who are taught by "distressed" persons and whose minds are formed by them.

Perhaps it will help to make it clear if I give the details of my personal experience in an academic career.

When I graduated, *magna cum laude,* from a famous and venerable college, I was typical professor material. I wanted an academic life. I thought it was important work and I was willing to work hard—and to make sacrifices—in order to do my best in it.

Thanks to scholarships, library work and part-time teaching, I was able to spend six years in graduate school, working for my doctorate. For Ph.D. candidates who have no rich aunts, this is about par for the course. It is also about as long as it takes to get an M.D.

My record was good enough to qualify me for several university openings. I took the best one; a Grade A college gave me a job at $1,650 a year. I was 28. Four years later when Anne and I were married, my salary had skyrocketed to $2,250.

Other Profs in Same Boat

In the ensuing five years of our marriage we lived on poverty stew and ingenuity. While we were terribly poor we had to be "white collar" at the same time. One thing that made it more bearable was that all our faculty friends were in the same boat.

Anne learned how to stretch a pound of hamburger with bread crumbs and vitamin B complex. She transformed cabbage and spaghetti and baked beans into appetizing meals. She happens to be a good cook. But if a rich friend invited us to a roast beef dinner, we had to be careful not to gobble.

My wife and a few other cheerful if dowdy faculty wives ran co-operative supper parties once a month, including "bring-your-own-sherry."

Entertainment cost about nothing. We went to student plays and concerts. We played bridge for two-hundredths of a cent. Clothes were not too much of a problem. In our rustic, ingrown, intellectual community a faculty wife with more than one hat would have been guilty of ostentation. Frayed cuffs and baggy trousers were no social handicap to us traditionally "tweedy" professors.

We had our own little frame house on the wrong side of a hill. We had a coal furnace and a secondhand icebox. We had an ancient car, but seldom used it, because we found a bicycle a surer means of transportation. There was no loss of academic dignity for a professor who pedaled along under the stately elms of the campus—even if the elms were dripping rain. Aren't professors notoriously odd in their habits?

For five years, we got along; not very well, but cheerfully. We managed to pay for one child—or almost pay for her—but we simply couldn't swing a second child. Luckily for me, and my family, I was young enough to quit my teaching job and go out and earn a decent living in industry. That's exactly what I did.

Throwing away 12 years' experience in one field to enter another seemed a shameful waste. It meant wasted time and money and sacrifice on my part. It meant wasted effort on the part of the men who had taught me. But regardless of my wishes I had to throw all this away for the more pressing necessity of providing for my family.

Perhaps this seems merely an individual decision, without bearing on a larger situation. I'm convinced it means more than that. My experience helps to explain the charge, often heard these days, that our academic standards are being lowered, that professors aren't as good as they used to be. It explains in part the problem of overcrowded classes in which, it has been proved, students learn much less. But the other way around, overcrowded classes mean too few teachers.

My experience indicates why the other professions—medicine, dentistry, law, engineering—are skimming off the cream of the student crop. What type of young man, choosing his career, will be prepared to dedicate himself to a life of poverty and makeshifts, to childlessness or else penury for his wife?

Many college teachers who went into military service never came back to teaching. They discovered that in almost any other field they could make $4,500 or so and make it right away, instead of waiting until they were close to retirement age.

Many who, like myself, did return to the classroom did not return for long. Here are two situation-wanted ads I saw in one month:

Disgusted college instructor of mathematics, Ph.D., fed up with teaching, will consider offer that guarantees decent living.

Former teacher, Ph.D., drama specialist, varied literary and artistic interests, desires remunerative work.

The flight of the professors from the campus is one phase of the problem. What about those who remain? Without stretching a point I think I can say that starvation wages paid to college teachers have some bearing on the disquieting rumor, heard often lately, that there is Communism on the campus. I would like to say that if there is Communism on the campus I think I know why. A closer look at the college in which I taught will, I think, make it clear.

It is an old and established school. Few campuses are more beautiful. Few schools of its size have finer equipment, lecture halls, laboratories, dormitories, stadia. The students include the sons and daughters of a half-dozen presidents of great corporations and the children of hundreds of the more-than-well-to-do.

Some of these children have spending-money allowances exceeding the total incomes of their instructors. At Christmas and commencement their parents provide gifts which seem dazzling to the faculty—new cars, fur coats, watches, jewelry.

HANDSOME JOAN FROM SAN ANTONE

By GEORGE FRAZIER

Joan Crawford has played in Hollywood's best Cinderella stories, but these make believe tales appear dim when compared with her own vivid, real-life story

In Collier's *next week*

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They are good kids—clean, alert, eager-minded. When they are graduated many start their first jobs at higher salaries than those paid the middle-aged men and women who taught them.

Sometimes their parents are confused, often frankly angry, at the ideas their children bring home from college. "Oh, yes," the kids may say, "the American system is okay, but it needs some modifications." . . . "Don't close your mind to Communism, Dad . . . it's a great new force in the world."

On investigation it appears that a professor, whom we will call Blotz, told them certain things which are generally regarded as a bit too much on the "radical" side.

Let's take a look at Professor Blotz.

He is a great and good man, the author of many learned books. He strides up and down before the classroom blackboard, his voice ringing with conviction as he discusses the conflicting ideologies of our day. He is a man of authority and of scholarship. He must know the score.

What the student doesn't realize is that Blotz, an associate professor, makes about $3,500 per annum. He of course can never afford to send his own two sons to the college where he teaches. The tuition for both would be more than their father's yearly salary. They are in high school at the present time and also work in a near-by filling station.

Professor and Mrs. Blotz have two paying guests—or more frankly, boarders—in their neat little clapboarded cottage. Blotz would give his right eye to take a part-time job on the night shift at the near-by automotive plant, but the trustees have been very firm about faculty members who have outside jobs . . . it might distract them from the pursuit of pure wisdom.

An eccentric character, Blotz, but not from choice. He wears his graying hair long because he can afford to get it cut only once in six weeks. His wife trims the neckline between times.

It is for similar thrifty reasons that Blotz goes hatless even on the coldest days. The reason his coat and pants do not match is that he has only one suit whose coat and pants *do* match and he saves it for important occasions.

Blotz makes quite a joke of Old Betsy, his 1936 two-seater jalopy with no top and one door torn off. It *does* look strange parked among the sleek cars of the students.

A Man Difficult to Replace

We must admit frankly that Blotz is an outspoken exponent of British Socialism and has an interest in "looking objectively" at the "Russian experiment." The trustees, when they arrive in their chauffeur-driven cars for the annual meeting, regard these views as distinctly unhealthy. But the problem is to replace him. Shop around among other faculties and the best you will find is another Blotz—lean and hungry for change. Or hire a young bachelor, fresh out of college. He would be neither department-head caliber nor experienced in his field.

Blotz is a brilliant teacher, and an honest man. It is simply that his participation in America's prosperity is so meager that he sincerely believes the system is not working.

If the picture is not yet complete, come with me to our faculty club dining room. I took special note there one day of the atmosphere and conversation. It seemed to typify something.

It is rather quiet in the large, sunsplashed room, even though it is well filled. The professors would seem to an outsider to be a rather subdued and introspective lot. Many of them spend a good deal of time being ill, with illnesses that suggest deficiencies, nervous strain and malnutrition. The most vital-looking person in sight is the buxom, bustling waitress, who makes more money than the sociology instructor whose bread pudding she is serving.

The club room is popular even though there is a certain monotony and austerity in the meals. They are approved by the college dietitian as containing the proper number of calories. The main dish is usually a choice of frankfurters *or* fruit salad and cottage cheese; baked beans *or* cheese soufflé. But the coffee is good, the company distinguished and the cost of the meal is 45 cents—and tipping is not permitted.

At our table the conversation has turned to food, and immediately voices become shrill, eyes brighten. A suggestion of fear creeps into the tones.

How Three Shared Six Chops

"His wife hadn't had meat for months and months," the head of the Chemistry Department is saying. "Finally she got so hungry for it that she went out and bought six lamb chops. They cost $1.35. But when she cooked them they shrank so that she gave three each to the children and had a tomato for herself."

"We haven't had butter on the table this year—the children don't know there *is* anything but margarine," a psychology professor counters.

"*We* haven't served butter in three years—we do it as a protest!" triumphantly chimes in the wife of a dean.

"Oh, dear!" sighs the head of Home Economics, a woman. "I do wish we had a consulting psychiatrist on the faculty. It would be so helpful to have someone to talk things over with. We're all so worried here . . ."

There is a pause. The group at the next table is getting up. One man lingers behind the others. Carefully he collects the rolls left on the plates, butters each one from the community butter dish and wraps them in a napkin, which he places in his coat pocket. These snacks are not for the birds. He will eat them himself in his office later on.

This is not an imaginary scene. It is out of real life and the quotes are verbatim.

These are the plain facts that lie behind the ivied walls and academic rituals of higher education in America today. The financing system of America's endowed universities and colleges has broken down. Operating costs (excepting salaries, of course) have almost doubled. At the same time profits from endowments and the actual value of gifts have dwindled.

Meanwhile the number of students demanding college education is soaring; 1948 saw a record enrollment and there are predictions that by 1960 the number will double. This is as it should be in a democracy. But if in 1948 we offered our students overcrowded classes, overworked professors and low-caliber instructors—the professors of tomorrow—what will we offer them in 1960? I hate to think.

I quit college teaching not only because it offered an inadequate living. I quit because I was disgusted by the low caliber of some of the new instructors who are unworthy of what was once a noble profession. I quit because I was overworked and had too little time for research. I quit because I had no incentive and no hope. I am convinced that unless federal or state aid is provided, the lot of the college teacher will grow worse before it grows better.

I quit because, frankly, I haven't enough taste for martyrdom. And even if I had, could I ask my family to share my heroics?

When I quit, I knew my services were needed more than ever before. I quit because I had to. When I think of it now I'm just as mad as I was the day I walked home to tell my wife I couldn't raise $500 at the bank to pay the hospital bill for our child.

This is the Johnson QD. This is the motor that's so new, so different that it has outboard motordom "buzzin'." New in operation — new in performance — *new in thrills!* Here at last is the luxury-boat maneuverability of neutral-forward-reverse—the convenience of extra-long cruising range—AND the thrill of "big" power at no sacrifice of DEPENDable slow speeds! From its flashing acceleration to its whispered walk it delivers its ten lively horsepower* smoothly, DEPENDably — always! The Johnson QD is in production now. Look for your Johnson dealer's name under "Outboard Motors" in your classified telephone directory. See him soon!

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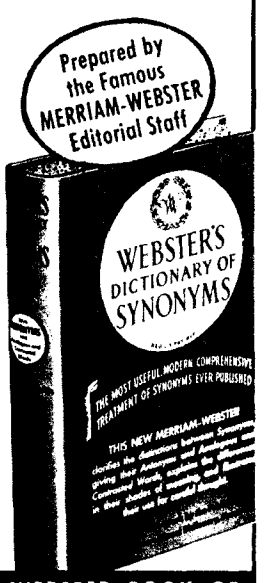
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Salesman's Breakfast

A TRAVELING SALESMAN went into a roadside diner to order breakfast. "I'm hungry and in a hurry," he told the waiter. "What do you suggest?"

The waiter grinned. "You're just the kind of customer I like, chum. I got the very thing. A nice bowl of Grape-Nuts Wheat-Meal. Cooks in three and a half minutes."

"O.K., let's try it."

After tasting the first spoonful the salesman called the waiter. "You might be interested to know," he said, "that this is absolutely the most delicious hot cereal in the world!"

"No kidding, chum? Who told you—a little boidie?"

"Nope, wise guy—a big swallow."
(ADV.)

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HANGOVER HOUSE

Continued from page 24

"Please glance over this," McGraw drawled. "Don't touch it."

Mohammed crossed to the desk. There was a momentary silence, and then: "I should judge, sir, this pectoral collar to be seventeenth-dynasty Theban. But I am not an expert. If I may make a suggestion—the student who formed the collection in this room would be able to give you a better opinion."

McGraw chewed a while. "Bear it in mind."

MOHAMMED stood upright. "I cannot tell what theory you have formed, sir, nor even if you have formed any. But I can advise you upon one point: The owner of this gold collar did not kill the man who lies upstairs. Have I your permission to depart?"

"In one moment," said the chief inspector. "Little formality, first. Everybody going through the same; but you happen to be here. Be good enough to turn out contents of all pockets."

"Turn them out yourself, sir."

Sample accepted the invitation, stolidly. Mohammed raised his hands to the green turban.

"Don't bother," drawled McGraw. "Those things hard to tie." He ran his fingers lightly over the silken folds.

"Is that all, sir?"

McGraw nodded.

When Mohammed had gone, Sample remarked. "That's a dark horse."

"Maybe. Get Inspector Hawley," McGraw directed. "All present to come in, and remain inside the house, closed doors. Send a car for female searcher from Lychgate, and someone to look for fingerprints on the window up there."

"Very good, sir."

"Bring Mr. Pike in when you come back. Look him over first."

"Yes, sir." . . .

When Sergeant Sample returned, he ushered in Larkhall Pike. The major remained attired in pajamas and dressing gown, and carried a newspaper under his arm. His parchment face was dusky with fury. He strode straight to the desk at which McGraw sat.

"Sir! There are limits—well-defined limits—to every man's powers of endurance!"

McGraw nodded. "As someone just pointed out to me, possible to overload a camel."

"The simile is inept. It might even be construed as insulting. But what I have to say I am going to say. That man"—a quivering forefinger accused Sample—"had the impudence, the blasted impudence, to search *me!*"

"Routine, sir. Sorry. But everybody here will have to submit to it. You see, important evidence is missing." McGraw closed his eyes, waiting for a moment, and then: "Believe you have lived here for some years?"

"I have *existed* here."

"Why, sir?"

Larkhall Pike swallowed audibly, and it seemed with difficulty. "My brother Benedict permits me to occupy the house during his lifetime. He has a perverted sense of humor. Some people have! He knew I couldn't afford to keep it up and he knew I couldn't sell it. He insisted that the property must not be leased."

"Is that so?" McGraw's drawl was sympathetic.

"I have one man, a semi-imbecile, who cultivates the vegetable garden, and looks after me. Sleeps out. I live on eggs. Produce 'em. This dodge of letting the place for parties was suggested by Jarretts, the London caterers. Damned undignified, but have to eat."

McGraw's sleepy eyes moved about. "Valuable things here. Insured against loss?"

"I am, sir—by Jarretts. Furthermore, they undertake to put a responsible representative in charge. I have not yet seen the man sent out yesterday."

"And during the time this tragedy was taking place, you were asleep?"

"I was aroused by the phone bell."

"Only one more point—this piece of jewelry." McGraw indicated the Egyptian pectoral lying before him. "You are an expert. May I ask your opinion?"

Pike fixed his glasses and glanced down. "Late eighteenth Theban. Cloisonné, good—if real. Goldwork first-class. If spurious, a clever copy. Identical piece in the Cairo Museum—found by Flinders Petrie." He removed his pince-nez. "Have I the permission of Scotland Yard to retire?"

When he had gone Sample said, "Awkward old party. You kept your patience better than I could, sir."

"Only way." McGraw chewed thoughtfully. "Thumbscrews wouldn't force that man to talk." He was surveying the bookshelves. "What's the family name of the Marquess of Glengale?"

"Marquess of Glengale? You've beaten me."

McGraw stood up slowly and pulled a stout volume from the shelf. "Debrett," he said. Resuming his seat, he began to turn the pages. "Ah! Here it is. Thought I was right!" He whistled softly. "'Ronald Charringford Copley Bruton, 8th Marquess of Glengale.' And so forth. . . . 'Married, Agatha Mary Elphinstowe—'"

"Elphinstowe!" Sample echoed.

"'No male issue. One daughter. Hilary Felice Mary.'" McGraw passed the volume to Sample. "That's why I've left her out, so far. Daughter of the Marquess of Glengale a tricky job to touch."

HILARY sat, hands clasped between her knees, looking down at the littered floor of the summerhouse.

"You see, Hilary," said Storm Kennedy, "how hopelessly I am tied. McGraw's never likely to know that I found your handkerchief lying beside the dead man. But that *is* where I found it. Suppose this horrible thing should go to court, and I am put on oath as witness? Must I commit perjury? Wouldn't it be wiser, my dear, to explain the mystery to a friend rather than to the police?"

"Yes," Hilary agreed.

"Please, Hilary, give me something to work upon. I'm anxious to help you, but I can't, unless you co-operate."

Hilary slowly turned to him. She was pale. "I'll try to tell you."

"My dear! I'm so glad."

The ardor in his voice brought a slow flush to her cheeks, which passed, leaving her more pale than before. She turned aside, fumbling with her gray and white handbag, which lay on the broken-down seat beside her. "Shall we smoke? I smoke very little, and so I still have a few left."

"Yes," he said.

She took an enameled case from her handbag.

THEY smoked a while in silence. He watched her, and waited. "Finding my handkerchief," she said, in a low, even voice, "where you found it, gave you the idea that I must have known the man. It's true. I did know him. Only a very few people were aware of this. If it were found out, if I admitted it, just the thing I was trying to hide would be dragged into the limelight. I thought, stupidly, that silence would save me from that."

"I don't want to interrupt, Hilary," he said. "But I believe it might be wiser if you don't tell me his name—yet. I have stated, truthfully, that I never saw the man before; but McGraw might spring the question in another form."

"All right. I'll do whatever you tell me. I came here to meet him last night—for nothing else but just that. Elfie knew all about it, and came with me. Good heavens! What's this!"

A voice was heard shouting: "Miss Bruton wanted! Miss Bruton!"

Hilary sprang up, nervously, upsetting the handbag which lay open beside her. Its contents fell on the floor.

"Damn!" said Kennedy. "Quick! We may not have another chance. Where had you come from when you ran into Elfie and me outside that study door?"

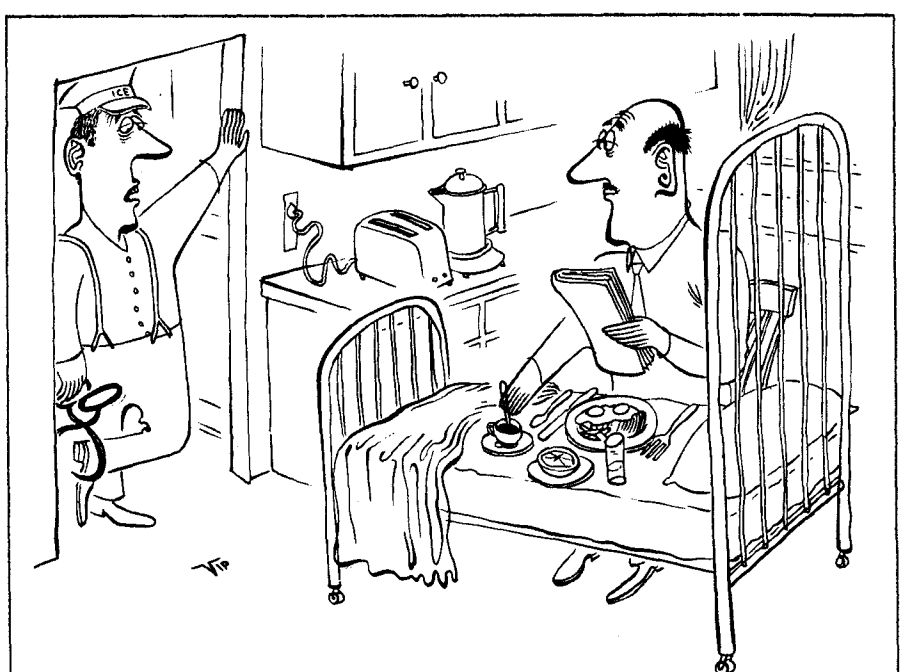
"I had just left him—"

"Miss Bruton!"

Kennedy stooped and began to gather up feminine trifles. Hilary forced a smile. "Thank you."

A police sergeant appeared at the door. "This way, if you please, Miss. You're wanted, too, sir."

Hilary walked out composedly and went ahead with the sergeant. Storm Kennedy was about to follow when a faint gleam of metal attracted his attention. He dropped to one knee, peering under the seat. Something out of Hilary's bag had been overlooked.



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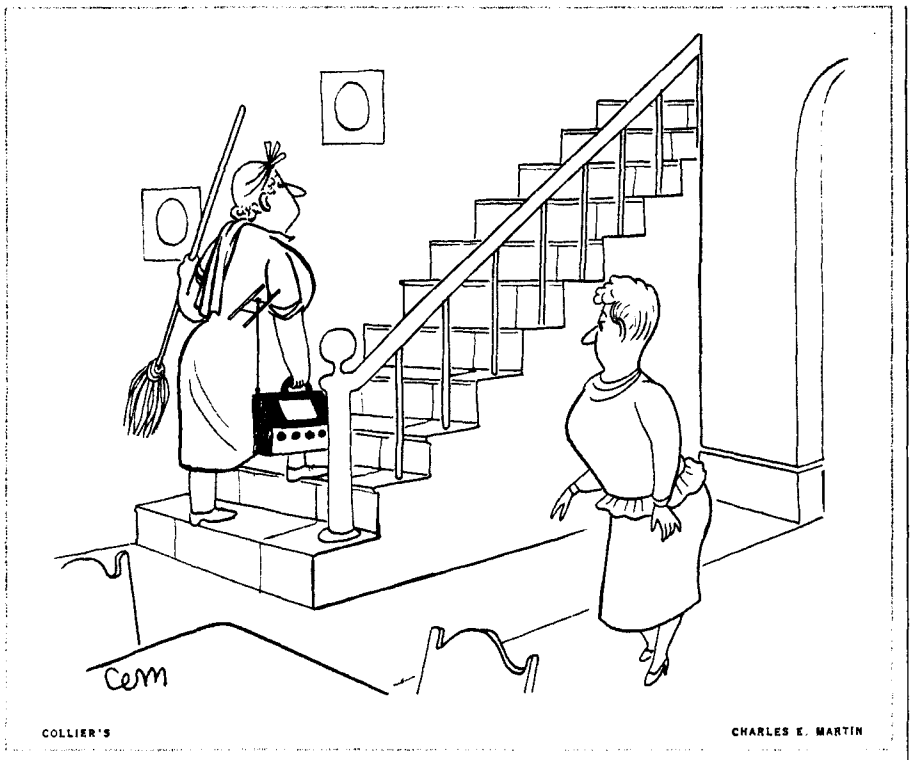

He retrieved it—a heavy gold case, resembling a fountain pen, the top attached by a thin metal chain. Probably lipstick, he surmised.

Kennedy turned and went outside. But Hilary and the sergeant were already mounting ruined stone steps which led up to part of the terrace. He slipped the gold case into his pocket.

MC GRAW said, "Look at it this way. Whoever took the risk of stealing that gold thing must have had a big stake in the game. Clear, Sample?"

"Quite clear, sir."

"Right. In taking that chance, he or she must have known loss would be found out. Therefore, he—let's call it *he*—must have guessed the theft would prove something *we* didn't know. It would prove that murderer is still in the house!"

There was a knock on the door, and Inspector Hawley looked in. "Women have been searched. Missing evidence not found. Will it be all right for Wilson to go up and test for fingerprints?"

"Send him along."

Sergeant Sample sat tapping a pencil on his notebook and the Chief Inspector was still walking about when a sandy-haired young constable came in, carrying an attaché case. He peered around the darkened room in evident surprise.

"Wilson?" McGraw drawled.

"Yes, sir."

"Sergeant Sample, show him the window frame. Might try the table, too. Then go and ask Mr. Kennedy to step in for a chat."

When, a few minutes later, Storm Kennedy came in, followed by Sample, who had gone to fetch him, he, too, betrayed surprise to find the study draped in shadows. McGraw sat behind the desk.

"Please sit down, Mr. Kennedy."

"Why the spiritualist seance effect, Chief Inspector?" Kennedy sat in the armchair.

"Trying to refresh people's memories. So forgetful. Perhaps you can help me. You told Superintendent Croker that you arrived late last night and could find nobody you knew. While you were looking around, you glanced into this room through the window. Was it lighted as you see it now?"

"No. Only the floor lamp was alight."

"And after the body was discovered?"

"I found it switched off."

"Is that so?" McGraw turned to Sample, who had made his way to the back of the chief inspector's chair. "Read out the statement signed last night by Miss Elphinstowe."

Sample began to read in the expressionless style peculiar to police officers called upon to give court evidence. Storm Kennedy formed a vague impression of a piece of deliberate evasion in every way creditable to Elfie.

"Now, Mr. Kennedy"—McGraw lay back with closed eyes—"accept that as a true and exact account?"

"I suppose so."

"You suppose so. Don't feel Miss Elphinstowe was withholding any essential fact—such as someone's *real* name?"

"I am quite well aware that she was doing that," Kennedy replied quietly. "But I respect her loyalty. Lady Hilary gave her name as Mary Bruton—which *is* her name, by the way—on an impulse which I think you will understand."

"Thank you, Mr. Kennedy. Knew already, though." McGraw slightly raised the drooping lids. "And you don't feel Miss Elphinstowe was suppressing *another* name?"

"No name known to *me*."

"There's no reference to Lady Hilary Bruton in your own statement."

"I had no reason to refer to her."

"But you had seen her."

"Certainly. Miss Elphinstowe, whom I saw first, said that she and Lady Hilary were ready to leave, and I volunteered to act as a fog pilot."

"Several other questions I might ask," McGraw drawled. "But they can wait. Might ask, for instance, if you're prepared to lay your cards down. But I should hate you to say no. So, we'll leave it. Everybody else here been searched. A necessary formality. Important evidence stolen. Any objection to turning out contents of pockets?"

KENNEDY stood up. "None whatever." He plunged his hand, first, into the inside pocket of his coat, and found the envelope which contained Hilary's stained handkerchief. He had temporarily forgotten that this damning piece of cambric was there.

But he laid the envelope calmly on the desk. It was ignored. Next, he tumbled out his wallet; then an empty cigarette case, lighter, small tubular flash lamp—and his fingers closed around that gold object redeemed from the spillings of Hilary's bag. He placed it beside the other things.

McGraw rose slowly from his chair. His fawn eyes flicked wide open. "Mr. Kennedy!"

"Yes?"

"Suppose you can explain how this piece of evidence"—McGraw pointed to the gold case—"stolen from my custody, comes to be in your possession?"

Storm Kennedy, in one inspired flash,

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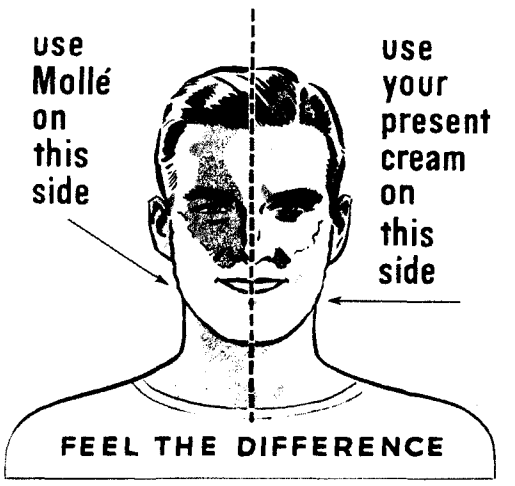

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saw exactly how it had happened. His brain was functioning at phenomenal speed; and he asked himself: Is there any explanation of my finding this stolen evidence in the summerhouse other than that it fell from Hilary's handbag? Yes—there was *one* explanation! Hilary, before walking up to the terrace with the police sergeant, had said that whatever had fallen from her bag he had recovered. In short, she had missed nothing. This gold case he had found, later, under the seat.

And, not so long before, Sidonia had been in there adjusting her make-up, a large handbag open beside her. She, and not Hilary, might have dropped the gold case!

Storm Kennedy smiled. "The implication in your words, Chief Inspector, amounts to a charge of accessory after the fact. Shouldn't I be warned?"

"Depends on what you say."

"I'm afraid you'll be disappointed. I picked the thing up in the garden five minutes ago—in the summerhouse."

"What were you doing there?"

"Smoking."

"Alone?"

"At the time that I saw what I took to be a woman's lipstick lying on the floor—yes."

"But before that?"

"I had been talking to Lady Hilary. The case lay under the seat, and I didn't notice it until she had gone. As a matter of fact," Kennedy proceeded smoothly, "the summerhouse has been very popular. I saw Sidonia there this morning."

"Talk to her?"

"Yes. She was adjusting her make-up."

Sample glanced at McGraw—and Kennedy knew that his red herring, for a moment at any rate, had put the pack off the scent. Sample had instantly jumped to the conclusion that the blonde, fumbling in her bag, might have dropped the gold case, unnoticed.

"Ask Constable Wilson to come down," McGraw said.

Sample nodded and went to the foot of the stair. "Wilson, you're wanted."

The sandy-haired young policeman appeared promptly.

"Look over this pencil case," McGraw directed. "Do it upstairs."

"Very good, sir." Wilson picked up the mysterious object with a pair of tweezers, gingerly.

"Any results from window frame?"

"Yes, sir. Two sets of fingerprints—quite clear. Yours and Sergeant Sample's."

McGraw chewed silently. "Get on with that pencil case."

THIS interlude had given Storm Kennedy time for further reflection. If, in addition to his own, Hilary's fingerprints were found on the gold case, only one conclusion remained possible.

Inspector Hawley rapped on the study door and came in. "I have to report," he said, "that Dr. Smithy isn't available. He's been called to a consultation in London."

"Better send for the wagon then, and get a hospital opinion on real cause of death."

"I'll see to it immediately. This line is in service again, if you want to use it. And the people outside are getting restive, Chief Inspector. So long as they don't attempt to leave, is there any objection to letting them out in the garden?"

"None on my part. Found what I was looking for."

When Inspector Hawley had gone, McGraw stood up, walked around the desk and leaned back against it, watching Storm Kennedy through half-closed eyes. "Not compelled to answer any question I ask, Mr. Kennedy. But it might be better if you did. Are you covering someone?"

"Yes."

"Thought so. Want me to ask you who it is?"

"No."

"I won't—now. But I can guess. Is your story about picking up that thing absolutely true?"

"Absolutely true."

"Weren't *looking* for it?"

"I didn't know of its existence. I don't know, now, what it is or why it has any bearing on the case. I was going to show it to the women, as I supposed one of them had dropped it."

"Take your word for that. *I* don't know what it is, or why it bears on the case. But it was found on the dead man. Lay upstairs beside his body. Someone got into that room this morning and removed it. Clear?"

It was so clear that it was startling. For it explained the mystery of the woman who crept about in the night.

McGraw was silent for a moment. "Entitled to carry on your own inquiry, Mr. Kennedy, provided it doesn't interfere with mine. Anything you think you ought to tell me?"

"Yes," Kennedy said calmly. "There is. Whoever got into this room this morning attempted to do so, earlier—during the night. Now that I know the facts, I realize the importance of something that happened."

Briefly, Kennedy told him about seeing a figure stealing out of the study.

"You're sure," McGraw asked, "that whoever it was came out of Mr. Pike's study—this room?"

"Quite sure."

Constable Wilson came downstairs. "The gold case is all over fingerprints, sir," he reported. "Mostly illegible. There's just a single thumbmark—recent—which I've identified with one of the charts. The name on the chart is Storm Kennedy."

"Nothing else, Constable Wilson?"

"Well, sir"—Wilson's sandy eyebrows registered puzzlement—"there is one peculiar thing—if you wouldn't mind examining the fingerprints through a lens."

"Can do." McGraw looked at Storm Kennedy. "Go and have a talk to Larkhall Pike. May be able to handle him better than I can."

WHEN Kennedy found himself out in the long corridor, and Sample had closed the door behind him, he stood still for a moment, thinking.

McGraw's purpose in asking him to talk to Larkhall Pike was plain enough. McGraw hoped to find out, in the event of Pike's evidence pointing in a certain direction, if Kennedy would try to obscure the evidence.

Kennedy's first job must be to find Pike and induce him to be silent concerning their early-morning conversation in the kitchen. McGraw must not learn that he, Kennedy, had known the midnight prowler to be a woman, all along.

And Hilary? At the thought of Hilary his heart sank.

He hurried outside. Sunshine drenched the garden. Storm Kennedy looked down the slope.

Two figures moved slowly in the distance, away beyond the pond. Miss Elphinstowe and Hilary. Three sides of the property were bounded by highways, and the one that faced north was bounded by a narrow, unpaved and weed-grown lane which joined a secondary road near the back gate. There, a constable mounted guard.

A car was being driven along this lane, cautiously, as the bad surface demanded. Kennedy could hear it but could not see it.

He went into the courtyard. Several cars were visible beyond locked iron entrance gates, and he saw a pair of constables on duty outside. Mohammed stood there, placidly regarding a group of men who argued hotly with the police.

"What's going on, Mr. Ibn Lahûn?"

"Reporters, sir, I believe."

Storm Kennedy moved on, turning left and following a path to the kitchen. As he was about to enter that walled enclosure which embraced the kitchen, Larkhall Pike came out. He wore a raincoat over his pajamas, and a plaid cap of remarkable design. He was carrying a wicker basket.

"Hullo, sir!"

Pike paused, glared; and then the lined face relaxed. "I am going to look for eggs. I hope to obtain permission from Scotland Yard to boil two for my lunch."

Storm Kennedy fell into step beside the major. "In the way if I come along?"

"Not at all. If you can tolerate boiled eggs, you might care to lunch with me."

"That's really kind of you, sir. But I doubt if the police will give me time."

"Badgering *you*, now, are they?"

"They are! McGraw has been asking questions about some woman who was prowling about in the night. I didn't repeat what you had told me although I had some vague impression of the kind, myself. But I suspect that he may call upon you to say if anything disturbed you. If he does, no need, I think, to mention our earlier conversation?"

"I shall not mention it, Mr. Kennedy. Quite proper to respect information imparted in confidence. But this damned policeman might misconstrue your motives."

"He misconstrues them already!" Storm said hastily. "In fact, he asked me to see you and try to find out if you could confirm the report in any way."

"Inform him that I declined to be cross-examined."

Kennedy laughed. "That will save a lot of trouble, sir!"

"Just look at my morning attire!" Pike exploded suddenly. "Disgraceful! Every stitch I possess hangs in my bedroom cupboard—and the room has been put out of bounds!"

They had come to a point where a road, striated with ancient cart ruts led from a boarded-up gateway westward across the grounds. Directly ahead rose a steep hill densely wooded, and away to the left Kennedy saw a number of chicken coops. A man carrying a bucket moved about amongst them.

"Hangover House must be very old?" he said.

Larkhall Pike said, "Yes, Hangover House is very old, very sad and decrepit. It is appropriate that I shall be probably the last of my race to inhabit it."

SIDONIA came out of the powder room and walked down the steps that led to the lily pond, carrying her sable wrap over one tanned shoulder. On the last step she paused, seemed about to turn back, but then strolled ahead.

She had seen Mrs. Muller and the blond Lovelace together on a stone seat which overlooked the pond—and they had seen her. "Hullo," she hailed.

"It is wonderful to be let out of jail again," said Mrs. Muller. "Don't you think so?"

"Everything's wonderful. I could cry like a child. Must go walk it off."

And Sidonia went swaying away down a sloping, weed-choked path until she became lost to view amid overgrown shrubbery. Mrs. Muller watched her, half smiling; and Mr. Lovelace watched Mrs. Muller.

"Seems to be in a great hurry," she

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murmured. "I wonder if Peter Faraway is waiting for her."

"I don't—er—believe so. I think there's a certain—er—incompatibility, this morning. But I was thinking that *we* get on very well together."

Mrs. Muller turned to him. "Yes, we do—famously."

"I think I told you my name is Allen. Do you mind telling me yours?"

"Delilah."

"It's—er—simply beautiful. Like music. But I never met anyone with that name, before. I wonder—er—Delilah, if I should bore you terribly if I told you something about myself? Something very secret."

Mrs. Muller looked to right, to left and all around, but with little hope of rescue. "Suppose," she suggested, and electrified Lovelace with one of her glittering smiles, "you try first to find me another cup of coffee—bad as it is. I will wait here. May I trouble you?"

"Oh, rather!"

And at about the time that Mr. Lovelace went stumbling up the steps upon his errand, Sidonia had discovered a path, bramble-haunted and dark, that path explored earlier by Storm Kennedy, which ran close to an ancient wall guarding the northern boundary.

She knew that there was a policeman posted at the back gate, for she had seen him. She knew, also, that the narrow lane outside the wall led to a road on which this gate opened. But it came out some distance away to the north.

She hurried along the path. More narrow and darker it became. No sunlight could ever penetrate through the dense foliage which roofed it in.

"Sidonia!"

Here, a little more light broke the darkness of the way. Close to her feet she saw mossy blocks, and, looking to the right, and beyond, could make out a gap in the wall, high up near its crest. Something seemed to stir.

"Sidonia!"

She stared upward, and a face peered down at her from the jagged opening.

IN THAT room like a monk's cell which contained, in addition to Larkhall Pike's wardrobe, the body of a murdered man, Sergeant Sample put a strong magnifying glass on the window ledge.

"An old hand, at a pinch, will sometimes use a rag or handkerchief," he remarked, "so as to leave no prints. That's what this looks like."

"Think so?" drawled McGraw. "What's your view, Constable Wilson?"

"Well, sir—" The young policeman flushed to the roots of his sandy hair. "I haven't had your experience. I'm fairly new to this business. But it looks to me as though what the sergeant says may be right."

McGraw walked out, followed by Sample and went downstairs into the curtained study, and began to walk about the room.

"Nobody in this house with an alibi that couldn't be broken," he declared. "But while we don't know the dead man's name, can't begin to look for a motive. There's the unexplained incident of the lamp. That floor lamp is controlled from a point beside the window. Everybody, so far, has looked for a stud or chain. If we could find a witness who knew where to switch it on, said witness would be the party who had switched it off. Clear?"

"Quite clear, sir," Sergeant Sample said.

The chief inspector stood still. "Who employed Kennedy to come down here last night? And what was he employed to *do?* Looks as though somebody expected things to happen."

Sample spoke even more slowly than usual: "Maybe he's a bodyguard. Job I've done, myself, before now. When I was covering the Emir of Bokhara I nearly had to murder a man who tried to knife him in Paris."

"I suppose he came to protect Lady Hilary Bruton."

"I wonder what she had to be afraid of?"

"Well," McGraw said, "we want to be foolproof before we tackle the Bruton girl. Go and find that songbird Sidonia. She *might* have dropped the thing."

Sample nodded solemnly and went to find Sidonia. Ten minutes later the storm broke—Sidonia could not be found!

HAVING left Larkhall Pike amongst his chickens, Storm Kennedy returned along a rough path, made nearly impenetrable by rank undergrowth, which probably led to some point below the terrace. It did. He found himself right down at the back of the summerhouse, and pulled up sharply.

He saw Hilary from where he stood. There was a teak bench placed under a laburnum on the far side of the pond. Hilary and Elfie sat there. Kennedy began to walk down toward them.

"Hi! Bill!"

Kennedy stopped, turned. Peter Faraway was running toward him, a strange figure in his tail coat.

"What's up, Peter?"

"I say—have you seen Sidonia?"

"Peter, can't you leave her alone?"

Peter looked surprised. "I say. It's the *police* who want her!"

Kennedy glanced, once, toward the yet distant pond, and then resigned himself. "Who saw her last?"

"Mrs. Muller and that queer bird Lovelace. After we'd been searched and the copper said we could go out, she told them she was taking a stroll in the garden."

"Well"—Kennedy inhaled deeply—"Hilary and Miss Elphinstowe are down there by the pond. I might ask them if they have seen her." A sudden idea flashed through his mind. "By the way, Peter, you remember I dragged you off from the local police last night and warned you not to mention Hilary's name?"

"Certainly I remember, dear old Bill."

"And you didn't?"

"Not to a soul, Bill."

"All right. Let's go and ask them. Hullo! The coppers are ahead of us!"

Both stared in the direction of the pond. Inspector Hawley, one of the local policemen, had appeared there. He was evidently talking to the two women, but, as he talked, his glance swept the prospect.

"They can't find her, Bill! I must think—" . . .

Hilary and Elfie sat on the teak bench by the weed-covered pond, watching a dragonfly like an emerald tiepin darting over nearly invisible water. Miss Elphinstowe raised her head and stared up the slope. Peter and Storm Kennedy, with Inspector Hawley, walked back toward the house.

"I'm further than ever, Elfie, from knowing what to do," Hilary said.

"Bill Kennedy wanted to talk to you," Elfie said.

"I know," Hilary said unhappily.

"Have you made up your mind yet to tell him?"

"Oh, Elfie! It's the most frightful thing I have ever tried to do! I told you I got as far as admitting that we—knew each other; that I had lied about it. Even to tell him that much nearly killed me. What terrifies me is that we haven't been questioned yet. So far as I can make out, everybody else has had an interview."

They were silent for a long time, Hilary staring down abstractedly, and Elfie watching activity break upon this formerly drowsy scene. The early-morning breeze had almost died away and the day promised to be warm. Police were moving all about the grounds, exploring bypaths and peering into thickets. The sudden racket of a motorcycle marked the progress of a dispatch rider along that narrow lane which came out near the back gate.

"Elfie," Hilary said, at last, "when the time comes I suppose I shall have to make a clean breast of it?"

ELFIE put her arm around the bowed shoulders. "We shall have no choice, my dear. This is where we face the music—"

"Elfie! I feel so ashamed, I hate my cowardly soul for bringing this—humiliating thing upon *you!* I don't believe you ever told a lie in your life, until you got mixed up in my rotten affairs! Sometimes—ever so many times—I have been ashamed to look you in the face. And now—"

"And now there's another angel joined the shining ranks—Bill Kennedy. Tell me you're ashamed to look Bill in the face and I'll really lose my wool! Listen, Larry—I only call you Larry when I'm angry. It's what *he* used to call you—you have been a heaven-inspired little idiot, and your own enemy. You have done the maddest things. You're as passionately wayward as a young mule, and now you have run into a stone wall."

"Elfie—what shall I do?"

"No need to ask *me*. And don't talk rot about your cowardly soul. You fell in love with Bill Kennedy the first day

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you met him, and he's in love with you. I know you, my dear. So, I know what you'll do. You will tell him the truth. You wouldn't have an hour's peace of mind until he knew it. You'd rather lose him." . . .

McGraw said, "Stay here in this room, Sample, door doesn't lock," and then went out.

Hawley was in the long corridor, with Storm Kennedy. "All surrounding stations notified," said Hawley, sadly. "I don't think a woman wearing full evening dress and a sable cape has much chance to get through."

McGraw turned to Kennedy. "Looks as though you had something here. If Sidonia is in on this thing she has a hundred per cent more savvy than I gave her credit for."

Storm Kennedy smiled. "Has she left her autograph on the gold case?"

"She has not. Been handled by someone experienced enough to use a handkerchief or something of the sort."

Kennedy relaxed. Hilary's fingerprints were *not* there! "Have you opened the case?"

McGraw chewed reflectively. "Going to ask *you* to try, presently. Meanwhile, sent to Kings Riding for an alleged expert. If all fail, must smash it. Where's Mr. Pike?"

THEY had been walking toward the paneled hall. Now, they entered it—and Larkhall Pike confronted them. A police sergeant stood beside him. The major's parchment features were contorted with anger.

"It seems, Chief Inspector," he snarled, "that even at my Spartan meals I must be interrupted. I have some slight acquaintance with the present Commissioner of Metropolitan Police, and, by God, sir!—he shall hear of this!"

"I didn't know we had a mutual ally in Sir John." Kennedy smiled at Pike. "The commissioner is an old friend of my father's."

"Oh, indeed, Mr. Kennedy?" Larkhall Pike swallowed as though he had a sore throat. "We were formerly brother officers. He went up, and I went down." He glared at McGraw. "What do you want, sir?"

"Want you to be good enough to tell me how an important witness has disappeared, although all exits guarded. Some other way out?"

"There are walls. Men, as well as monkeys, have been known to climb them. But if you say you have constables posted at both ends of Hangover Lane, I assume your missing witness would have been challenged."

McGraw nodded. "What about the south side?"

"On the south the ground adjoins the property of Sir Nicholas Porter. It was formerly part of the Hangover estate. The boundary is a barbed-wire entanglement in a deep ditch."

"Search the north side," McGraw said. "Obliged for co-operation, Mr. Pike."

The party of three, including Storm Kennedy, went out across the courtyard to the entrance gates. McGraw signaled for the gates to be unlocked and as this was done, the trio became surrounded by waiting reporters. Cars choked the lane. Cameras clicked. Notebooks appeared.

"Nothing for you, boys," drawled the chief inspector. "So don't bother me. When I'm ready to talk I'll say so."

As they walked along the lane Kennedy was thinking. He had recognized the fact that they were proceeding parallel with that tangled path on the other side of the wall which he had explored earlier. He even remembered a gap in that wall. A few minutes of walking brought them to the spot.

"See." Hawley pointed. "The ground is soft, and there are clear tire marks. It looks to me as though a car had stood here, close up to the wall, and not so long ago."

"I think I can give you the time, approximately," Kennedy volunteered.

"How's that?" McGraw asked.

"You will remember asking me to go and talk to Mr. Pike? Well—as I was on my way to look for him, I heard a car being driven, very cautiously, along this lane. I thought nothing of it then, but I see, now, that it may have been important."

McGraw consulted his wrist watch. "Give me a lift up," he said to Hawley.

Hawley and Storm Kennedy shared the lift, until the chief inspector knelt in a jagged opening. A few moments only he remained there, then rose upright, turned and jumped down. "Fallen blocks on the other side. Someone strong enough could have hauled her up all right."

"Probably stood on the roof of his car," Kennedy said.

McGraw stared at tire marks in the lush grass, then looked at Kennedy. "Which way was the car going?"

"Hard to say. My impression was—this way." Kennedy pointed west.

"Better talk to the man at the back gate."

They started off and a few minutes later came in sight of the back gate, where a constable whom Kennedy recognized as the man who had spoken to him earlier stood beside an Austin Seven. He saluted McGraw.

"Car came down Hangover Lane at about eleven-ten this morning. Passed you. What were your orders?" McGraw asked.

The constable, a good-looking young Irishman, glanced once at Hawley and then answered nervously, "Inspector's orders were, sir, to challenge anyone trying to leave the grounds or coming down the lane."

"Remember the car I mean?"

"Yes, sir. An old sedan."

"Who was driving?"

"A newspaperman, sir. He showed me his press pass. He said he couldn't get into Hangover House and was trying to find the nearest call box to report to his paper."

"Name?"

The constable produced a small notebook. "James Findlater, of the Evening Herald."

"Anybody with him?"

"Well, no. Except there was a dark topcoat, or that's what it looked like, lying piled up on the floor."

McGraw turned and walked in at the gate. As Storm Kennedy followed, his glance sought the bench below the laburnum. But it was deserted.

A HAWTHORN tree stood in a secluded corner of the garden not far from an apple orchard. Its aged majesty was surrounded by a rustic seat. To this spot Mrs. Muller had retired, hoping to remain unobserved.

She had just two cigarettes left in her case; and now she decided to light one of them. In the act of doing so, she paused. The tiny flame of her lighter flickered, and went out.

"Hullo! Er—I've been searching for you everywhere—Delilah." Mr. Lovelace stood in the opening, balancing a cup and saucer.

"Have you?" she spoke coolly. "Well, here I am. I found it oppressive up there. This is a shady spot."

"It's—er—delightful. I don't suppose I should ever have found it, if—er—I hadn't been looking for you." He came across and placed cup and saucer on the seat. "I'm afraid this coffee is quite cold."

"Thank you, all the same." She forced a smile.

Lovelace sat down, and Mrs. Muller bravely sipped the gray and gruesome potion.

"Please tell me if it's going to bore you terribly if I go on from—er—where I left off."

"It could not possibly bore me," she lied.

Mrs. Muller had draped her wrap behind her. She now reclined against it, one ivory arm extended along the back of the seat, her long, dark eyes half closed in resignation. Lovelace's glance lingered for a moment on slim jeweled fingers and then returned to her face.

"You see—er—you're so wonderful. You seem to be all the beautiful women of poetry—er—in one, as it were. So I know you will understand if I tell you that *I* am two persons, as well. Poetry, and—er—music, don't pay awfully well, you know. A man has to—er—find some other job to keep him going."

"What a pity!" she murmured.

"Yes—it is a pity—"

MR. LOVELACE became suddenly silent. A change had crept over Mrs. Muller's face. She was staring past him, as if at once fascinated and repelled—and her gaze rested on the opening in the yew hedge. Lovelace turned, peering in the same direction.

Mohammed Ibn Lahûn stood there, placidly watching them. Finding himself to be observed, he bowed in his ceremonious manner, and was gone as silently as he had come.

"That man frightens me, for some reason." Mrs. Muller's husky voice was low pitched. "Don't leave me alone with him, Allen. He spoke to me last night, just before—I had to go and look at the body. I felt as though I lay naked on a dissecting table."

"I'm sorry he upsets you."

Voices became audible beyond the yew hedge. One, the softly musical voice of Mohammed, the other that flat monotone which characterized Sergeant Sample. A moment later, the sergeant stepped through the opening. He still wore his blue raincoat which he had neglected to remove since his arrival.

"I've been looking for *you*," he announced.

His remark was addressed to Mr. Lovelace, who sprang nervously to his feet. "Oh—well, I'm here."

"Certain questions about a book—"

"Er—quite so. I quite agree."

Sample nodded. "Better come along. The chief inspector is waiting."

Mrs. Muller watched the two until they became swallowed up by the gap in the tall hedge. And they had disappeared for no more than a few seconds when Mohammed walked through. Mrs. Muller sat quite still. He crossed to her, slowly, his gait graceful and leisurely.

"I have returned, Mrs. Muller," he said, the soft eyes gentle but compelling, "to speak to you in friendship. There are matters upon which I may be able to advise you." . . .

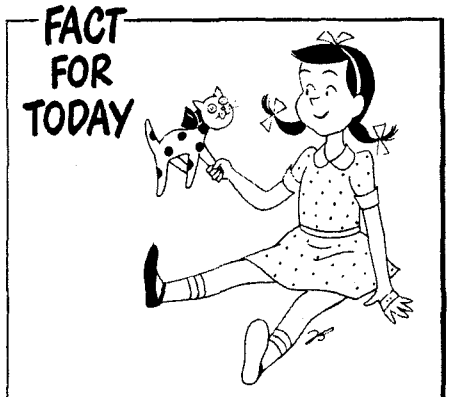
The phone in Larkhall Pike's study had become a busy line.

James Findlater, it seemed, was really attached to the Evening Herald. News-hungry reporters outside the locked gates all knew him, knew his old sedan. Two of them had seen him slip away and drive along the lane. An alert was flashed to all points north, south, east and west of Hangover House.

Sidonia, according to the entertainment department of Jarretts, had recently been employed by Sammy Sams' Rhythm Seven as a vocalist. They believed her to be an American. Mr. Sams, who might know more about her, couldn't be located. His band, with Sidonia, was programmed by the B.B.C. to broadcast at two thirty that afternoon.

Storm Kennedy wondered what had become of Hilary. He couldn't see her from the terrace and had failed to find her anywhere in the house. He was on his way out to the courtyard when he met Mrs. Muller coming in. She glanced down at her mink wrap, extended her hands and shrugged resignedly.

"Neither the occasion nor the temperature for furs, Mr. Kennedy! But I went



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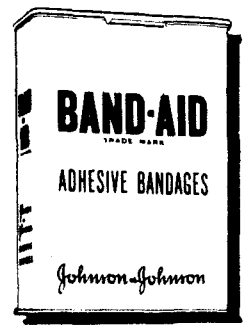

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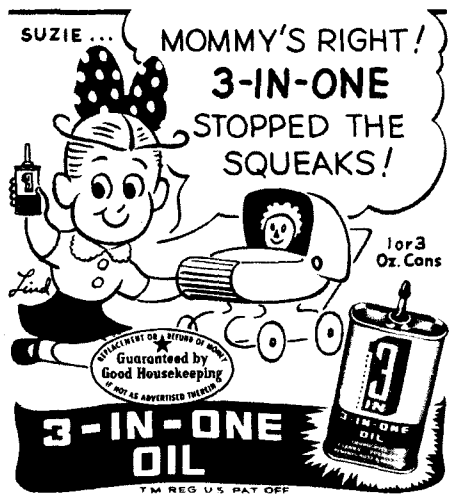

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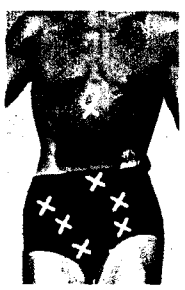

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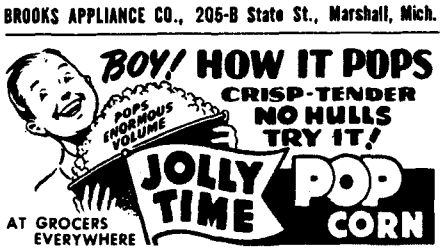

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out there to speak to my driver, who has been waiting, I am told, for hours—and I didn't want to be photographed décolleté in broad daylight!"

Kennedy laughed outright. Mrs. Muller's dark eyes betrayed an admirable sense of humor. "Perhaps," he suggested, "the chief inspector might be induced to let him go. Shall I ask him?"

"Oh, Mr. Kennedy, that would be a truly Christian act! The chief inspector appalls me. I feel, when he speaks to me, as if I were back in the days of the Spanish Inquisition. My faithful cavalier, Mr. Lovelace, was summoned to an interview and I haven't seen him since. Do you think he has been arrested?"

"Your guess is as good as mine, Mrs. Muller. But I can try to find out. Do you know him well?"

"Good heavens, no!" She laughed. "I had never seen him in my life until last night; since then I have seen him wherever I turn!"

Storm Kennedy was disposed to believe her. He dismissed a former, vague theory that Mrs. Muller and Lovelace might be secretly associated. In the first place, Mrs. Muller was cultured, although her nationality puzzled him. Mr. Lovelace was not.

"I am now growing really curious," Kennedy declared, "concerning the fate of your Mr. Lovelace." . . .

Storm Kennedy's assumed concern, even if real, would not have been misplaced. At about this time the fate of Mr. Lovelace hung in the balance.

He sat, uncomfortably, on the extreme edge of a chair set before the desk in Larkhall Pike's study. McGraw watched him across the desk.

"You described yourself to Superintendent Croker as a lyric writer and composer. Correct?" McGraw asked.

"Well—er—I've been published."

"Any titles you could mention?" Sample intoned.

"Titles? Yes. Mrs. Muller was playing a published song of mine, last night—after the band had gone: Summer Is Winter When You're Not Around."

"Good title," McGraw said. "But first point I should like to clear up is why you didn't give your real name to the superintendent."

Mr. Lovelace was mauling the relics of a white tie. "Er—if I may say something. I came in to—er—try to explain what happened. But—er—you took me up on other things." He delved in a pocket of his tail coat and produced a sheet of music. "I am known—er—professionally, as Allen Lovelace. I always think of myself as Allen Lovelace."

"Is that so?" McGraw murmured. "But according to your charge sheet, or inventory of fittings and refreshments provided, or whatever it's called, Jarretts think of you as Percy Bailey. Correct?"

SERGEANT SAMPLE passed a black-bound book across the desk to Mr. Lovelace. "Your property. We've done with it."

"Clear to me what happened," McGraw continued. "Fell hard for Mrs. Muller. Didn't want to blow prospects sky-high by telling her you were the man from Jarretts. Said your name was Lovelace. Idiotic behavior, Mr. Bailey. If I took a different view of it, might prove serious. Employed by Jarretts to manage these out-of-town parties?"

"Yes, Inspector."

"Supposed to mix, unobtrusively, with guests; see that wheels run smoothly?"

"Just so, Inspector. Just so."

"Swear that the evidence you gave to Superintendent Croker and have given to me is the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth? Think. You're in danger."

"I—I swear, solemnly!"

"Got a car outside, haven't you?" McGraw said. "Then beat it!" . . .

Storm Kennedy stood in the courtyard, wondering what had become of Mr. Lovelace's Morris, when the black wagon was driven in. Two men jumped down and dragged a stretcher from inside.

He turned and went in. The absence of Hilary and Elfie began to puzzle him. In the lobby he almost collided with Sergeant Sample, hurrying out.

"Just a moment, Mr. Kennedy. You're wanted." Sample stopped the men with the stretcher. "Stand by, you two. Body to be moved later. Wait for the chief inspector's orders."

"What's happening, Sergeant?" Kennedy asked.

"Conference. This way." Sample opened the study door and stood aside to allow Storm Kennedy to enter first.

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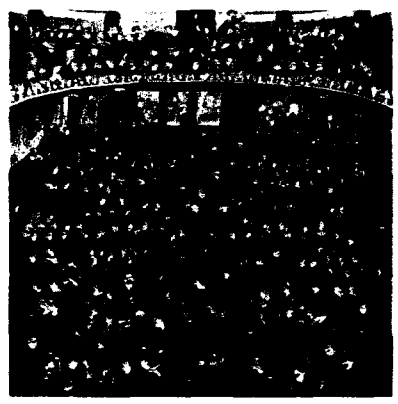

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SATURDAY MATINEE

On the threshold of the darkened room, Kennedy stopped. McGraw sat behind the desk; in a chair placed before it, Miss Elphinstowe; and in a third chair close to the draped French windows he saw Hilary. He couldn't read her expression.

"Be so good as to sit there, Mr. Kennedy."

Kennedy sat down. Sample shut the door and crossed to his usual place at the chief inspector's elbow.

"May perhaps have wondered," McGraw went on, "what had become of these two ladies. Well, I held them incommunicado for a while. Had one of the locked rooms opened for their accommodation. I happen to be aware that Mr. Kennedy is interested in Lady Hilary's affairs."

"What of it?" Kennedy challenged.

"Didn't want any more conspiracy," McGraw stated bluntly. "Wanted you present when I interviewed these ladies, but didn't want a prepared case. I'm looking for facts." He glanced down at two sheets of paper which lay on the desk. "These statements made before Superintendent Croker are unsatisfactory." He turned in Elfie's direction. "You say here that at the time, approximate, of the murder, you came along the corridor outside, and—I quote your own words—'barged right into her'—meaning Lady Hilary. Does that mean she was running, or you were?"

"Well—I suppose she was speeding somewhat."

"Did she appear to be alarmed?"

"More fed up than alarmed," Elfie answered gruffly. "I had taken a look outside to see how thick the fog was, and met Mr. Kennedy coming in. I went to tell Hilary that he'd gallantly offered to act as pilot."

"Where were you coming from, Lady Hilary?" McGraw asked.

Hilary's quiet voice was perfectly composed: "It's rather difficult to remember, exactly. I had been on the terrace, outside the powder room. I suppose I had just come in, but I can't be sure."

MCGRAW held up a typed page. "Better refresh your memory, Lady Hilary. Here's your statement."

Sample took the sheet, and walked across to Hilary, to whom he handed it, and then returned.

"Switch on the light behind you," McGraw suggested.

Storm Kennedy was on his feet in a flash. "Let *me* do it!"

But he was too late. Hilary stood up, stepped to the right-hand side of the French windows and touched a switch set in the frame. The floor lamp at once became lighted.

Kennedy sat down, his fists clenched.

Hilary, who had resumed her seat, looked up. Her face was colorless, but her composure remained unruffled. She smiled at Storm Kennedy. "Thank you, Bill," she said softly, and turned to McGraw. "If you've been wondering, Inspector, who switched off the light in this room last night—*I did.* Is that what you wanted to know?"

"May *I* speak, now, Chief Inspector?" Kennedy asked.

"Rather hear what else Lady Hilary has to tell us."

But, before Hilary or anyone present could speak, there was a ghostly interruption. An agonized groan came from somewhere beyond the arched opening at the stairhead. Everyone seated in the study stood up.

McGraw swung around on Sample. "That bedroom door locked?"

"No, sir. Wilson left the key up there with other exhibits after testing for fingerprints. But one of us has been in here ever since—"

A dull thud and the sound of shuffling movements shot an icy chill through Storm Kennedy's veins. "There can be no one in that room," he said.

"No one *alive,*" Sample agreed.

Shuffling continued. To it was added, now, a wordless mutter. Storm Kennedy instinctively crossed to Hilary and put his arms about her, as she stood, back to him, watching the stairs. He could feel her heart beating hammer strokes.

Chief Inspector McGraw had got as far as the newel post when an apparition appeared on the stairhead. It was that of the murdered man, partly enveloped in the sheet which had covered him! His face in color resembled dirty chalk, his eyes blazed feverishly. He began to stagger down.

"La—" he whispered, and stretched out one bare arm as if pointing. "It was La—"

"Geoff!" The name burst, a suppressed shriek, from Hilary lips. "Oh, merciful God!—Geoff!"

The sheeted figure stumbled, fell. McGraw caught him, and eased an inert body to the floor. The chief inspector's glance flickered, momentarily, over Hilary, collapsed, now, in Storm Kennedy's arms.

Sergeant Sample ran forward.

"Leave him to me." McGraw's voice was hoarse. "Get a doctor."

(To be continued next week)

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THE BLAZING ROCK

Continued from page 48

have never worn a snood. The combination is rare—and, I must add, one that I find irresistible."

She smiled without meaning to, because it sounded so much like Pete.

"My name," the man said, "is Joe MacKenzie, and I have been wondering for two days what yours is."

"Kathy—" she said, glancing around for Alice. Alice was tactfully absorbed in a machine across the room.

Joe said, "The kindest thing you could do at this point would be to come over and have a drink with me. I'm feeling a little like my first night at Camp Owineechee when I was fourteen."

This was such a perfect description of how Kathy herself felt, that she laughed and said she'd like to very much.

Afterward, as she and Alice drove back to the ranch, Kathy said, "I suppose it was silly, but in some ways I can't explain he made me think of Pete."

Alice didn't ask who Pete was. She said, "How long have you been married?"

"Nine years," Kathy said. "Nine years and four months, next Tuesday."

"Well," Alice said, "when you've lived with one guy for that long, there are an awful lot of things that can remind you of him."

"I wish," Kathy said, "I knew why it made me feel the way it does."

"That's marriage," Alice said. "Some people can get married without having it touch them, but not many. Normally, it gets to be part of you. We call the six weeks we spend here The Cure, but we're just kidding ourselves. It's no more a cure than an amputation is."

THE daily round in Reno turned out not to be particularly breathless. About like a girl's camp, Alice said—only without the leatherwork. Kathy saw her lawyer, and the proper papers, alleging "mental cruelty," were sent off for Pete to sign. The phrase was only a legal formality, and she hoped Pete would understand that.

She wasn't accusing him of anything, and there was no anger in what she was doing. She wasn't getting rid of Pete—merely dissolving a marriage, because marriage had become a series of problems just too much to cope with, along with everything else.

Joe called her on the phone three times that first week and she saw him once again. The second week, he called twice and took her to dinner twice. The third, they dined together three times, went to a rodeo and a moonlight picnic. After that it was every day.

One afternoon they went riding in the desert. Kathy wore levis and high-heeled boots, a brilliant shirt, and the cowboy version of a pork-pie hat. She knew exactly how she looked—how she meant to look—and she was pretty sure Joe would be aware of it. He was, although he didn't say anything. He just kept looking at her as if a new thought had occurred to him.

The sun was low when they turned back toward town. Far out across the level floor of the desert, a tiny flicker of light appeared like a flame. Kathy pointed it out to Joe.

"Reflection from the sun," Joe said. They watched it as they rode on. "The blazing rock," he said. "Haven't you heard about it?"

Kathy said she hadn't.

"Well," Joe said, "it seems that long, long ago an Indian girl had a lover who set out toward the setting sun one day on some sort of expedition and never came back. The lady waited for him the rest of her life, but he didn't show. When she died, she asked the Great Spirit to turn her into a rock in the middle of the desert, so that she could wait for him forever, and to let her love shine always like a beacon to guide him to her if he ever came back."

In a few minutes, they came to the rock and got off their horses to look at it. At close range it wasn't particularly remarkable, except that there were no other rocks near it. The western face was heavily flecked with some kind of crystals, which accounted for the reflection.

"It's a strange sort of legend, isn't it?" Kathy said. "For Reno."

Joe said, "I haven't told you the strangest part of it. It's impossible to see the flame, no matter who you are, unless you're in love."

He looked at her as he said that, and she tried to look away. But she couldn't, and then he took her in his arms and the sick emptiness she had been feeling so long went away.

After a moment, she said, "Do you love me, Joe?"

"Yes," Joe said. "Do you love me?"

"Yes," said Kathy.

That night she couldn't sleep. About two o'clock, she woke Alice up, and Alice put on a bathrobe and slippers and took a package of cigarettes, and they went out to the front yard.

"It's Joe, isn't it?" she said. Kathy nodded. "You're lucky," Alice said. "I'm glad." After a moment, she added, "And envious."

"It worries me a little though," Kathy said, "the way he keeps reminding me of Pete. The way Pete used to be—"

"Why not?" Alice said. "All of us gals here were in love with the guys we married. The only trouble was they didn't really exist. They were ideas we dreamed up to be in love with. After we got to the point where we couldn't kid ourselves about the flesh and blood versions any more, we came to Reno."

"And maybe Joe's the guy I thought I married?" Kathy said.

"Could be," Alice agreed.

The next day, when Joe telephoned he said, "Look. I want to explain why I'm here establishing residence and not my wife."

"It doesn't matter," Kathy told him.

"Well," said Joe, "it might. Mary's a career woman. She couldn't take the time off from her job. She edits Book World."

Kathy found herself boundlessly uninterested in Mary MacKenzie.

"Dinner tonight?" Joe said. "Shall I call for you about eight?"

"All right," Kathy said, but even as she said it, she knew she wouldn't be there.

AT EIGHT o'clock the plane she was in was over Utah, and the next morning she was in New York. It was ten o'clock by the time she got to Pete's office. She walked in unannounced, while Pete's secretary stared, open-mouthed.

Pete was at his desk. He looked up, and she had a glimpse of the haunted expression in his eyes before astonishment obliterated it.

"Kathy!" he exclaimed, getting to his feet.

Kathy found that she had to speak very fast in order to say anything at all.

"A man fell in love with me out there," she said. "It was something I didn't think would—ever happen again." Maybe this was abrupt, but there was no other way of doing it. She swallowed hard and continued with great determination. "If somebody else fell in love with me, maybe you could again—"

Pete's voice was almost inaudible. "Yes—" he said. "My God, yes, Kathy—"

"Maybe," she went on, "I've insisted too much on things being the way they were at first. We're older now. Nine years and five months, tomorrow—"

Pete didn't say anything.

Kathy said, "I don't know whether Joe—this man—was really like you or not, but I never thought of him as anybody but you—"

She stopped because this was getting involved and rather abstruse. After all, what she wanted so much to say was very simple.

She said slowly and carefully, "I love you, Pete."

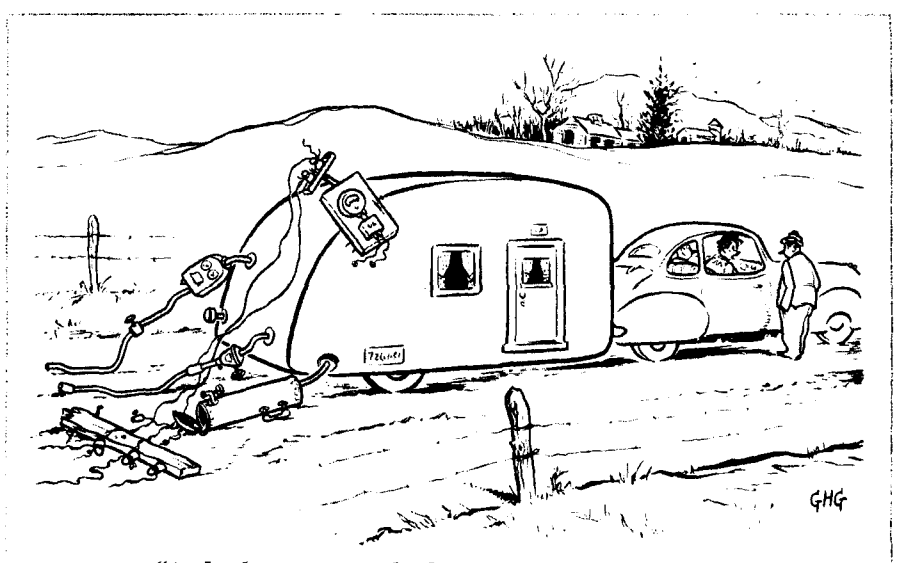
Then she hurried out, past the still astounded secretary, and spent the rest of the day till late afternoon on a series of unimportant and impromptu errands. At last the sense of unreality that is the aftermath of shock began to fade, and she was able to go home.

There was a special-delivery letter waiting for her—it must have caught a plane shortly after hers. It was from Alice and enclosed a note that had been delivered by messenger to the ranch after she had left.

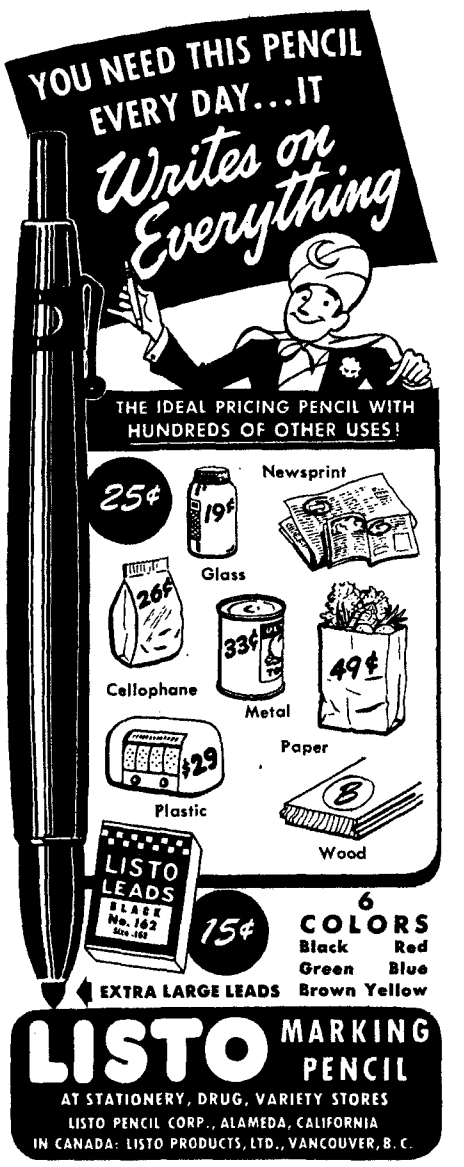
The note said: "Kathy—Forgive me for breaking our dinner date—I'm taking the train for New York tonight.

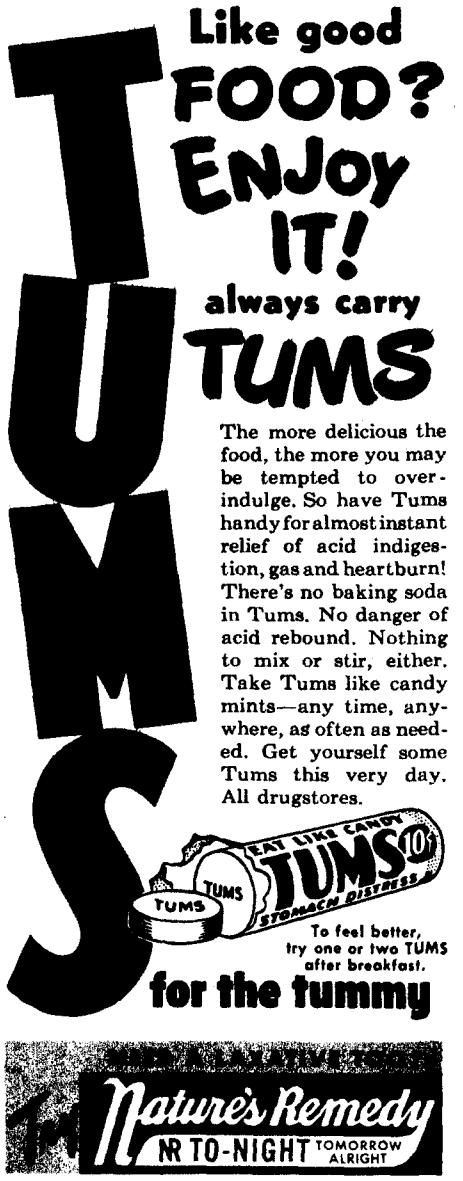
"I don't know why I made up that yarn about the Indian legend and the blazing rock unless it was because it was the kind of thing Mary and I used to amuse ourselves with in the old days—I had been thinking a lot about her lately.

"Anyhow, it made me realize that you and I were in love—but not with each other. I guess you don't ask, 'Do you love me?' if there's no doubt about it; you say, 'I love you.'—Joe."



COLLIER'S — "And when we saw the hurricane coming, believe me, we pulled out of there fast" — GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN

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Collier's believes...

Good Medicine Doesn't Mean Socialism

HOW would you like to have your doctoring taken care of by the government? It could happen here. It has happened in Great Britain. Lester Velie of our staff gives his reportorial impression of the first six months' experience of the British plan in this week's issue.

In Britain, doctors, medicines, dental care, hospital beds are free. The government collects the taxes assessed for health and pays the bills. Ninety-five per cent of the people look to the government for their medical care. About the same proportion of doctors and dentists are on the government panels.

Those to whom Mr. Velie talked like the British service. Patients appeared to approve. Doctors had reservations. The British government will spend about a billion dollars a year for medical care. Obviously this is a heavy load.

Government medical service could come to the United States in two ways. Governor Earl Warren is urging the California legislature to establish a state system of health insurance. President Truman has recommended a national system.

Republicans and Democrats both urge government health insurance. Of course most American doctors and dentists are opposed to it. The doctors say, "No," regardless of whether the plan is state or national. They accept privately operated health insurance. They oppose the government-operated plans.

The arguments for government medical care are much the same whether they are being offered by Democrats in Washington or Republicans in Sacramento or Welshmen in London. The gist is that only the well-to-do can afford to pay the high cost of adequate medical care.

In Washington, Oscar Ewing is leading the fight for President Truman's national plan. Mr. Ewing is a Democrat, but he used to be a law partner of the late Chief Justice Charles Evans Hughes. Mr. Hughes was both Republican and conservative. When his partner, Mr. Ewing, sponsors national health insurance in the United States, obviously the proposal will be vigorously presented.

As the arguments about government doctors and private doctors reach Congress, the newspaper headlines and the radio broadcasters, it will not accordingly be easy to brush it off as a Socialist scheme. Oscar Ewing is much too adroit a counselor to let his client, President Truman, be put in that hole.

Free medical care, however, is a Socialist project in Great Britain. The Labor government is a Socialist government. The British now like the word Socialist. After 1950, when there will be an election, they may think differently. Or, maybe not.

Oscar Ewing in Washington says national insurance is simply a method of paying for complete medical care by a prepayment plan. If his program is adopted he thinks that through the Social Security Agency 85,000,000 Americans will be immediately cared for by the National Health Insurance Plan. Later the plan will be extended to take care of 120 to 130 millions of people.

Mr. Ewing argues that half of us live in families in which the income is no more than $3,000 a year. Such people, he says, cannot afford and do not get adequate medical care. Mr. Ewing says that only 20 per cent of our population can afford to take full advantage of the benefits the present system offers.

The doctors generally—with exceptions, of course—and the American Medical Association in particular disagree wholly with the Ewing plan. They do not concede his facts. The Administration in spite of opposition is pushing for national health insurance.

Socialist or otherwise, so far as our reporter learned, the British patronize and approve their national Health Plan. It is true that in Britain patients have to stand in line to get to a doctor's office or to a dentist's chair. Patients have to see doctors listed by the government. Doctors in the plan may not charge fees to government patients. They can, however, have private patients.

But the majority of the British seem to be getting something better than they had before. So far as the record goes both patients and doctors like the new plan. There is a minority who do not like government medicine. Perhaps 16 per cent of the doctors are not in the plan. The question will come up in 1950 when the new election is held.

Collier's thinks that American doctors and American political leaders should give open-minded consideration both to the British experience and to the American needs. Are Oscar Ewing's figures right? Do a majority of Americans fail to get adequate medical care?

A great many Americans admittedly do not have adequate medical and dental care. A very great many who do have competent care pay much more than they can afford. For a man of middle income a serious illness can be a major financial catastrophe.

Much progress has been made lately in developing private insurance plans for paying for both medical and hospital care. Collier's thinks that both sides to the argument in this country should make concessions.

If the doctors and the politicians are willing to look at the facts, there should be no trouble in working out an American plan. We don't want to be Socialistic. We do want good medical care. We do want to be financially solvent and independent. Why not start out with good will all around to work out a distinctively American answer to a great human problem? . . . W. L. C.

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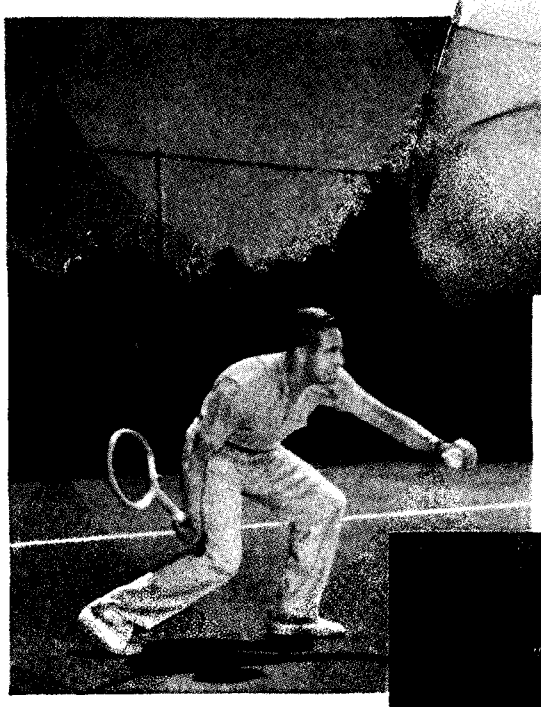

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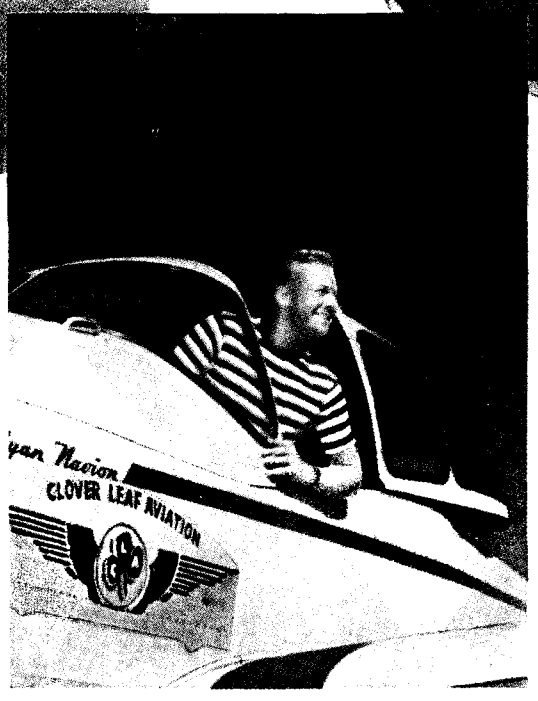

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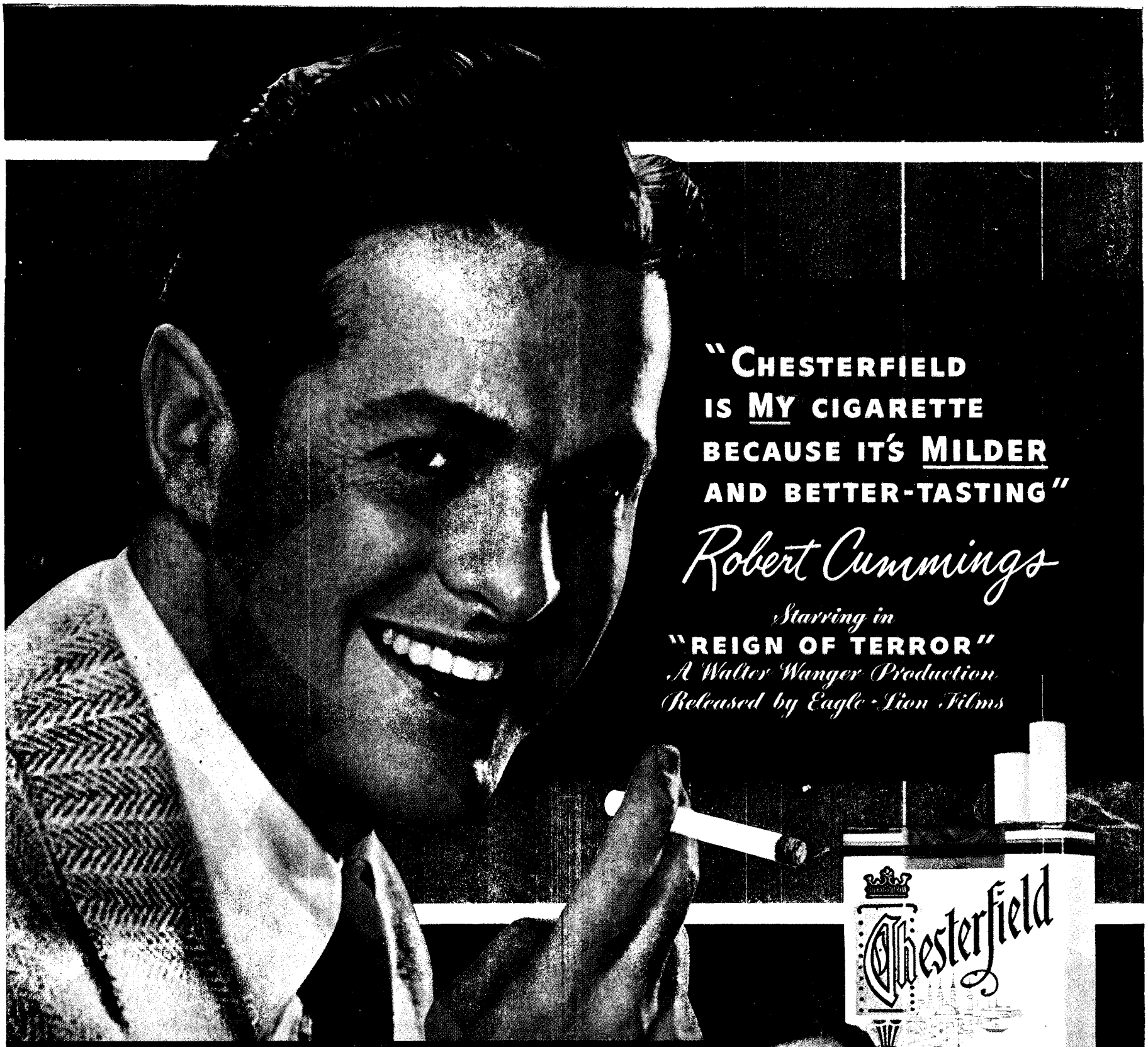

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